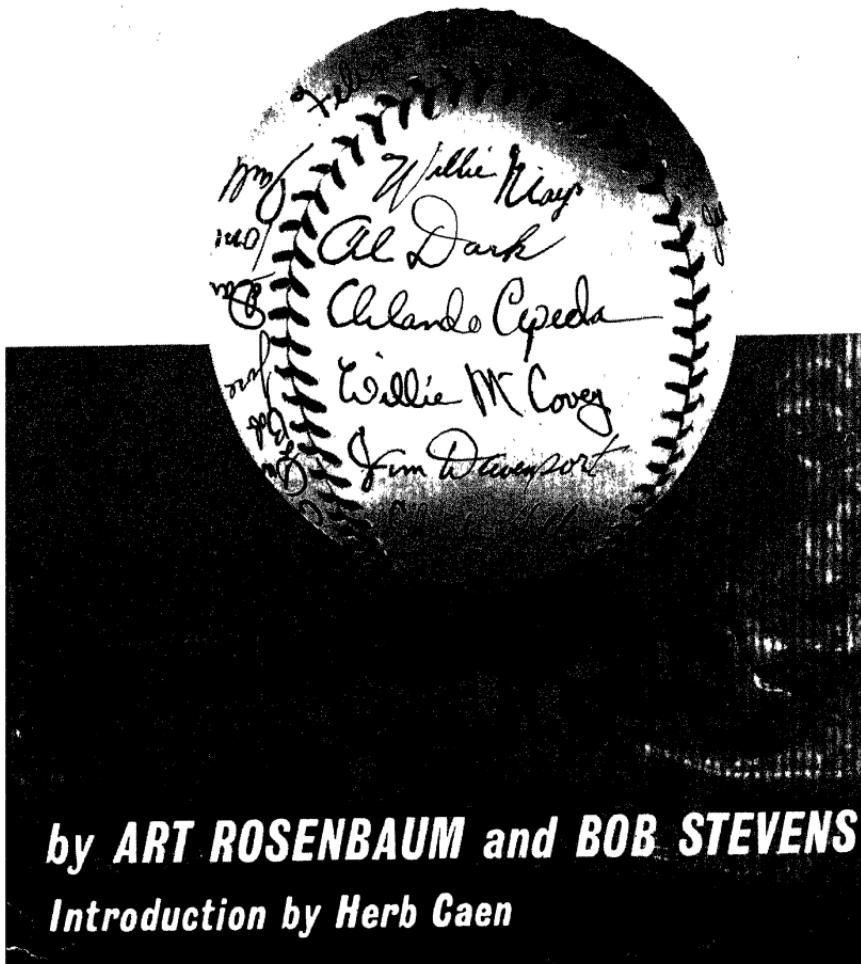


THE

OF SAN FRANCISCO



by **ART ROSENBAUM and BOB STEVENS**
Introduction by Herb Caen

\$4.50

SEPTEMBER 27, 1957, there was a riot at the Polo Grounds. Horace Stoneham was moving the Giants to San Francisco. The Giant fans of a lifetime had just seen the team play its last home game for New York and they tore up the seats and started fires in a final despairing protest.

In April 1958, San Francisco had its own first glimpse of the major league entry they had backed to the tune of a \$5,000,000 bond issue for a new stadium. At first, the new fans came to the temporary home sedately, they had been told, but they wanted to see for themselves. But before the season was over, a mad and marvelously stormy romance between a city and a baseball team had begun. The team had at the very least claimed their loyalty, if not their belief in total victory. They were, for better or worse,



By 1959, with Candlestick Park still uncompleted, San Franciscans got their first bout of Pennant Fever—that strange disease that spreads to epidemic proportions toward the end of every baseball season. As things turned out, it was not to be for the Giants that year, but 1959 did see the renewing of an honored and ancient feud: the Los Angeles Dodgers took the pennant away from the Giants. Now it was the Giants and the Dodgers again as in the old days—hatred, pure and simple, but this time between San Francisco and Old Smogsville itself.

Giants' Fight Song

3 1148 00274 5834

Time the Chips Are Down It's Bye Bye

Ba - by Hist-ry's in the Ma - king at Gond-el - stick Park

Cheer for the Bat - ter and Light the Spark if You're a

Fan of Gl - ants Base - ball Sing Bye Bye

Ba - by If You Want to Be In First Place Call

Bye Ba - by Listen to the Broadcast on

K - S - F - O Turn Up the Volume and Hear 'Em Go With the

San - Fran - cis - co Gl - ants It's Bye Bye Ba - by

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JUN

1963

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THE GIANTS of San Francisco

THE GIANTS

Art Rosenbaum and Bob Stevens

of San Francisco



Coward-McCann, Inc. New York

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Introduction

Miracle at Midweek

By HERB CAEN

NEW Year's Eve and the Glorious Fourth, rolled into one, came in the top of the ninth at a glorious 4 P.M. on Wednesday, October 3, 1962. The Smodgers died in the ravine and there was as much joy in San Francisco as there might have been in Mudville if Casey had connected. The most sophisticated city in the West became a small town in the biggest possible way. On Powell Street, confetti rained from windows, serpentine wreathed the cable cars and utter strangers became warm friends in the twinkling shake of a hand.

At the matinee of *Oliver!* at the Curran, intermission had to be extended 25 minutes; nobody wanted to miss that ninth inning, and transistors were smuggled inside (when "Willie" caught that final out, a restrained "Yip!" went up, right in the middle of Georgia Brown's big song).

Down at the Patio Bar on El Camino in S'Carlos this big warning sign was posted—DRINKS SERVED BETWEEN INNINGS ONLY! ORDER AHEAD—and during a long Dodger inning a terrible thing happened. Three drunks sobered up.

At the California Tennis Club, the Chinese bartender bought drinks for the house—"on me, out of my own pocket." The big Roos/Atkins men's store at Powell and Post sold only

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five suits between 1 P.M. and 4 P.M.—three to tourists from Australia, two to exchange students from South America. Verger Charles Agnews of Grace Cathedral got so carried away he rushed to the carillon and banged out Handel's "Hallelujah!"

And then we were ready for those dear, kind New York Yankees, from whom few blessings flow:

Welcome to San Francisco, where anything could happen—even a flag for the Giants. The welcome mat was out, with a banana skin on it. We offer you the key to the city, booby-trapped. We wished you no harm, no runs, and no hits. When somebody offered you a drink in a saloon, we urged you to watch out for the kind of Mickey that didn't have Mantle for a second name.

You liked San Francisco. Everybody who isn't named Walter O'Malley likes San Francisco, and since nobody likes Walter O'Malley anyway, this cancels out.

It's a warm city. We suggested you sleep with your windows open. Wear Bermuda shorts and take a walk across the Golden Gate Bridge: we'd meet you halfway and ask you to lean over—juuuust a little bit more—to drink in the view. Literally. And don't miss Muir Woods. You could drive over there on game day, at about 11:30 A.M., and be back in plenty of time. Believe me.

I know there were a lot of things you'd have liked to do besides play baseball, since you'd never been here before, and we wanted you to do them. You were probably as sick of baseball as baseball is sick of—but no; politeness at all cost.

The swimming at balmy Fleishhacker Pool, largest outdoor salt-water pool in the world, was highly recommended. Down at Fisherman's Wharf, your old pals, the DiMaggios, had some excellent crabs that hadn't walked for a week. The

Roaring Twenties had some shiny fire poles that were GREAT fun to slide down, Mr. Maris. And Yogi Berra could go dancing at Station J with Smokey the Bear.

It's a fine city for walking. Especially jaywalking. All San Franciscans do that, and we asked you not to be mistaken for tourists. Jaywalking across Market Street between Fourth and Fifth, at around 5 P.M., is jolly good fun, and a lot simpler than it looks. Blind men and umpires do it every day. The rules are simple: You only "Walk" when the sign says "Stop."

This is also a smashing city for girl-watching. Stand at Powell and California—of COURSE you didn't need an over-coat—and watch the cable cars go by; when the girls are riding sidesaddle, the view is mighty hard to beat. Or you might have considered lounging in Union Square, in the heart of the shopping district. Brush the pigeons off and stretch out on a bench: you'd see the best pair of legs since Maury Wills. Union Square, by the way, was named during the Civil War and contains a monument to Dewey, not Tom, who pitched a win at Manila Bay in the Spanish-American League. Because of the pigeons, San Franciscans call it the Gooey Monument, but that wouldn't have bothered you.

If you liked action, San Francisco had more bars than Alcatraz. (They play a funny kind of baseball on Alcatraz, incidentally. The prisoners get only one baseball per week, so if somebody hits it over the fence—and into the Bay—the game is automatically over. You never saw so much bunting in your life, except maybe on the stands in Yankee Stadium.)

Out at Candlestick Park, we asked you not to keep your eye on the ball. Look around you. Drink in the sights. At the nearby Naval Shipyard, they've got the world's biggest crane, and it's so sensitive they use it to crack the Admiral's eggs every morning. Look at the way the wind played with the hot dog wrappers. And remember that it's the only ballyard

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in the world in which a sportscaster was once heard to say: "It's a hard drive to dead center—no—it's drifting a little—FOUL!"

And so, on behalf of all San Franciscans, we bid welcome to the Yankees. Welcome to a city that always was big league, and made major leaguers out of a club that had bush league support in New York. The cry around here used to be "Wait till next year!" but next year was here at last, and now all we waited for was you.

We wished you but nothing luck.

Well, folks, that World Series opener was just another ball game. Except that all around the place people were lighting the wrong ends of their filter-tip cigarettes. And squirting mustard on their popcorn. And drinking beer through soda straws. And stepping into phone booths when the call they had to make was in the men's room. Yes, it was just another ball game, except that it happened to be the first game of the first World Series ever played in San Francisco, and so many people were hollering "Kill those Yankees!" you'd have thought you were in Oxford, Mississippi, instead.

Even Candlestick Park, which sometimes gives the uncomfortable impression that a giant had taken the Embarcadero Freeway and bent it into a horseshoe, looked brighter than usual. Flags, banners and splashy clothes on the overflow crowd, which included both people and politicians, gave the place the touches of color it too often lacks. The sun was shining, but the predominant color was gray—the Yankee gray that has given so many teams the blues. The Yanks have twice as many prima donnas as the San Francisco Opera Co. and more polish than Shreve's, and yet they deliver. United Parcel should do so good.

I was surprised the day dawned at all, after the rioting and

boozing of the night before, but dawn it did, with many fascinations. There hasn't been so much bloody scalping since General Custer was a buck private. A guy outside the Palace was unashamedly asking \$100 per ticket, and getting it. The champ was a feller who sold four reserved (not box) seats for \$720 to a sucker from New York who was happy to pay the \$180 per. The sucker had a big bet on the Yankees and came out ahead anyway. During the morning hours cab drivers were getting rich. By game time several were seen pricing real estate in the financial district.

It was a hard game to get into, unless you were Mickey Mantle or Willie Mays (Orlando Cepeda should have paid his way), and yet a lot of people were there who obviously had never been to a Giants' game before. The lady in front of me kept pronouncing Kuenn as "Coon," and a city official who shall be nameless had to read the numbers off the score-board and consult his program before he knew which Giant was at bat. The gates were clogged with ticketless characters listening on their transistors—"I wanted to get as close as I could," one of them said, touchingly. Half the people inside were listening to transistors, too, to make sure who was playing. Like music lovers at the opera's opening night, baseball lovers at a World Series game are rare.

The Yankees beat the Giants, but it was baseball that shut out the world. The only way Cuba and Berlin could have crossed anybody's mind would have been if the Giants sent up a pinch hitter named Felipe Cuba, and if the Yanks had a Whitey Berlin warming up. Market Street looked emptier than Chavez Ravine. H. Liebes' had a color TV set on every floor. Saks Fifth Avenue excused every employee who had even a grandmother going to the game. The Bit of Paradise at 61 First Street had five TV sets around the room, and one in the men's room. What makes this an item is that the place

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is owned by Bernard Mirandette, a Basque, who knows only one thing about baseball, and that's that he doesn't know anything about baseball except that he hates it.

Chinn Ho, the Chinese millionaire who owns everything in Hawaii that Henry Kaiser doesn't, flew in from Honolulu with orchid leis for everybody who wasn't smoking a cigar. Lyndon Johnson, who happens to be the Vice-President of the United States, covered the game briefly from a helicopter (one Oakland moneybags tried to hire an S.F.-Oakland Helicopter to hover over the ENTIRE game, and was turned down). John Parsons, general manager of the Mark Hopkins, found himself with two extra tickets in the morning, pondered a while, and then gave them to the houseman-janitor, Marcellus Gibson. Any man who would do that probably likes dogs and children, too, and can't be all good.

New York's Aly Cohn, Horace Stoneham's best friend, packed his bags Wednesday, went out to New York's Idlewild Airport and watched the final Giants-Dodgers playoff game on a TV set there. Clutched in his hand were two airline tickets—one for Los Angeles, one for San Francisco. At the end of the ninth he ran for the San Francisco plane, sobbing happily and crazily. In his abandoned joy he tore up the Los Angeles ticket, good for a refund, and used it for confetti. Meanwhile, the teletype between Macy's New York and Macy's San Francisco was crackling. David Yunich, President of Macy's there, made a bet (a matched set of golf clubs) with Ernie Molloy, President of Macy's California, and Yunich, the winner, couldn't keep from heckling the loser inning by inning.

Still and all, the Giants looked great during the first few innings. "Yankee, Go Home!" was hollered 11,987 times in 30 minutes by 11,987 wits. After Whitey Ford was nicked for two runs, a well-known car salesman hollered, "Ford is

washed up!" Which is natural since the salesman handles Chevies. Mugsy Spanier, the noted Dixieland trumpeter, insisted, "I'm the best baseball fan here. I can tell you the names of the 1919 Chicago Black Sox, where they played and how much they got." And the girls at College of the Holy Names in Oakland called to report that Giants Hall is the new name of their dormitory, replacing Durocher Hall—named not for Leo but for (Sister) Mother Marie Rose Durocher.

The town seemed strange and silent the day after the Giants lost. "Back to normal," commented Honest John Gehring, the good cop at Five and Mission, but was it? After the longest baseball season in history, and one of the longest World Series, it was eerie not to hear the transistors crackling away, up and down the streets. The TV sets in lobbies and bars looked blank and sullen; they had enjoyed being the center of attention for so long, too.

It was hard to remember what life had been like in the old days. What did people do then, what did they talk about? It might be true that there's nothing deader than a season, the day after it's over, but the whole city had lived with it so long. Now all was emptiness and letdown. The tension was gone, the air was out of the balloon, even the hills seemed flat.

But surely there is more to life than a baseball season, even one that had risen to fictional heights and had left its mark on everybody in town, whether they wanted to be marked by it or not.

Before all the strange madness began, our little world had been full of a number of things. Hadn't it? There was Cuba and Berlin and Vietnam and *Oliver!* and the opera season and even that business between—let me see, oh yes—Pat Brown and—uh—Dick Nixon? Well, they are still with us, it seems,

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now that the sports are back in the sports sections, but it will take a while to get readjusted.

After the last out of the last game of the Series on that crackling clear Tuesday afternoon, a man stood up in his box and cried out in agony: "It's all over! What'll I do tomorrow?"

There must be something left to finish out a life. There's the United Crusade and the fight to save Twin Peaks from the outdoor desecrators, and the restoration of the Palace of Fine Arts, and the Muni's 50th anniversary celebration (ride the iron monster) and even the 49ers, who play something called football and seem to be getting better at it. And then there's the opera season and the ballet season.

All these things are eminently worthwhile, and certainly as important as baseball, which, in the deathless words of F. Scott Fitzgerald, is nothing more than "a child's game played by a few dozen illiterates," after all. Isn't that so?

Then why, in our childish, illiterate way, does one's mind keep going back to that Tuesday afternoon, with the skies a startled blue, the pennants snapping in a lip-cracking north wind, and 44,000 childish illiterates huddled together as one? When one should be thinking of young Mr. Kennedy, why does one recall Tom Tresh's fabulous catch, Willie McCovey's greathearted hitting, Willie Mays' perfect shot to the right-field corner, the failure of Felipe Alou and Hiller to lay down the all-important bunt in the ninth, Jack Sanford's cardinal sin that cost him the game (he walked the opposing pitcher)?

I can't explain it. F. Scott Fitzgerald, a serious man who came to grips with serious problems, never could have explained it, either.

Those pictures you sometimes see in the papers of grown-up people actually crying after their team loses a game or a pennant or a Series or whatever—well, I used to think most of 'em were fakes, too. You and I being skeptics if not cynics,

know better than that. Grown people don't cry over something so trivial, so meaningless.

That's what I thought till late Tuesday afternoon, but here were all these people at Candlestick, actually sobbing. Tears running down their cheeks. Not just the women, either. Women go to the tear ducts fast and easy, like a 6-4-3 double play. These were grown men, crying. Even little Billy Pearson, the pint-sized ex-jockey, was blubbering. "Anything I can't stand," said Johnny Buffa, "is to see a half-grown man crying."

A lot of other things went on. Take poor Charlie Stuart, Jr., advertising boss of Bank of America. In the fourth inning he was hit just over the right eye by a Roger Maris foul ball and was in St. Mary's Hospital for three days with stitches and slight concussion, besides which he lost 10 bucks on the game. Ralph Terry of the Yankees pitched so well that all the hypocrites in the stands gave him a hand on his last turn at bat—"but," pointed out Ardaht Borba, "only hypocrites get World Series tickets." Which is true. Even Don Sherwood, who hates baseball because it's beyond him, was there.

Mickey Mantle was playing so deep for McCovey that Del Courtney offered him a seat in his band, stationed in center field. At the Old Clam House on Old Bayshore, one of the finest old-time saloons in town, a disgruntled Giant fan kept playing Danny Kaye's "Dodgers Song" on the juke box till he almost got kilt. At Imperial Palace in Chinatown, a mob of Chinese fans was rooting wildly ("Today," explained Owner Kee Joon, "we are scrutable"). At game's end Grace Cathedral's carillon tolled a death-slow funeral march. And at midnight Willie McCovey was sadly sipping a ginger ale at Fack's, while Duke Ellington's band rose to salute him with one of Duke's classics, "You Hit It Good, and That Ain't Bad."

Now let's forget the whole thing and settle down to

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the business at hand, wherever it is. But first let's look at the whole instead of the doughnut: over the seven games, the Giants scored 21 runs, the Yankees only 20. And another thing...

Ah, there were a lot of other things, all of them worth remembering. I turn you over now to the Messrs. Rosenbaum and Stevens, who have total recall for the memories that still bless and burn in Baghdad-by-the-Bay.

The Worldly West

THE years have sped by since Horace Stoneham announced the death of the New York Giants, ordered all the old stationery thrown away, and changed the letters on the team's shirt fronts to "San Francisco." It was the beginning of a love affair between the city and the team that has been characterized by a gripping, hectic, frustrating and inconsistent pattern of devotion, alternating with doubt and disaffection, until it was sealed in the last inning of the seventh and final game of the 1962 World Series.

In the first place it was not true love that brought city and team together. On the Giants' side, there had been hesitation; Stoneham had considered a marriage of convenience with an enthusiastic Minneapolis before he arranged one with sedate San Francisco. On San Francisco's part, there was some question as to whether the city really cared about the Giants themselves, or merely wanted major-league baseball.

Hysteria is not characteristic of the city. Thinking

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critics reasoned that the civilized way to greet the new team was with moderate enthusiasm and polite applause. A city of well-dressed, well-behaved sophisticates would, in its worldly wisdom, never have the bad taste to lose its head over a baseball team.

Willie Mays? Well yes, we'd heard of him, but a city that had spawned DiMaggio, Crosetti, Lazzeri, Cronin, Heilmann, O'Doul and dozens of others required no special education in baseball skill.

"Our people," said one critic pontifically, "will applaud a good play, no matter who makes it. They will be sympathetic at all times. They won't expect the impossible."

The Bay Area received the Giants with appropriate fervor, though there was no dancing in the streets. The ticket sales for the first season were brisk despite bad weather, and plans proceeded apace for a new stadium. Both the weather and the stadium were to cause some breathless and poignant moments in the romance between the city and the team.

During the 1958 season the idealists took off their rose-fogged glasses. The sedateness of San Francisco fans was beginning to seem a myth. True, they were sweet and kind and deeply impressed by good play on both sides. They became fiercely loyal to their beloved Giants who could do no wrong, EXCEPT— They were equally overcritical and venomous, and so loath to lose a game that they vented their vocal spleen on their own players when success, that fleeting bird, flew to the other team. They hated umpires and they said so. They loved young ball players except when they made young-ball-player mistakes. They ducked from fright when foul balls hopped into the

stand, but shouted down the outfielder who didn't climb the cyclone wire fence to drag one down.

San Francisco fans deserved a big hand for their keen interest but, as one observer noted, "If Ted Williams were still around they also deserved to be spat upon for their fickleness."

In sum, San Franciscans advanced rapidly to the status of typical major league baseball fans. To set them apart as democratic, sophisticated, generous and silently knowledgeable was just a piece of pleasant bunko.

They were—and this may cut deeply—no better than Philadelphians.

They booed as if they had just invented the sound. Umpire Jocko Conlan, in early 1958, said that he'd never heard himself called a bum in so many different tones. Third-base coach Herman Franks announced he was quitting for a better opportunity outside of baseball—which was true, but it was also true that he left with the invective crawling out of his ears.

Willie Mays leaped to strike at a fourth ball which would have given him a deliberate walk, and as it turned out, the pop-up made him the goat of the game. It was a bonehead play because it didn't work. Willie was booed by the deep-throated minority at the ball park for days on end.

"People won't let you forget a mistake," Willie said then. "Some of them have to be bringing it up all the time. That's what bothers me, not the boos."

San Franciscans didn't resent Mays, as he suspected. It was just that Willie had to be appreciated to be really seen, and the appreciation was slow in coming. "Wait

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until you see Willie," the Giant front office bubbled. New York sports writers gushed their goodbyes over him. In San Francisco the reaction was mixed. In the beginning there was skepticism; everyone wanted to see Willie, but could one man be that good? We'd just have to see for ourselves.

Meanwhile the 1958 season passed without any conclusive declarations of love on the part of either The City or the team, and the Giants' end-of-the-season slump, which left them in third place, did nothing to advance the courtship.

San Franciscans may be vocal and venomous when a Giant makes a bonehead play, but a good deal of the time they are singularly self-contained, even smug, as if aware of their own superiority and unthreatened by any rival. They are something like the little old lady from Boston who said, "Why travel? We're here." We San Franciscans would have you take us or leave us, but don't try to tell us where to go.

The San Franciscan's imperturbability is exemplified by the story of the lower Geary Street bartender who was challenged by a man at the bar, who said, "Say, my glass is cracked and jagged on the rim."

"So it is," said the bartender. "Be careful you don't cut yourself."

This calmness and conviction of superiority made it hard to educate San Francisco baseball fans in the Giant-Dodger theory, which might have rallied them to the side of the Giants a good deal sooner. The theory, simply stated, is: "The Giant-Dodger rivalry is the greatest in

the world," and it had not only geography but history to authenticate it.

But to San Franciscans, the Dodgers of 1958 were just an old and tired seventh-place ball club. Artificial juicing of fan emotions failed to raise a rash. So Brooklyn and New York hated one another? What of it? This was another world, the West.

The fans rushed to buy more advance tickets for St. Louis Cardinal games than for Milwaukee, and more for Milwaukee than for Los Angeles. Why? Every fan had to see Stan Musial, that was why; and the Milwaukee Braves had the sluggers.

The intercity feud had been traditional, and had made life more interesting for both San Francisco and Los Angeles. San Francisco columnist Herb Caen put it best when he said "... the rivalry is a reflex built in at birth. It is firmly a part of the mystique of each city—and why not? In this era of blandness verging on torpor, and conformity close to nonthink, it's fun to have an object of automatic disdain so close at hand."

But for a while back there, for the good of California, the air was pure and the feeling dull between the two metropolises, and they made peace. San Franciscans regarded Los Angeles with disdain, as something unfit to discuss; a sprawling lotus land, a latticework of jammed highways and jammed supermarts, a city whose women would attend the opera in leopard shirts and toreador pants if indeed they attended the opera at all.

And when the Dodgers arrived in Los Angeles, another withering epithet came into being: they were called the

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“Smogders” because of the hugging, eye-smarting smog over Chavez Ravine where the stadium was.

It made little difference that these compliments were returned by the southlanders who speak and write. They called San Franciscans small and smug. San Francisco’s gentle westerlies, nature’s marvelous vacuum cleaner of the city, was called an ill wind.

But this hardly fanned the Greatest Rivalry in the World. How could San Franciscans know whom to hate in Los Angeles, where everyone wears dark glasses? (The novelist, the late Nathanael West, referred to Los Angeles as “The City of the Blind.”)

It took baseball—and it took it a little time—to revive the feud. Now both cities can be called “The Cities of the Deaf” because everywhere on game days the transistor-radio plugs are fastened to eager ears. The San Francisco Opera was forced to issue an edict on this blight on the Arts. Preachers in pulpits delivered sermons on this menace to heaven. Where once in this big new country it was obligatory to park one’s guns at the door, the new law of the West required one’s checking one’s transistor.

The intercity feud began to take shape in mid-1959. It turned out surprisingly that the Dodgers were skilled; frustratingly so in Seals Stadium, it seemed. This was a team worthy of unadulterated hate. As decisions shaped themselves late in the 1959 season, there was reason to hate the Dodgers forever when the Giants took a fateful, final nose dive in September.

Unforgettable too was the 1962 finish, when the Dodgers choked and the Giants emerged. These were historical possessions, living-and-dying memories that

western fans could cherish as their very own. The Dodger-Giant feeling became so intense that TV audiences were rated at better than 70 per cent. Radio topped that at better than 75 per cent. Telephone stations that tape-recorded Giant scores inning by inning reported more than 25,000 calls a day, jamming twenty extensions. One widow, mourning the recent death of her Dodger-loving husband, saw the Dodgers lose the pennant in the playoff and blurted, "Oh, I'm so glad poor Sam wasn't here to see this . . . at least he was spared this tragedy."

The last months of the 1962 season were more bittersweet than usual. The Dodgers had won three straight in mid-August from the Giants, in Los Angeles. This was accepted laughingly, insultingly by all Southern California columnists. Two dear old friends, Jim Murray of the *Times* and Mel Durslag of the *Herald-Examiner*, were at their best.

"You could not set your watch by the Giants but you could set your calendar," wrote Murray. "A business executive standing by his window sees a falling figure shoot past the window. 'Oh, oh,' the man says, glancing at his chronometer, 'it must be June. There go the Giants.'"

Of manager Alvin Dark, he wrote, "The management hired a tithing churchgoer. San Francisco needed a pixie, not a preacher . . . he's as out of place in San Francisco as a bikini. San Francisco needn't have worried. Alvin had no bad habits but the team took up the slack . . . The Giants would be subjected to no emotional binges like the World Series."

(Portions of the above were reprinted, laughingly, in San Francisco, *after* the 1962 World Series, naturally.)

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Durslag waxed even more wroth as he filled column after column. After the three August losses by the Giants, he had struck off a few pungent paragraphs to the effect that San Francisco housewives were forced to burn wood in their stoves because all the available gas had been inhaled by the Giants.

And then he wrote:

"Struck down by acute indigestion, Willie Mays has only one course. He must quit San Francisco before it kills him. San Francisco almost ruined the health of Bill Rigney. The poor man developed dyspepsia there, not to mention inflammation of the pancreas. There is a misconception that the Giants fired Rigney. He left on a medical discharge. Those who revere Mays are pleading with him to get away from San Francisco. The Giants' condition is dangerously contagious. Their choking eventually will strangle even Mays.

"San Franciscans (who expect a pennant) are advised to stay away from coarse foods . . . avoid stimulants that irritate the stomach walls . . . if seized by a choking feeling, lay quietly and well covered until your physician arrives.

"It is doubtful that San Francisco can survive another gas job by the Giants. Ever since that black day the team moved to the city, the natives have been exposed to stress. In 1958 the town was ecstatic . . . but the club, inhaling the fumes, fell to 7½ off the pace. In San Francisco history, this is denoted in Roman numerals as Gas Job I.

"Gas Job II followed in 1959. Two games on top on Sept. 15, the Giants fainted. In 1960 their swoon was far

less painful. Undaunted, the Giants tried again last year . . . after which came the old familiar fumes.

"If the Giants are permitted to remain in San Francisco, people there will wind up killing each other. Plainly, the strain is beginning to tell. In blowing six straight games on the road, the Giants not only tumbled from contention but almost ruined baseball's most classical performer, Willie Mays."

Beautiful prose. Need it be noted that Willie Mays' doctor diagnosed him as "disgustingly healthy" in a post-season examination, and need anyone be reminded that it was a cold winter in Los Angeles after the shock of the "biggest choke" wore off? Certainly these things may remain unsaid; San Franciscans are too proper to overstate the obvious. Certainly.

The weather in San Francisco came in for some choice observations by critic Durslag. It's true that our wind is windy and our rain is rainy and our fog is foggy. The trouble is, such weather is unusual except when something big is in progress—like a World Series or an All-Star or a Dodger crisis. Then anything goes.

Willie McCovey uttered a classic weather and baseball report in seven words when he leaned into the wind for the first time at Candlestick Park and observed, "The peanut shells get into my eyes."

The wind is always with us, and leave it to those southerners to beat the subject into a monotonous flurry. After the Giants lost their crucial three in August, the Dodgers returned to San Francisco. As everyone knew, Maury Wills was stealing more bases than Ty Cobb, and the other Dodgers were turning for home too. It was only

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a coincidence that Candlestick groundkeeper Matty Schwab brought in a few hundred yards of sand and opened a few more water spigots. The infield had to be watered heavily to keep the dust down. At certain places (like first base, which is the closest base to second where Wills usually steals) it was necessary to tamp down the dust with little heapings of sand. To keep things even, it was said.

Suspicious southlanders made a mountain out of a little sandhill, so to speak. Dodger general manager Buzzy Bavasi called it a fiasco and threatened to bring it to the attention of the Commissioner. Umpires were warned, and in turn warned the Giants. Later, when rain delayed the World Series three days, Dodger vice-president Fresco Thompson wryly commented, "Why call off the game? When we play here it's wetter than this."

This was a choice entry for critic Durslag, who wrote: "Stoneham moved from a rat's nest [Seals Stadium] to a . . . dam. Actually there was enough water there to run a hydro-electric plant. And the wind! Even the ground-keeper, hosing into the wind at first and second, got his pants wet."

In a Huntley-Brinkley bit, Murray obligatoed: "One more squirt and the Red Cross would have declared second base a disaster area . . . an aircraft carrier wouldn't have run aground . . . instead of coaches, lifeguards should be stationed on the bases . . . instead of double-plays you get synchronized swimming . . . the field was not unplayable—you could have played water polo there . . . they found two abalone under second base . . . the Giants don't take batting practice, they just work out in

Horace Stoneham's pool . . . when the wind came up it made waves and Maury Wills wasn't sure his canoe would make it to shortstop . . . Hereafter, when the One Great Scorer says, 'He died on third,' he'll mean by drowning . . . and it's not whether you won or lost but whether the Coast Guard picked you up."

Maybe it was sheer coincidence that when World Series money was voted in 1962 groundkeeper Matty Schwab received a full \$7,290 share.

Thus the intercity rivalry blazed beautifully; but hating Los Angeles and loving the home team aren't quite the same thing. The City tumbled for the new team at the beginning of the 1959 season—perhaps on the basis of Horace Stoneham's prediction that the pennant was in prospect—but the Giants faded at the end of the season and most fans were unforgiving as they turned their transistors on to the Los Angeles-Chicago World Series, momentarily switching their affections to the hated rival, leaving the jilted Giants forgotten.

The love affair had its ups and downs during the next two seasons. The new stadium at Candlestick Park aroused the wrath of fans when its deficiencies were exposed, but they calmed down by 1961 when the Giants began to win more games at home than on the road. The team slumped again at the end of the season, although some outstanding individual performances gave promise of a better season in 1962.

It took the 1962 playoffs, the pennant race, and the World Series to bring the city and the team into an embrace. Toward the end of September, disgruntled fans

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had given up the idea of a local victory and even the most optimistic of the Giants could only talk about the possibility of second-place money. Then the wind changed.

You might have got an intimation of it at Kezar Stadium, across town from Candlestick Park on September 30, 1962, when the San Francisco 49ers were playing a game of football against the Minnesota Vikings, before a crowd almost as large as the one that watched the Giants and the Houston Colts.

The purple-clad Vikings may well have wondered what kind of goofball gallery had come to Kezar, transistors in ears; they cheered and/or gasped at the wrong times. In the third quarter, having taken over the ball, the Vikings pranced to the line of scrimmage. An approving roar broke over the stadium. Viking quarterback Fran Tarkenton glanced up toward the crowd, wondering perhaps if he were back home in Minnesota. He didn't know that the roar had nothing to do with him; it was the result of a home run hit by Willie Mays at Candlestick Park and received by most of the 38,407 football fans at Kezar on their transistor radios.

The home run had put the Giants ahead of the Houston Colts on this fateful final day of the season. The football fans were seeing one game and hearing another, and loving both. It was a double sports binge, and at times the baseball half demanded the fans' unremitting attention.

For example, early in the fourth quarter, the football players thought the crowd was concentrating on them. Minnesota had just scored and it was 21-7. The 49ers made another run for it and found themselves on the

Viking eighteen-yard line, fourth down, one yard to go. The audience noise bubbled and rose, then hit a hard, high note. Forty-niner quarterback John Brodie thought for sure that his rooters were urging him to go for the extra yard instead of trying for a field goal. The roar went on endlessly and Brodie raised his arms like a symphony conductor in a friendly gesture that meant "Pipe down, all." Not having a transistor in his helmet, Brodie couldn't know that an announcement was reaching the crowd that Gene Oliver had just clouted a home run for the Cardinals in Los Angeles, which put the Dodgers down 0-1, and that nobody cared whether Brodie kicked or ran.

After most 49er games, especially when the result is not in doubt, the good clients head for the exits in a hurry. On this day the fans who had not brought transistors pleaded with those who had to stick around. It didn't require much pleading. The 49ers had won the game 21-7, and the crowds were still in the stands. Six minutes and 14 seconds after the final gun had gone off, the joyous roar resounded over the football arena. The Dodgers had lost to the Cards, and the radios were bringing in the news to the crowds and to the press box too.

The Dodgers had, in fact, lost six of their last seven games, falling from a cinch four games ahead with seven to play, to a final-day tie. Meanwhile the Giants, hopelessly out after losing six in a row, had won five of their last seven, and—*milagroso suceso*—it was all tied up. Playoffs were in prospect, and fan fervor in San Francisco rose to a new pitch.

It was probably at this moment that the romance was clinched and San Francisco became the City of Giants.

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The playoffs were to tear at the emotions of both spectators and performers alike. The Yankees, having won their pennant in their own good time, stopped by San Francisco for a visit—on their way to Los Angeles, or in order to hold their hotel rooms in San Francisco in case the Series should be played there? Suddenly everyone wanted World Series tickets.

It wasn't until the last out of the last inning of the seventh and final game of the Series that The City and the team knew they belonged to each other; but there was a moment when the Giants must have known where they were. It was the day of the last game of the playoffs, a harrowing defeat for the Dodgers and a severe strain on the victorious Giants. On the Giants' plane returning to San Francisco, the pilot asked for his passengers' attention. "Fellows," he said, "there is a little disturbance down below. We're told there are at least 25,000 people down there—maybe it's 75,000—and they've blocked off the runway. They thought we were coming in on an earlier jet and they ran out on the landing strip to meet it. Then they ran to another jet. The police can't get them back out of the entrances. We don't know if we can land. We may have to land in Oakland."

The plane started for Oakland, then circled back and finally landed on the west runway of the San Francisco airport, from which the Giants were transferred to buses, smiling through the windows at their fans—who were ferociously trying to break in.

Hysteria is not a Bay Area trait. Sedate enthusiasm is the proper role for a proper San Franciscan. The sophis-

ticates would never have the bad taste to lose their heads over a baseball team.

Someone may have recalled that prediction at the moment when the fans were trying to break through the windows. But in any case the Giants knew they were home.

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A Giant Is Born

AS far as most San Francisco fans are concerned, the Giants were born in the spring of 1958, in steaming Phoenix, Arizona, and played in their home city for the first time on April 15, 1958.

After the initial impact of their move from New York, and their moderately enthusiastic reception by San Franciscans, the Bay Area newspapers began to campaign for a total loss of memory on the part of fans. Less often did expressions like "Westward Ho!" and the words "transplantation," "Polo Grounds" and "New York" appear in their columns. San Francisco fans were encouraged to believe that the Giants were entirely a local product, their own home team, and that the New York Giants were dead and had better be forgotten.

It was a praiseworthy endeavor and no doubt helped to fix the fans' attention on their own team. Nevertheless, the Giants came of a long and noble tradition that flourished some three-quarters of a century before they found their new home, and without which they wouldn't be the team they are.

Legend, a harmless tool often used in the architecture of fantasy, has it that the Giants got their name purely by accident, through the exuberance of their manager in the summer of 1883.

During the course of combat, Jim Mutrie, the saber-mustached, top-hat-wearing first manager of the team, screamed from the sidelines, "Come on you giants!" History does not reveal whether Mutrie's minions got the message and prevailed, but nearby baseball reporters did.

Like a rolling snowball, the exhortation of Mutrie began to grow and grow and thunder across the sports pages of first New York and then of other eastern ports where baseball was digging in. "The Giants" became a familiar phrase. In time it was to be the label of a dynasty.

Mutrie was not altogether illogical in the employment of the word "giant." His men were big men, all six-footers, and each equipped with muscles.

Thus the magic name for a team that often has performed miracles. Ever since Mutrie yelled through his mustache, the word "Giant" has been as fundamental a part of the game as the word "baseball" itself. It has stood for hysteria, depression, pennants, success, failure, mediocrity and kingliness.

It has also stood for transplantation. For no matter how you look at it the Giants have been a movin' club, bouncing around the East long before it took its broadest bounce in the winter of 1957, the one that hurled it over the Continental Divide and to the fog-swept beaches of San Francisco.

The creators of the dynasty that is known to the fans as the Giants and to the stock market as the National Ex-

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hibition Company were Mutrie, the club's maiden manager, and John B. Day, organizer and financial backer. Any story of the Giants must start with those gentlemen from Broadway.

And it was they who gave the Giants their first restless years, New York its first bittersweet taste of baseball, the Polo Grounds its first two pennants and, ultimately, San Francisco its Willie Mays.

New York, to begin in chronological sequence the history of Mutrie's magnificent monsters, was a charter member of the National League when it was organized in 1876, exactly one hundred years after some rather more important United States history had been written. The team, recruited from the famed Mutuals of earlier baseball success, played what few games it did play in, of all places, Brooklyn.

Its life was short and tawdry.

To complete the club's first chapter, the franchise was forfeited for a reasonable reason. It merely neglected to fulfill its scheduled obligations and summarily got thrown out of Brooklyn. As Brooklynites of Ebbets Field devotion later were to realize, the heave-ho of 1876 was not permanent. The Giants were to return, and to conquer.

The ousted New York club that was the 1876 victim of suicide-by-disinterest lay dormant until Jim Mutrie and John Day appeared upon the quiet scene in 1882. In December, Day's application for league membership was granted and he immediately reached into Troy, New York, and dropped Troy's team into the Polo Grounds.

Ironical that the first New York Giants were yanked in from Troy three quarters of a century ago and New York

thought nothing about the snatch, but how the Big Town screamed when many, many years later what were originally the immigrants from Troy became the New York immigrants of San Francisco.

The Giants, stillborn in Brooklyn and thrown out eight years before, were experiencing the first warm glow of life in 1883 and some great players attended the delivery.

Charter members of the charter club included Mickey Welch, John Montgomery Ward, Roger Connor and Buck Ewing. But it wasn't until 1888 that the first pennant of Giant origin was to fly above the Polo Grounds. Except for the addition of pitcher Hank O'Day, a famed umpire in later years, the 1888 lineup was pretty much the same that pulled the pennant repeat in 1889.

Meanwhile the restless, nomadic Giants were on the prowl. The club had difficulty finding a permanent playing location, and organizer John Day wasn't liking it even a little bit.

The Polo Grounds, Fifth Avenue and 110th Street, original home of the transplanted athletes, was precisely what the name signified—a polo field. Dissatisfied with the leasing arrangements, Day sought another home for his team. They played briefly in Jersey City, and still later many of their games were contested at St. George on Staten Island.

But the 1889 season was completed on a field at 157th Street and Eighth Avenue and in 1890 the Giants settled down in the present Polo Grounds, now the home of the New York Mets of the National League. The Giants were to remain on the slope of Coogan's Bluff from 1890, doing

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all sorts of wonderful and horrible things, until September 20, 1957.

The foundation upon which the Giant dynasty was at last to rest had set, but the concrete that went into it was poured from many buckets—in Brooklyn, Fifth Avenue and 110th Street, New York, Jersey City, Staten Island, 157th Street and Eighth Avenue, New York, and, finally, 155th Street and Eighth Avenue, just off the shoreline of the Harlem River and across the stream from the Bronx.

But the joy and relaxation of permanent homesteading was short-lived for the Giants. The National League, destined to survive, nevertheless was torn asunder by what became known as the Brotherhood War—the players “jumped” the National and organized their own league on a co-operative arrangement.

The National League, and the Giants, suffered cruel wounds during the conflict, and, in New York particularly, recovery was slow and tedious. Not until the calendar had flipped over into a new century, and with the advent of the immortal John J. McGraw, a petulant perfectionist, did the Giants re-establish themselves as a power in the baseball world.

The nineties were shoddy, drab, wrinkled days for the Giants, although around Broadway life was being lived as though it was going out of style. Managers came and went at rapid intervals, and ownership became a football, kicked back and forth; caught and punted away as futility pervaded the silent, unapproached box offices.

Mutrie retired after the 1891 season. Day saw the light a year later and sold his stock.

During this dolorous decade, the Giants had one at-

traction, hardly enough, in pitcher Amos Rusie, winner of 250 games during his career in New York. Briefly, in 1894, the Giants caught the coattails of their former eminence and finished second. They capped this by defeating the celebrated Baltimore Orioles in the Temple Cup Series, midwife of the World Series.

Between Mutrie's retirement and the arrival of John McGraw in 1902, thirteen different managers tugged unsuccessfully and ludicrously at the reins and only one, John Montgomery Ward, a charter Giant, lasted so long as two campaigns.

George Davis, a slugger of the era, established an early record for hard-headedness by taking over the tiller on three different occasions for brief periods, only to founder on the shoals of athletic mediocrity. Even Day found the challenge unbearably ripe and essayed a brief "come-back" as manager in 1899.

Off and on were Pat Powers, Jack Doyle, H. L. Watkins, Arthur Irvin, Fred Hoey, Buck Ewing, George Smith, Horace Fogel and Cap Anson.

Through this period of almost classic non-production and migratory managers, the club was owned by the irascible Andrew Freedman, a political figure of his time. His experience was turbulent. They blamed his personality for the club's failures on the field.

The pattern first established by those evil and probably illogical journalists has haunted owners of all professional sports teams down through the ages and no letup is in sight even today.

But, ironically, it was the harassed, argumentative, strong-willed and ill-starred Freedman who eventually

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made the move that restored the Giants to the pre-eminence first enjoyed by the Mutrie-Day combine. On July 16, 1902, he hired John J. McGraw as manager.

But though the fighting Irishman, the Little Napoleon from Truxton, New York, then twenty-nine years old, was to lead the Giants out of the wilderness in a career unparalleled in Polo Grounds history, Freedman's credit was minor.

Historians unkindly have written that Freedman "obviously picked so much better than he knew, for the man who had previously chosen a dozen failures picked McGraw."

McGraw, even then famed for his play with the Baltimore Orioles, colorful, venturesome and compelling, brought with him to New York a new dimension—the formula of success. Before he could shout down his first ball player, "McGraw," "New York" and "Giants" became synonymous terms.

McGraw began mixing his formula of success by bringing with him from Baltimore of the American League three great players—Roger Bresnahan, Joe McGinnity and Dan McGann. They made the Giants formidable. But an even more powerful influence, by happy coincidence, was a young pitcher the previous manager, Horace Fogel, had tried to convert into a first baseman.

Christy Mathewson was the name. Cooperstown and the record books hail Christy, winner of 372 games, as one of the greater pitchers in all baseball history. Many insist he is *the* greatest.

Fame came immediately to the big man from Factoryville, Pennsylvania, a right-hander with incredible speed,

endurance and accuracy. He won his monogrammed halo in the World Series of 1905 when thrice he shut out Connie Mack's awesome collection of Athletics. Each of the five games was a shutout, unmatched since then, with the Giants winning, four games to one.

McGinnity, Iron Man Joe, hurled the other Giant shut-out and Chief Bender recorded the A's lone little one-some.

McGraw had won his first pennant the year before, but John T. Brush, who in the meantime had acquired control of the club from the much maligned Freedman, declined to recognize the challenge from the American League. The two leagues had been feuding and the war between them had just ended with the American League gaining recognition and equal stature with the older National League.

But personal feelings continued to run high, Brush continued to pout about the whole messy war and, besides, World Series rules had not yet been formulated.

The years following the Series-ripping of Connie Mack's prized animals in 1905 were perhaps the most tumultuous until, decades later, President Horace Stoneham gave with the Horace Greeley bit and announced to an enraged but diminishing group of Polo Grounds fans, that he was going West.

The feud with the Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance Chicago Cubs exploded into a blaze that was to scorch and enthrall the baseball world for five seasons. Not even the ingenuity of McGraw nor the tireless pitching of Christy Mathewson could detract from the true greatness of the Cubs nor cause their downfall.

Yet the Giants would have brought this about in 1908 but for the most singular, and deathless, play in all the records. Fred Merkle failed to touch second base in a late September game at the Polo Grounds and this often committed but seldom detected play cost the Giants the pennant.

This being the blackest, most sinister day in Giant history, the Merkle miscue deserves more than just angry, retrospective passing.

The Giants, in first place at the time of the crime, had runners on third base and first base, two out in the ninth, the score tied at 1-1. Moose McCormick was dancing off third, Merkle off first, Al Bridwell hitting.

Bridwell heroically singled into center and all hell broke loose. McCormick raced home with what was believed to be the winning run and the exultant fans, crying little animal cries of ecstatic conquest, cascaded down from the stands and onto the field.

But Merkle, following the careless custom of the time, raced directly for the clubhouse instead of for second base. He had seen the winning run cross and he was eager to escape the clutching idolatry of the happily insane fans who thought they had at last seen the noses of the mighty Cubs rubbed in the dirt.

But the observant Johnny Evers, sneaky in his knowledge of the rules, noted the Merkle oversight. Standing among the milling crowd that was unconcerned with the strange and orgiastic exhortations of Evers for somebody to throw the ball to him, Johnny held firmly at second base, yelling himself blue.

Nobody ever saw the ball returned. Legend credits Joe

McGinnity with having thrown it over the grandstand in a contorted act of unbearable joy. But the wicked and obdurate Evers, a baseball clutched in his hand, stepped on the bag and claimed a force play and the third out.

Then a new kind of hell broke out. The fans, sensing all was not kosher, but not understanding what, growled menacingly as the players from both teams huddled around and argued animatedly with the umpires. Finally, umpire Hank O'Day, a Giant pitching hero of 1889, upheld Evers' contention and ruled that the force play had nullified the winning run.

The game was proclaimed a tie after the Giants unsuccessfully appealed to National League president Harry Pulliam, and the Giants and Cubs finished the season in a tie. A pennant playoff was necessary—officially a playoff of the tie. In the Polo Grounds before thousands of unruly and red-eyed fans, the Giants lost, 4–2, with Three-Fingered Mordecai Brown prevailing over Mathewson.

The Cubs' power waned over the ensuing years and the persistent, relentless McGraw finally took command of the National League in 1911. He had reconstructed the Giants during the chase of the Cubs, and during the seasons of 1911–1912–1913 the Polo Grounds was Eden.

With Matty still winning consistently and Rube Marquard reeling off 19 consecutive victories from the little hill, and players such as Josh Devore, Jack Murray, Charley Herzog, Arthur Fletcher, Larry Doyle and Fred Snodgrass running the opposition out of their minds, the Giants were supreme.

But while they contrived to mangle their National League challengers, the Giants' fortunes in World Series

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competition ran out and they went athletically bankrupt. In 1911 and 1913 they were beaten by what many deem Connie Mack's greatest team—the Philadelphia Athletics of the McInnis, Collins, Barry, Baker infield.

And in 1912, when the Series was waged furiously over eight games with the Boston Red Sox, the Giants were thwarted by one fatal flub in the field. With the score tied in the tenth inning of the final game, Fred Snodgrass, usually an exemplary defense man, dropped a fly ball in center field and Boston's winning run developed from the tragic blunder.

After the 1913 season, the Giants' older players began to look and play like giants and McGraw went back to the planning board. Another reconstruction era struck the Polo Grounds. The fruit of victory almost sprang from McGraw's spade work in 1916 when the Giants won 26 consecutive games in the September stretch drive, a record, yet failed to catch Wilbert (Uncle Robbie) Robinson's Dodgers.

The strength revealed during that frenetic, if fruitless, September victory spasm of 1916 couldn't be denied in 1917, however, and the Giants handily won the pennant. But again the elusive championship of the world was denied them. They ran into the Boston Red Sox again, and again were overrun, four games to two.

It was in this World Series that another macabre Giant episode of futility was placed alongside the earlier tragedies perpetrated by Merkle and Snodgrass, two of nature's noblemen pinched by fate's fickle finger.

Heinie Zimmerman got off his infamous foot race, chasing Eddie Collins across the plate with an important

run. Though it was a foolish thing to see, Zimmerman was absolved of blame because the plate had been left unguarded and, anyway, it wasn't the key goof of the Series because the Red Sox wrapped it up in six games.

The world, and baseball, then staggered under the oppressive blows of war. The Giants' Hank Gowdy won distinction as the first major-leaguer to enlist, and Mathewson won a commission, captain in the chemical warfare division. Active service and jobs in essential war work drained the talent of all clubs and the 1918 season was curtailed and finally halted on Labor Day.

Even the quick end in Europe couldn't restore normalcy to either the Giants or the game, and the 1919 season was one of uncertainty, culminating that fall in the Black Sox World Series scandal. The game staggered under the blow of this stupendous betrayal and rallied only when Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, a flamboyant, white-haired little man with a magnetic affinity to cameras, was appointed Baseball Commissioner, the game's first.

Within a year, and with Landis running the show from his lofty office of unchallenged autonomy, the game entered a great renaissance. Public confidence, shattered by the villainous Black Sox, was restored. A wild, refreshing new interest was generated by the murderous bat of a heavy-shouldered, skinny-legged son of a saloon keeper, George Herman (Babe) Ruth.

This was a grand new era for baseball and McGraw was ready for it with perhaps his greatest team. Exploding to the fore in 1921, this team dominated the scene by sweeping to four successive pennants.

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Meanwhile many changes were introduced to the Polo Grounds, to the playing field, and to the administration of the club's affairs.

Christy Mathewson, the wonder pitcher with sixteen glorious years with the Giants behind him, left to manage the Cincinnati Reds, and 1919 saw the purchase of the club by Charles A. Stoneham, father of the current president, Horace C. Stoneham.

During the years immediately preceding World War I the Giants had been operated by Harry N. Hempstead as executor for the estate of John T. Brush. Other business associations permitted Hempstead the luxury of only a limited interest in baseball, and when post-war problems created a conflict for him, he decided to unload his Giant holdings.

When apprised of this decision by Hempstead, McGraw sought out Stoneham, a Wall Street financier and long time friend, and the deal for the transfer of the Giant stock was quickly effected.

Horace Stoneham took over the presidency upon the death of his father in 1936 and has been in the chair of command through five pennant-winning seasons—1936, 1937, 1951, 1954 and, in San Francisco, 1962.

With the 1921–24 teams McGraw ascended to his ultimate heights. It was a team assembled from many sources with McGraw's imagination and judgment predominant. The best of the war-time Giants were retained—the magnificent Ross Youngs and George Burns, the brilliant youngsters Frankie Frisch and Long George Kelly, whom McGraw had discovered and developed, and the

hand-picked group he had selected from other National League clubs.

These included the skillful and graceful "Beauty" Bancroft at shortstop, Art Nehf, Jess Barnes and Phil Douglas on the mound, and Frank Snyder behind the plate. Handyman Johnny Rawlings patrolled second base, and when mid-season conditions revealed the need of yet another man, McGraw reached out and grabbed a star, Emil (Irish) Meusel, from the Phillies.

The New York Yankees, even though they jumped out in front by winning the first two games, ultimately fell to McGraw's supercharged chargers, five games to three, in the World Series. After being shut out by Carl Mays and Waite Hoyt, the determined Giants captured five of the next six games, Nehf defeating Hoyt 1-0, in the deciding contest.

The restless McGraw, never satisfied, strengthened "the strongest team in baseball" in 1922 by obtaining Heinie Groh from Cincinnati to play third, restored Frisch to his natural position at second base, and Hughie McQuillan was added to the pitching staff.

The National League race was a breeze and so was the World Series, which the Giants swept in four games.

But each tide has an ebb and it came. The Giants continued to dominate the National League, winning pennants in 1923 and 1924, but the World Series was something else again. In 1923 the Yankees did them in and in 1924 the Washington Senators gave them the business, with the aid of an incredible twist of fate.

What should have been the third out in the twelfth inning of the seventh game, a grounder from the bat of

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Earl McNeely, became the winning hit when it struck a pebble and skipped over the head of third baseman Freddie Lindstrom and into left field.

It is ironic that a bad bounce was to end, forever, Little Napoleon's ride to the top, for the 1924 flag and World Series, his tenth, was his last.

In retrospect, it seems inexplicable that continued success was not to be his, for the marvelous Rogers Hornsby was a Giant in 1927, the impeccable Eddie Roush played center field for a couple of years, and the almost incomparable Mel Ott, McGraw's boy, was on his way to the Polo Grounds.

Always the Giants were close, but the pennant veterans, primarily Art Nehf, faded with the rolling years and the Carl Hubbell saga was still beyond the horizon.

Eventually, the grind to restore the Giants to what McGraw always felt was their right—first place—caught up with the aging strategist, organizer and developer. Under orders from his doctors, John J. McGraw, as New York as lights and clamor and glamor, retired in June, 1932, recommending Bill Terry as his successor.

The Terry bit was McGraw's last in behalf of his beloved Giants, and to the end he held the hand of genius. For William Harold Terry, his choice, won a pennant in his first year and three within his first five campaigns.

At the time it was believed rather inconsistent that McGraw, a disciple of aggressive, offensive baseball, would turn his gavel over to a man dedicated more to defense and one-run-at-a-time strategy. With Carl Hubbell making this possible, Terry, an unexcelled tactician, succeeded.

The team the fiery Terry inherited had finished sixth and it wasn't conceded a chance of muscling into the first division in 1933. It only won the pennant and it did it with only two big bats—Terry's and Ott's; those big bats plus the pitching magic of King Carl Hubbell, Prince Hal Schumacher, fat Freddy Fitzsimmons and quick Roy Parmelee.

Matched with Washington in the World Series, the Giants won it four games to one, and they did it the best and in some respects the only way they knew how. Hubbell pitched the fourth game in Washington, winning 2-1 in eleven innings, and Ott clinched the whole thing with a tenth-inning home run in the fifth game.

But although success didn't spoil Bill Terry, the rest of the Giants carried the strain of 1933 into 1934 and 1935 and faded late in the going of each year. These disturbing, destructive slumps hinted strongly that another reshuffle was in order and Terry, encouraged by Horace Stoneham, fresh in command following the death of his father, went to work.

He brought Dick Bartell and Burgess Whitehead to the Giant infield and strengthened the outfield with Hank Lieber and Jimmy Ripple. Harry Danning had developed into a first-class catcher and, of course, there was always Hubbell.

Nine games back of the Chicago Cubs in mid-August, King Carl, the "meal ticket," went berserk. He won 16 in a row during the stretch run and was stopped only when he ran out of schedule. He carried the streak into the next season and won eight more in succession before finally losing.

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But even Hub wasn't enough for the Giants against the Yankees in the World Series of 1936 and 1937. He did, however, win two of the three games the Giants took from the Bronx Bombers in those Series, defeating Red Ruffing 6-1 in the opening game of the 1936 set, and salvaging the only Giant victory in 1937, beating Bump Hadley 7-3.

That was to be the last Giant triumph in World Series competition until Dave Koslo defeated Yankee Allie Reynolds 5-1 in the opener of the 1951 set fourteen years later.

Age, and the talent-depleting demands of another world war, cut deeply into the Giants' fortunes and they sagged. In consequence, the Giants began developing a vast reservoir of manpower by building their farm system, over which Terry took control in December, 1941.

The personable and abundantly talented Mel Ott, "McGraw's boy," succeeded Terry and for the next seven and one-half years lived through the tormenting hell of failure and mediocrity. He basked in the warmth of the first division only once, in 1942 when he finished third.

In 1948, Leo Durocher, the hated man from Brooklyn, took the reins from the disappointed but not disappointing Ott, and slowly order came out of chaos. It took time. It took time through two fifth-place finishes and a third. It took time for Willie Mays to develop in the minor-league system.

Then early in 1951 and after hitting .477 through the first 35 games with Minneapolis of the American Association, Mays, frightened, awed and bewildered, joined the Giants; joined Whitey Lockman, Bobby Thomson, Alvin

Dark, Eddie Stanky, Don Mueller, Wes Westrum, Sal Maglie, Dave Koslo, Larry Jansen, Monte Irvin, Hank Thompson and Jim Hearn.

The door with the place for the key was already there. Willie unlocked it and the Giants swept to the pennant in one of the most breathtaking stretch drives in baseball history.

At one point in August the Giants trailed Brooklyn by 13½ games. The Polo Grounders then went on a classic rampage, winning 37 of their last 44 to tie the Dodgers for the pennant when Jansen defeated the Braves in Boston on the last day of the season.

Then came the playoffs, and the playoff game that will live as long as Giants or anybody else play baseball. The Giants and Dodgers were tied, one-all in games, going into the ninth inning of the third game in the Polo Grounds. Only the score wasn't tied. The Dodgers, with big Don Newcombe firing aspirin tablets, went into that unbelievable inning leading 4-1.

Alvin Dark led off with a single, only the fifth hit off "Newk." Mueller singled and Dark fled to third. Irvin popped out, but Lockman doubled, scoring Dark and sending Mueller both to third base and to sick bay with a severely wrenched ankle.

Clint Hartung replaced the injured Mueller and the Polo Grounds was a bedlam. Newcombe was relieved by Ralph Branca and baseball was within two pitches of the fulfillment of the "Little Miracle of Coogan's Bluff." Branca's first pitch to Bobby Thomson was a called strike. The next one never came back.

The Giants won on Bobby's "shot heard round the

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world," and went six games deep into the World Series before succumbing, again, to Yankee might 4-3.

The backbone of that pennant winner bent a little in 1952 and the Giants finished second. It bent even more in 1953, to a fifth-place ending, and then stiffened in 1954. The Giants, with Dusty Rhodes contributing pinch-hit miracles along the trail, won the pennant easily and swept Cleveland in four straight in the World Series.

It was the last happy hour for the Giants in New York and in the Polo Grounds. Unrest was upon baseball. Teams were on the move. Expansion talk was no longer a mere whisper. Attendance at the Polo Grounds was diminishing. A third-place finish in 1955 was bitter stuff after the heroics of the previous season and the astounding sweep of Cleveland in the Series.

Durocher resigned at the end of 1955 and Bill Rigney, a brainy, gambling, fast-talking utility infielder, took over for the temporarily silenced "Lip" named Durocher. Rig was the last manager the New York Giants ever had. He finished sixth in 1956, sixth in 1957. The Giants finished 1958 in San Francisco.

The distractions and threats of moving franchises took a firm grip on the imaginations and fears of New Yorkers and the gate shouted the depth of this wretched discontent. From a 1954 pennant season draw of 1,555,067, the decline was rapid as the formerly gay whirl of the Polo Grounds turnstiles began to slow.

The paid figures dropped to 824,112 in 1955, a dip faster than the descent of the team on the field. It did finish third. In 1956, the draw dropped to 629,179. The dynasty started by Jim Mutrie and John B. Day before

the turn of the century and with "shanghaied" players from little Troy, New York, was sick.

It was soon to die—in New York.

On August 19, 1957, in the press room at the Polo Grounds, Horace Stoneham conducted his long-awaited and long-feared press conference.

"We're going to San Francisco in 1958," he said.

One sentence and it was all over. New York had lost its Giants and its baseball team. For more than the Dodgers or Yankees, the Giants were New York. The Dodgers were the personification of daffy doings viewed annually by wild-eyed provincialists who called their team with ribald affection "Bums."

The Yankees were noble creatures supported by transients.

The Giants were earthy, up from the clay of New York.

The New York Giants were dead.



The New Giants

BACK in New York, the exodus of the Giants and the Dodgers was condoned and jeered. The average sidewalk consensus conceded that Stoneham simply had to move or perish, but O'Malley hadn't oughta done it.

The Giants had been established in 1873. Once they were landlords for the Yankees. In every season, up or down, they had always had a star that shone above mere wins and losses. Christy Mathewson, John McGraw, Frank Frisch, Bill Terry, Mel Ott, Carl Hubbell, Leo Durocher, Willie Mays . . . the list could go on and on. A Stoneham had owned the Giants since 1919 . . . why would the family chuck it now?

It wasn't easy. Heart-wrenching as it was to leave, it was technically difficult to go into business in San Francisco.

Physically, the problem was minor. A few old files, some hangings of McGraw, a couple of bottles of Dewar's scotch, and the moving van was ready to roll. Most of the Giants' property was in human beings, plus fixed training grounds and minor-league franchises.

The first problem was to convince other owners of the National League, and then the Board of Directors of the National Exhibition Company (Giants). The next was to assume the territory, and in doing so to negotiate with the Boston Red Sox who owned the Pacific Coast League San Francisco Seals. This arrangement was neatly accomplished. The Giants gave their Minneapolis American Association club to Boston and then re-established the Seals' franchise in Phoenix. In other words, Seals players went to Minneapolis to become the Millers, and Minneapolis Miller players went to Phoenix to become the junior Giants. Tom Yawkey of the Red Sox had paid \$250,000 to take over the Seals; Horace Stoneham had to horse-trade for that amount, partly with the Millers' franchise and partly with cash.

Next step was negotiating separately with the late Paul I. Fagan for use of his Seals Stadium, on a year-to-year lease.

Then came the problem of indemnity to the Coast League for usurping the key cities, San Francisco and Los Angeles. The amount fixed was \$900,000.

And to top it off, the Giants still held a lease on the Polo Grounds through 1960.

A thirty-five-year lease, the longest period allowable under San Francisco's city charter, was signed by the Giants for use of the new stadium, Candlestick Park. By the terms, the Giants' \$125,000 per year minimum rent was to begin in 1959 when the stadium would certainly be ready.

The Minneapolis papers had been jeering about that "dew-shrouded outpost." New Yorkers tried every psy-

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chological device to dissuade Horace. But the most penetrating bite of all appeared in the New York *Daily News*, which permitted one of its readers to exclaim that not only is San Francisco colder than Alaska in summer, and covered by blinding fog, but "six months are required to develop an immunity to the bites of voracious San Francisco fleas—and how long would Willie Mays and visiting teams stand for that without yelling foul?"

(Note: If you ask us, we can't answer. We're native San Franciscans. Are there any fleas around here?)

The Mayor scoffed at minor opposition but the owner of the New York Giants wanted to be reassured, again and again. A California congressman, boarding a ship for Europe, told New York reporters: "The people of San Francisco are not crazy about the Giants—they just want big-league baseball."

The dispatch from New York described this as the first Western foul ball thrown at the Westward Ho movement, but similar thoughts, written or spoken, expressed or implied, had been heard by Stoneham.

New York columnist and TV announcer Jimmy Powers wrote that Stoneham was not happy about statements appearing in San Francisco prints, to the effect that Los Angeles was getting a better deal with the Dodgers; that the name "Giants" should be junked in favor of "Seals"; that San Francisco was an American League town, and so forth.

Stoneham was reassured by Christopher and by the San Francisco press. Realistically, he was told that it would be a false hope to expect all that fresh money

and 100 per-cent devotion besides. Quality major-league baseball was indeed the commodity desired, and if the Giants could provide it, they were in. And if Horace wanted to spend some of the new Western income to upgrade the sixth-place Giants of the future, the band-wagon would stretch from the City Hall to the foggy beach.

The 1956 and 1957 seasons were full of blank spots for the Giants. Suddenly the 1954 pennant winners were old. They were a sixth-place ball club and they played like a sixth-place ball club. New Yorkers had apparently become jaded. The box office proved New York was a take-it-or-leave-it town.

"Enthusiasm is what we didn't have," recalls Rigney. "The Milwaukee story would not have been written, without that wonderful feeling of fan support. I was in Milwaukee for the 1957 World Series. The air was electric. Seems like everybody was thinking, talking, dreaming baseball."

Without noise from the stands, the Giants seemed to be playing out the string in their final two seasons. In the middle of 1957 there was a fair mid-season spurt but it didn't last. The Giants settled back into sixth. Through it all, Willie Mays remained the shining light and the most consistent performer. He was "down" to .296 in 1956, but hit 36 home runs and batted in 84 with a second-division outfit. In 1957 he hit .333, with 35 home runs and 97 runs batted in.

John Antonelli, 20-13 in 1956, had dropped to 12-18 in 1957. He could complete only eight games. Neverthe-

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less he was the Giants' big man on the mound and a colorful performer.

Rumors of the transfer were kicking around New York during the entire 1957 season, but nostalgia over Mays and Antonelli weren't enough. New York's legion of fans had no inclination to prove to Stoneham that he was making a mistake. Another hundred thousand customers over the season might have made him pause, and with the blossoming of the rookies in 1958 the Giants might have re-established themselves with their constituents.

Then, Horace wouldn't have given a be-damn for such obstacles as Roosevelt Raceway or the lack of parking space in Harlem, and he could even have scoffed at the pay-TV lure or the promise of a brand-new stadium with acres of bay-side parking space.

As Stoneham said, "It was a wrench." In the deep bleachers at the Polo Grounds, some of the old fans brought signs, "Stay Team Stay," but often there wasn't a quorum around to help hold up the printed pleas. On the final day, September 29, 1957, the attendance was 11,606. Instead of singing "Auld Lang Syne," the crowd became angry. Seats were kicked over and sections of walls were torn away. The vandalism and the rioting lasted for an hour. Finally, the crowd went away.

Once in the midst of a pennant fight, Brooklyn manager Chuck Dressen had blurted, "The Giants is dead." This time the Giants of New York were indeed dead, only to be revived with new letters across the chest, "SAN FRANCISCO."

IV

Going West

THE San Francisco Giants!

In 1958 it was still hard to believe. When Willie Mays went deep, deep, very deep for a screaming fly ball, tapped his glove in the typical, instinctive gesture that told his adoring fans he had it and then reached high to actually get it—well, this was a scene played “live” against a Western sky and brought back to New York only via re-created broadcast.

The true love affair between city and team was never smooth, seldom predictable, always noisy. Baseball in San Francisco had been a “poor man’s game,” but circumstances, such as the three-hour time differential from East to West, had helped create a new, genteel clientele for the Giants while causing havoc for others.

Ted Smits, sports editor of the Associated Press with headquarters in New York, noted: “The transfer turned things upside down in the AP sports department. The games in California create a special problem. We must provide continuous service for Eastern papers which wait

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until the small hours for skeletonized reports. Baseball on the West Coast has given us a new approach to the game, has extended wire system circuits by thousands of miles and has created interest where it hardly existed before."

Yet on the Coast, a strange phenomenon occurred to entice the impeccably dressed Montgomery Streeter who arranged his business to coincide with the closing of the New York Stock Exchange—at twelve noon San Francisco time. A quick drive and he's there in his company box for the one o'clock "Play Ball."

Even Curley Grieve, sports editor of the San Francisco *Examiner*, who had fairly drooled since 1953 at the prospect of major-league baseball, could not predict the impact when he wrote, "Northern California is not Wisconsin. The reaction here is not likely to duplicate the hysterical Milwaukee pattern. But from Eureka in the north to Bakersfield in the south, the dawning of a new day in sports will be sharply felt."

Perhaps Bay Areans were not as hysterical as Milwaukeeans, but they filled the park.

There were some very special early reasons. The publicity was tremendous. Even the Grant Avenue beatniks and the Belvedere artists could not escape the recurring din of "the game." North Beach, incubator of baseball stars, was no more excited than Chinatown. Fillmore Street in the Negro district was a street for dancing.

Seals Stadium, with its 18,500 capacity, was small and tidy enough to be attractive. Though Giant brass maintained that some crucial games would have filled a park three times the size, the cozy confines forced a scramble

among patrons for better seats—and any ticket man will confirm that business is best when capacity is short of demand.

Proximity may have been another advantage, at the start. The stadium was ten minutes by bus, five minutes by taxi from downtown. Parking was poor but public transit more than made up for it. The new park would be twice the size and twice as far.

Novelty was another tonic. This was the first time around the big wheel, and it was fun.

Most important, of course, was the exciting team that goofed on bases and blew up on the mound, but crashed into the first division with a bang-bang that hit the walls and took advantage of Seals Stadium's "jet stream" of 10 to 35 miles per hour.

Yes, hysteria was not a San Francisco trait. Gentility was the new way of the West. Yet . . . well, listen to umpire Jocko Conlan.

"Bum is not a pretty word," said Jocko. "These people out there are wonderful in every way. But where did they learn that expression?"

His listener tried to reassure Jocko that San Franciscans were merely excited about baseball and their use of this succinct descriptive was really a term of endearment.

"If that's love I'll buy you a dinner," scoffed Jocko. "In my book a bum is a shiftless, seedy, no-good, non-working . . . Bum, that's what he is. I'm a man with a respectable job, a fine family, two lovely children—what's this 'bum' business?"

Jocko conceded that such pungent yells as "Get a cane, you blind bum!" or "you're not a bum—you're a double

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bum!" are not entirely personal. Other umpires are taunted equally.

"So it isn't personal," he took up his case. "But that doesn't make it better. Listen . . . I worked the very first series out there. I'm standing behind the plate before the first ball has been pitched, mindja, and this voice comes through loud and rough, 'Jocko, you're a blasted bum!' before I've even made the first decision of the season, yet!

"I don't hear that word so much in any other park. The ball players don't say it and the managers don't say it. Only those Frisco fans."

Jocko rates as one of the finest umps to thrust a thumb in the air. But he showed his sensitive side in this Battle of the Bum.

He was almost convinced the word was one of adoration later when he dined with a San Francisco friend, Johnny Farrell. Farrell's seven-year-old son was seated on Jocko's lap when Papa Farrell boasted: "Yep, that little bum can swim fifty yards."

Jocko jumped up (spilling the seven-year-old) and stomped across the living-room floor.

"Bum, bum, bum!" he expostulated. "Is it possible these San Franciscans really do love me?"

Northern California's adoption of the Giants had a special fervor. This was basically why Stoneham decided to move out of New York. The decision was not the move itself, but where to move. Minneapolis already had a stadium and was Giant minor-league territory. But 'way out West promised other advantages.

"I'm sorry we have to go," a reluctant Stoneham said

in 1957 after the official announcement. "It's a tough wrench. This is my town. I saw the Giants play for the first time in 1908. Matty was pitching.

"Why are we going? Lack of attendance."

The Giants were dying in New York. TV money was the difference between existing and folding, and there was danger that TV ratings would drop. Live TV shows with an audience pack more wallop for the viewer, and some of those Giant games were witnessed only by the roosting pigeons and the umpires.

A combination of forces, many of them outright contradictions, induced Stoneham to choose San Francisco.

In this space age, two scientific devices captured his fancy and fattened his pocketbook. Pay television was one, and the jet airplane was the other. Walter O'Malley was unmistakably involved, because San Francisco and Los Angeles were "twins" in any westward movement.

Horace Stoneham received a large sum, in cash, from Skiatron for exclusive rights to pay-TV which "was certain" to start on the Coast within months. Was it \$1 million a year for the first two years? This is Horace's public secret, and undoubtedly influenced the big decision. A guaranteed million can feed a horde of ball players. Customers were good to have but not entirely vital.

But this analysis was wrong. Pay-TV was still a brain-child in 1960 and vanished entirely as a factor when the Skiatron company went bust. Horace really didn't need it. The fans were there in person eating hot dogs and gulping beer, imploring the management to sell them select \$3.50 boxes and \$2.50 grandstand seats.

A curiosity about pay-TV was the apparent necessity

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for moving West. If pay-TV was so lucrative, why move at all? Why not wait until New York could arrange for posts and lines and unscrambled screens and adjuncts of the new art?

For one thing there was the competition. The New York audience had access to three ball games on almost any given day. Pay-TV installations would cost fantastic sums, and maybe the coin-in-the-slot boys might be forced to divide the payoff three ways.

An added aspect was New York's already loaded underground electrical system. It might be years before public demand would force city officials to permit digging more holes for more wires.

Still a third thought, though vague, was a chance to hit the New York market from the outside. Night games on the Coast would make wonderful late, late show fare for stay-aware New Yorkers. Here was a wide-open market in competition to ancient rerun movies. Day games on the Coast would hit New York around the dinner hour, at preferred viewing time. Yes, pay-TV would be worth more in New York when the team was out of New York.

Pay-TV pioneering, however, seemed technically feasible in medium size cities, at first. Skiatron convinced Stoneham and O'Malley, with cash, that it had a very good chance to capture the Western market—Los Angeles is second, San Francisco seventh in the nation. Coast technicians agreed that posts and wires for pay-TV could be handled.

Maybe the Wright Brothers signaled the expansion of baseball when they flew the first airplane. The two Coasts are closer than ever. Stoneham was assured that a jet

flight to the Coast from St. Louis would require three or four hours. One may take such a statement in stride today, but in 1957 the claim was just short of fantastic. Play in Philly one day and L. A. the next? Impossible.

Another, almost unnoticed scientific device preceded pay-TV and the jet in Giant success plans. The transistor-type radio, until then something of a gimmick-gadget for teen-agers and hams, became baseball's great ally. Transistors were everywhere—the football game, the opera, the theatre, the beach, the office and of course at the baseball park itself.

By the end of 1959, more than 280,000 transistor radios had been sold in the Bay Area. Estimated retail cost—from \$6 million to \$8 million.

The figures were even fancier in Los Angeles. Had Horace or Walter even guessed, they could have added the most lucrative concession of all, along with peanuts and rooters' caps.

V

The Hassles

A common statement back in 1957 was "O'Malley cooked up the move to the Coast and brought Stoneham with him. He took the best and gave Stoneham the leftover." There is a modicum of truth in the thought because though Horace announced his move first, he was a late entry in the Coast derby. Only in March of 1957 did he consider such a jump, after Minneapolis interests were so convinced they were to be Giants they had bought the steel to expand a 24,000-seat stadium.

San Francisco sought a major-league team for many years. Back in 1932 John McGraw himself sat in the "tower" at Seals Stadium with Uncle Charley Graham, owner of the Seals, and pronounced: "You'll have major-league baseball here some day, Charley." If someone had suggested that McGraw's own Giants would waltz out of New York, McGraw would have died on the spot or poked the suggester on the nose, probably the latter, though McGraw was even then a sick man.

In some ways, the "major-league attitude" can be

credited to and blamed on Paul Fagan, a Honolulu-San Francisco multimillionaire who poured fresh money into the Seals shortly before the end of World War II. Fagan insisted that baseball should be clean for the spectators. He gussied up the ladies' powder room and repainted the stands. Seals Stadium to the last remained one of the neatest parks in organized baseball.

The Seals had set a minor-league record of 670,000 paid customers in 1946, proving that San Francisco was hardly outer space for baseball fans. This was the area that had contributed Joe and Dom DiMaggio, Willie Kamm, Ping Bodie, Babe Pinelli, Joe Cronin, Harry Heilmann, Lefty O'Doul, Tony Lazzeri, Frank Crosetti, the Waner brothers, Harry Hooper, Lefty Gomez and more recently Billy Martin, Jerry Coleman, Charley Silvera, Jackie Jensen, Larry Jansen, Gino Cimoli, Bobby Brown and many others to the big wheel.

Whenever a ball player was sold to the majors, it was cause for a civic celebration. As for the Seals, the loss of a player—even a DiMaggio—was not truly a loss. "We'll develop a better one," said the fans. But an independent franchise could not survive the terrors of the Rickey-style farm systems. Soon the local sandlotters were being signed from childhood by major clubs and ordered elsewhere. Fagan cried aloud, "We must become a third major league or we will perish. We are entitled to better baseball."

He was correct—too correct from the view of other PCL owners. The fans got the idea; this baseball was inferior, it was less than major, it was not worth seeing. Attendance wilted alarmingly. Fagan eventually sold out

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to a local group known as "The Little Corporation" who gave way to Boston's purchase of the franchise.

Meanwhile Supervisor Francis McCarty, now a Superior Judge, and Downtown Association secretary Tom Gray were among those who took up the chant for a major league. Mayor George Christopher enthusiastically appointed McCarty head of the major league committee. In 1954 a \$5 million bond issue was placed before the San Francisco voters for the purpose of building a stadium "if a major-league franchise can be obtained." It passed overwhelmingly.

Many clubs were invited in, prior to the Giants' interest. Washington, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Philadelphia Athletics, St. Louis Browns, and even the Boston Red Sox, who owned the local PCL franchise for its final two seasons, were asked to "please investigate." Both the National and American Leagues were visited by responsible San Franciscans with portfolio, offering expansion if no team wanted to transfer.

Undoubtedly many of the above regret their lack of enthusiasm. All threw up a variety of barriers—e.g., San Francisco was too small, was not ready, did not know baseball, had given up on baseball, was too far away, was too cold, was an American League town because of DiMaggio, was a football town, etc., etc. And, of course, there were the Coast League territorial rights to consider.

How did it happen the Giants came forth? Who approached whom?

Walter O'Malley had purchased the Los Angeles franchise of the Coast League from Phil Wrigley. Soon he opened negotiations with the city of Los Angeles for

transferring the Dodgers, an astonishing development since the Dodgers were not losing money in Brooklyn. Mayor Christopher had earlier agreed that Los Angeles could have "first choice" in dealing for a new franchise, on the assumption that another team would follow to San Francisco. The assumption was correct, though at the time no one (except O'Malley) had the Dodgers in mind.

One day Mayor Norris Poulson of Los Angeles called Mayor Christopher to discuss this "matter of highest importance." Christopher flew to Los Angeles. At a super-secret meeting, he met O'Malley and Matthew Fox, president of Skiatron. The Dodger-Los Angeles deal was closed that day.

Christopher then said to O'Malley, "The Dodgers and the Giants have always been natural rivals. I read that the Giants attendance is sinking. Why not bring them out?"

O'Malley, according to Christopher, slapped his thigh. "By gad, that's it! Of course, the Giants should be out here, too."

Two days later O'Malley phoned Christopher from Brooklyn. "Come back to New York as soon as you can," he said exultantly. "I think we can do it."

Christopher left three days later, May 9, and spent the entire following day with Stoneham. They talked and talked. They arranged that further conferences would be by telephone to maintain secrecy. The whirlwind selling campaign was on, as Christopher sometimes made as many as three phone calls a day to Stoneham, Fox and O'Malley. It was definitely a Los Angeles-San Francisco package.

Yet this interdependence has taken some sharp turns. Stoneham and his stockholders agreed to go to San Francisco months before O'Malley publicly had come to terms with Los Angeles. Had there been a slip-up down south, Horace would have been alone on the Pacific. "Our arrangement with San Francisco," he has insisted, "was our own. If the Dodgers had not moved, we would still be playing ball in San Francisco."

And if O'Malley arranged the pay-TV package, how come he permitted regular TV of many Dodger out-of-town games while Stoneham stood firm by his contract with Skiatron for no TV whatsoever?

(Only in 1961, under constant fan pressure, did Stoneham permit the lucrative intercity free TV of Giant-Dodger games.)

Once he began his campaign, Christopher brushed aside civic red tape. The cloak-and-dagger aspect was heightened because the Mayor was dealing for a city government whose law provides for open and above-board presentations, whereas Stoneham was speaking for himself and only a few intimates and/or associates. Stoneham could seal a deal with a handshake and a Scotch over ice. Christopher must eventually make public his negotiations and receive final approval from various city departments.

Charles C. Harney, a San Francisco builder described by Christopher as "a man with tremendous civic pride," was the key to building a \$15 million stadium with a \$5 million bond issue. Harney owned 60 per cent of the land under Bay View hill. The city and private owners controlled the remaining 40 per cent. Harney gave the city

title to the land for the \$5 million, then arranged for financing the cost of the 43,000-seat stadium beyond that sum. S. F. Stadium, Inc., was formed. In return he received tax-exempt debenture bonds paying at the rate of 5 per cent.

So Christopher had his "package"—a beautiful stadium on the mud flats, an enthusiastic city and a man with a failing business waiting for someone to prop it up. But Stoneham was in a curiously ideal economic seat. His business was losing customers faster every year, yet he was besieged by bidders.

"In selling Stoneham," said Christopher, "we had to clear three major hurdles: one—convincing him that San Francisco's climate and love of competition would nourish major league baseball; two—convincing him we could build a stadium; three—convincing him the potential was greater in San Francisco than in Minneapolis."

Apparently Stoneham was satisfied with the key portions of the deal. In his conversations with the Mayor, he was probing for something else—the pulse of the city, perhaps. Horace kept asking about the weather and George tried to talk about costs. The fog was a constant topic.

The National League had voted 8–0 to permit transfer, but when it was realized the senior circuit would be without a team in the world's largest city, some of the other owners were aghast. They tried to beat down Stoneham and O'Malley at the annual All-Star meeting that July in St. Louis. The Giants and Dodgers didn't budge . . . or to restate the plan, they held firm in their intention to budge all of 3,000 miles.

On August 19, baseball became truly the "national pastime." At a board-of-directors meeting, the vote was 8-1 for transfer. The death of the seventy-four-year-old New York Giants and the birth of the new San Francisco Giants was greeted calmly by Bay Area baseball fans. There was no civic celebration, as there had been in Milwaukee when the Braves arrived in 1953. But there was genuine enthusiasm at thousands of lunch conversations and in downtown office buildings after the big news broke. City Hall was bubbling.

There were to be many sessions and much prognosticating during the next few months in the new City of Giants. Stoneham set up shop in Seals Stadium with his top executives, vice-presidents Charles (Chub) Feeney and Pete Stoneham, club secretary Eddie Brannick, ticket manager Peter Hoffmann, publicity director Garry Schumacher. Ticket sales were brisk immediately and then it rained. Horace had been worried about fog but he hadn't realized how "thick" it could become. December was a rain-drenched month. January was worse, and February was wetter. Ticket man Hoffmann sat on his hands and looked at the rain pelting against his office window. Few customers came to his door, and the mail slowed to nothing. Maybe the mailman couldn't slosh through the puddles to complete his rounds.

Giant brass was assured this was "extremely unusual." Willie Mays made a personal appearance on a Bob Hope show and one of his lines, when asked about San Francisco weather, went something like this: "It's not bad, when you can see it through the fog."

Mays had been induced by management to come to

San Francisco before spring training, to indicate to his new fans that he was "glad to be here." Outside of manager Bill Rigney, an Oakland product who lived in nearby Walnut Creek, no full-fledged Giant actually resided in the Bay Area.

The rain departed and Peter Hoffmann stopped sitting on his hands. The telephone rang. The mailman rang twice and more. The Giants sold better than \$1 million in season tickets before the season began. Happy days were indeed here. And they stayed bright—only two postponements because of rain in two seasons.

Major-league baseball information was not entirely new to San Francisco. Major-league box scores and stories had been printed for fifty years. Yet when the Giant shift was announced, the man on the street was hard put to go beyond Willie Mays and Johnny Antonelli in conversing about the Giant lineup. There was Wes Westrum and Whitey Lockman and Bobby Thomson and Dusty Rhodes and Hank Sauer and Marv Grissom, to be sure, but these were well-knowns of a downhill era. They were hardly the stuff for future pennants. Some San Francisco critics were harsh enough to suggest the City had bought a dead horse and were disinclined to believe the ruddy-faced, smiling Stoneham when he predicted confidently: "We have some good men in Minneapolis [the Giants' top farm club] and we'll be taking a good club to San Francisco."

But the combined San Francisco press was impressed. Reams and reams of newspaper space; "Know your Giants" radio programs, and hundreds of personal appearances by "official" speakers like Rigney, Russ Hodges, Walter Mails, Lefty O'Doul, Jerry Donovan, Eddie Mon-

tague and infrequently, Horace Stoneham himself or Willie Mays himself, spread the word.

The word was good, especially from spring camp in Phoenix. Somehow the Giants seemed able to beat the Cleveland Indians and the Chicago Cubs. Spring flowers are often morning glories, but there was magic in the Giant wands. Five rookies not only made the lineup, but became sluggers and stars. At Phoenix, Stoneham had said: "If Orlando Cepeda doesn't make this ball club, I'll give the franchise away," and Whitey Lockman had added, "Too bad the kid's a few years away—from the Hall of Fame."

First-baseman Cepeda batted .312, became the Rookie of the Year, and in a newspaper vote was also named Most Valuable Giant over Willie Mays, who "only" batted .347 to miss by three points of winning the National League batting title. Jimmy Davenport won the third-base job on his "golden glove" and a fair stick. Big Bob Schmidt became the regular catcher and an All-Star alternate though his hitting tailed off to .242 by season's end. Willie Kirkland and Felipe Alou were in the lineup frequently. Though only Cepeda among the freshmen topped .300, the kids were free-wheeling. National League pitchers couldn't catch up to them as they hit 114 doubles and 69 home runs. With Daryl Spencer also off swiftly at the bat, and Willie Mays bigger than ever despite a mid-season slump, the Giants were able to combine speed and power into a succession of big innings, usually the eighth or ninth when it was necessary. The cliffhanger aspect of Giant baseball became a National League byword.

Stoneham had promised stronger baseball, and Rigney had echoed him. Indeed it was right there on the field to see, and marvel of marvels, the "better deal" in Los Angeles turned out to be a dud in the W-L column. The Dodgers finished a sad seventh.

"If we had any kind of pitching," said Stoneham, again echoed by Rigney, "we would have won the pennant in 1958 by a dozen games." Johnny Antonelli was still feeling the after-effects of a winter influenza attack, and his 16-13 season was aided often by late rallies. Stu Miller in relief won the National League ERA title at 2.47 and was the most consistent moundsman on the club. Ruben Gomez, Mike McCormick, Ramon Monzant and Allen Worthington had their infrequent moments, but for the most part it was a struggle. The entire Giant staff was able to pitch only 41 complete games.

The Giants actually led the league in mid-July, but the combination of mediocre pitching and rookie mistakes did not add up to a pennant winner. Milwaukee won, of course, after spanking the young Giants four straight in a crucial set, and Pittsburgh was second. The Giants finished third, at least three notches above most estimates. It was a satisfying season, a jolly season, a sometimes crazed and blithering season, and the fans looked forward to another promise—trades for pitchers. The season of 1959 looked bright indeed.

By the middle of 1959, Stoneham found himself heavy with customers and perhaps heavier with expenses. The stadium had been delayed but his contract had started. The miscalculation had cost him an increase in Seals Stadium rental. He was paying four rents at one time—to

the Polo Grounds, to Seals Stadium, to the Pacific Coast League and to Candlestick Park.

Meantime the pursestrings were loosened to buy bonus players; the 1958 season had been so successful that many Giants received raises for 1959; and the Phoenix entry proved a financial dud and was eventually moved to Tacoma, Washington.

Had Giant officials been able to crystal-gaze into the future they might have been frightened off by the hassle involving the new stadium in San Francisco. According to the sales pitch, the plant would be ready for the 1959 season. It wasn't . . . or at least, it would have been more or less ready for the World Series of 1959 in a late crash program except that the World Series was played elsewhere . . . and the fans still don't know why.

There was, for example, a word eruption between the late Henry North, foreman of the San Francisco grand jury, and Mayor Christopher. North accused Christopher of rushing into a bad deal and predicted the stadium would cost the city some \$20 million after interest mounted. He wanted and got a grand jury investigation. North said contractor Harney would make a "fantastic profit" and Harney said he stood last in line to get anything, and furthermore rising costs and additional demands had decreased his profits. North sued Christopher for slander and Harney (who could have sold his land to a coffee-manufacturing company for more than the city gave him) was to hear himself lampooned during later delays.

The prospect of a World Series brought fear and joy to most of the interested parties in mid-August, when the

Giants were games ahead with no stadium into which to put their World Series. The fear was expressed in a ninety-minute hassle in the Mayor's office when it was finally admitted openly that the park at best would be only partially ready. Only half of the seats were in, and at issue were a hundred details—no area to steam the hot dogs, no handrails for the box seats, two ramps unfinished, seats not numbered, no backstop, no ladies' powder room . . .

Christopher dramatically sounded his fears: "The biggest disgrace we could possibly suffer is not being ready. Those boys [Giants] are playing their hearts out for us."

To which contractor Harney replied: "There's nothing involved here that somebody spending some money can't help."

Harney had contracted to do exactly \$7,046,000 worth of work for Stadium, Inc.

"Exactly," said Harney, "but you keep changing the plans."

Architect John Bolles said: "We have had problems of everything under the sun. But the contract calls for an arbitrator to settle disputes while the contractor continues working. Charley hasn't done that. He only ordered the last batch of 8,300 seats yesterday, and with the steel strike and all . . ."

"It wasn't yesterday, it was last Friday," said Harney.

"Who's got the contract? I'll put some pressure on them to deliver," said Christopher.

"Now wait a minute, George," said Harney, "let's not get those American Seating Company boys in it. They're okay."

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"I want that stadium ready," said Christopher. "By God I want that stadium ready if some of you want to keep doing business with this office . . ."

"Now listen here," shouted Harney, "if you want to threaten me . . ."

"I meant Bolles," the Mayor said.

Stoneham was aghast. "The handrails," he said, "are a safety measure. We can't open without them. The seating and the tickets are the most important things. Will the seats be numbered?"

This touched off a ruckus on who would pay for numbering the seats. "Horace," asked Harney, "when do you need the seating plan?"

Groaned Stoneham, "We needed it a couple of months ago."

The concessionaire's quarters had rough flooring. The stalls could not be moved in until the flooring was smooth.

Harney: "If there's no floor there, there's not supposed to be one. We're finished."

Bolles: "It's in the contract to smooth the floor."

Harney: "It's not."

The ruckus went on and on. Right into the last week of the season, an arbitration board was sitting twice a week to decide on small points. But when the stadium was finally finished, it was indeed a thing of wind-whipped beauty . . . the view magnificent, the seating excellent though slightly splintered, causing ladies to complain of stocking runners, the parking ample (about 9,000 cars) though below the steep hill, and the city's financial burden more or less painless.

But, of course, neither San Francisco city officials nor

Giant officials could have anticipated a possible World Series situation so soon. In 1957, when Christopher was "selling" his city to Stoneham, he was called a "pirate" by Abe Stark, president of the New York City Council. Later at home he was called more but for the opposite reason. In 1957 Stoneham himself was accused of merely using Christopher as an instrument to force the Council into building a new stadium. Yet in 1959, after viewing and praising the almost-finished Candlestick Park, John Drebinger of *The New York Times* wrote: "O'Malley played it smart and got stung; he forced Los Angeles to let him build a stadium and so far, he has nothing. Stoneham played it dumb and got a stadium; he let San Francisco build him a beautiful park for only \$125,000 a year rent and total concession revenue."

In 1957 editorial tears flowed in the Big Town. Millions of Giant fans, it seemed, would be deprived of their life-blood if their team moved away. Somehow these thoughts were never quite transferred to the box office.

VI

The 1959 Season

IN 1849 there was the Gold Rush. In 1959 all Northern California went for the Giants. It may seem an exaggeration to say "all" of Northern California went for the Giants, yet on opening day of 1959 one research group claimed 70 per cent of all Bay Area radios in use were tuned to the baseball game. Transistors were everywhere, including at the games themselves, where newly attracted fans needed the technical descriptions of announcers Russ Hodges and Lon Simmons to tell them what they were seeing. For many, baseball was like a foreign movie with English titles (by the announcers).

No dinner conversation, no office gossip at the water fountain, no gathering of bankers or beatniks was complete without some mention of the Giants. The City had tumbled for a baseball team. But like many frustrated prospectors of the Gold Rush, Western fans were led right to the lode only to learn that the gold—in this case the pennant—was really just a mirage.

Human nature's contradictions are most evident in the

grandstand at any ball park. The fan is inclined to accept in stride the good plays made by the home team. Ditto the errors made by the opposing team. But let the home team make an error in a crucial spot, or the manager call up the wrong pinch-hitter and there's hell to pay.

At season's end few fans were willing to "forgive" the team for leading them on to the final week before collapsing. With ten games to go, the Giants led the league by two full games. Then, each day the Giants died a little more and when they finally expired completely a stunned fandom had little zest for a World Series involving Chicago of "the other league" and hated Los Angeles. Recovery was quick. By the final days of the World Series, San Franciscans "discovered" that Los Angeles was in the State of California. The unconquerable West was about to defend itself against the East (from this view, Chicago was East). San Franciscans became Dodger rooters with fingers crossed.

Doug Pledger, a San Francisco disc jockey, explained: "I'm not really interested in the World Series now . . . but today when we had to leave the house in the middle of the game I told my wife to get the car out of the garage and turn on the radio. Then I made a dash for it between innings."

At 1959 spring training experts like Tom Meany of *Look* and Louis Effrat of *The New York Times* voiced the opinion of most—the Giants would do well to finish second. Horace Stoneham went them a notch better. Sitting in his favorite isolated spot twenty-two rows up in the left-field bleachers at Phoenix Park, the straw-hatted owner beamed as the Giants went through their paces.

Horace is not an extrovert. He shuns photographers and is seldom present for press announcements. He has been described as downright bashful. Most of his sterner orders to his players are delegated.

Yet he sat there chattering happily and he provided his own reasons. "This," he said, "is a very good baseball team. Maybe the best Giant team I have seen. I think our pitching with Jones and Sanford is not bad. Both of them really *want* to pitch for us. If desire can do it, they have it. Have you noticed a change in Johnny Antonelli? Last year he wasn't too happy about moving to the Coast. Now he has told many of the fellows it's the best place to play baseball."

Stoneham then said he felt the Giants could win the pennant. He didn't waver from that stand until the final day of the season.

It may be overstating the fact—and then again it may not—to suggest that few modern major teams ever had a season to match the Giants' of 1959. The race for the pennant was matched by the race to complete Candlestick Park. Sam Jones was robbed of a no-hitter. A contest to name the stadium backfired. Johnny Antonelli brought down the wrath of the editorial pages by criticizing San Francisco's wonderful westerlies. Willie McCovey came to town. On the field, the Giants backed and filled without ever really getting started. Until that fateful final week, the Giants never lost more than four games in a row, yet never won more than four in a row.

The Giants opened the season with three wins over St. Louis and immediately led the league. They were never far away, but seldom far ahead, from the first day. Willie

Mays fell into a mid-season batting slump that pulled his average down from .345 to .290. Bob Schmidt, the husky hitting catcher who made the All-Star game as a rookie, lost his front-line place. Even Orlando Cepeda, who climbed to .322 at season's end, was benched temporarily on May 13 when his average was only .267. The Giants, ever dangerous at bat, didn't show it in the statistics.

And then there was the Andre Rodgers experiment at shortstop. Cricketer Andre, a ballet-graceful fielder, froze when the "big play" came his way. He made more errors than any other infielder in the league. Though he had led the Pacific Coast League in 1958 with a .354 batting average, his fielding worried him and hurt his hitting.

Yet the "must" win always came along. Deep in a hitting slump early in the year, the Giants erupted against the least likely of all possible people, the Milwaukee Braves. "I told them to first-ball it if we were going to come out of it [the slump]," said Rigney. Hitting the first ball against Milwaukee pitching brought two wins and a first-place position.

But the patsies of 1958, the Dodgers, were to become season-long pests. The day of May 8 was a Willie Mays gamut. Willie singled, tripled and doubled in his first three at-bats. He stole two bases. In the fourth inning he scored from third on a soft sacrifice fly to Dodger second-baseman Charlie Neal, who was so surprised to see Willie burst for the plate that he didn't even throw.

In the eighth, with the Dodgers leading 2-1, Jimmy Davenport on third and Felipe Alou on second, one out, Dodger pitcher Stan Williams started to walk Mays purposely. With the count no strikes, three balls, Mays then

deliberately reached for the next one, very high and wide, and popped up to Catcher John Roseboro. Next batter, Willie Kirkland, grounded out on a ball that would have scored the tying run, if Mays had accepted his walk. Willie's earlier heroics were forgotten. There was a strange sound from the jungle of humans. Boo!

In Rigney's office after the game, two steel chairs had been tumbled over, and a stand-up ashtray had apparently been kicked into two sections as Rigney brooded physically. "I wouldn't have blamed him if the ball had been level," said Rigney, "but he bit at a ball over his head."

Said Mays: "It was a bad play. I was trying too hard to win."

Next night brought a ripple of boos when the great Willie stepped to the plate, though he was batting over .345. He had never heard the boo-birds in the Polo Grounds.

This was to be a season of incidents, and one was created after the game of Monday, May 18. As with most Giant situations, Willie was in it.

Willie has a sense of news. Or to put it negatively, he knows when news ought not to be printed.

Willie believes all news about himself should be created on the field. Off the field he'd rather be semi-private.

But now Willie found himself in the role of elder statesman for Giant players. "Found himself" is incorrect. Actually, Willie had by mood and action already taken the mantle of leader and sometimes spokesman, and his

equivocations had been adopted, perhaps subconsciously, by most of the other Negro ball players.

Milwaukee's Hank Aaron had hit a 410-foot double off Sam Jones in the sixth inning, knocking Jones out of the game. In the dressing room an hour and a half later several San Francisco sports writers were gathered about Jones, asking what happened.

"You can tell Aaron that the next time he sees me he's going flat," Jones said, bitterly.

"Don't print that," Mays said quickly from the next locker.

"Sure, print it," said Jones, "and you can tell Aaron, too."

"Don't print that," Mays repeated.

Jones had been around. The newspapers chose to print the statement, and stressed the implication of how Aaron was setting himself up for a hole in the head next time he faced the wicked-curving Jones. They chose to print it over the protests of then twenty-eight-year-old Mays, who had also been around but not as much as Jones.

Two days later was interesting for Giant fans and writers. Jones came in to save a tiring Mike McCormick's win in the odd game of the three-set series. The stands were abuzz because the fourth man up was Aaron. Jones erased the first three men.

Rigney challenged writers for printing the Jones statement "in the heat of battle." He told one newsman, "Printing stuff like that means you're not for the club."

Milwaukee papers came up with the rumor that Milwaukee manager Fred Haney would ask the Commissioner to fine Jones \$500 or \$5,000 for making such a

statement. Later Haney said: "Me? I guess I must have missed that story. Besides, why should I do the Commissioner's reading for him?"

In the dressing room after wiping out Milwaukee for the Giants' 6-3 win, Jones was again faced by reporters. "No comment," he said. "Ask Rigney. And besides that, don't ask me for no comment the rest of the season."

Though there was much stir about the incident (*Sports Illustrated* cameras were present in Milwaukee for the "rematch"), Jones threw straight to Aaron and Hank bounced into a double play.

As the season rolled along and Jones became the "big man" for the Giants, his suggestion to "don't ask me for no comment" was forgotten. Sam was too busy starting and relieving to fret too much about the printed word.

The big four of Antonelli, Jones, Sanford and McCormick, plus Miller in relief, kept the Giants alive in early season. Once in a while a key hit overshadowed the pitching. Such a one belonged to pinch-hitter Leon Wagner, May 29, when he hit a grand-slam, winning homer over the Dodgers in the last of the ninth. Congratulated later, Leon said: "I sure didn't know them bases was bulging, until Willie [Mays] told me. I just wanted to get a hit."

By June 1 the Giants, who had trailed Milwaukee most of April and May, seemed at last to have jelled. The pitching and the hitting meshed. Orlando Cepeda hit a 500-foot home run in Milwaukee, longest ever seen at County Stadium.

Then Lady Luck fell out of love with the Giants. Sanford was hit on the pitching hand by Pittsburgh's Bob Friend, June 11, and missed a month. The relief pitching

was horrible. In a bizarre week, the Giants lost 9-12 to Pittsburgh after leading 9-5, and two days later were leading 5-0 and lost again, 9-12, as Rigney cried aloud: "Lightning, why do you strike me?"

Next night in Philly, lightning and thunder did indeed arrive as Mike McCormick pitched no-hit ball for five official innings. Then Mike loaded the bases with none out in the sixth as Rigney paced the dugout wondering how this one was going to foul up when a torrent called it off. "I finally found a sure-fire reliever," said Rigney. "Thank God for rain."

It was all Giants-Braves to July. The Dodgers were there, but never really there. Fourth place was the usual Dodger slot. The Giants couldn't get a streak going, but the Braves lost too. By July 4 the Giants had climbed back to the top. In a confident mood, Rigney said: "I think we can go all the way now. My young bulls have the taste of first place and they like it."

The Giants won five out of six. Back-to-back homers by Davenport and Mays in the thirteenth inning beat the Dodgers; next night, June 30, Sam Jones pitched his celebrated "no hitter." Antonelli pitched two shutouts. McCormick halted the Cards on wet grounds.

Most observers thought Jones threw a no-run, no-hit game, but Charlie Park of the Los Angeles *Mirror-News*, the official scorer, ruled Jim Gilliam's bouncer to short in the eighth inning a hit. In the dressing room Jones brushed aside Park's outstretched hand, said he didn't want to talk to any newspaperman and especially one who didn't know how to score. Sam puffed on a cigarette while the familiar toothpick occupied the other side of

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his face. There were tears on his cheeks. "Why," he sulked to other newsmen, "don't you guys buy yourself another scorer?"

Charlie Park said he thought Gilliam would have beaten out the throw even if Andre Rodgers had fielded it perfectly. Rodgers caught it, dropped it, picked it up and failed to throw. Park didn't hesitate. The "hit" sign went up immediately. Later he refused to change his verdict despite much badgering in the press box. Courageously, he said he didn't hesitate when he saw the play and felt there was no reason to do so later.

Russ Hodges, veteran San Francisco sportscaster, roared on the air: "If ever a man deserved a no-hit game, Sam Jones did tonight. The ball was a routine grounder."

San Francisco sports writers squawked that Jones was entitled to the benefit of the unwritten scoring rule that the first hit of the game should be a clean one.

What made these opinions more believable, from the view of San Francisco fans who weren't on the scene, was Rodgers' season-long frenetic fielding. He had mixed up double plays and bobbled soft fielding chances at the worst possible moments. He was replaced by the consistent fielder Eddie Bressoud for the fourth and final time.

The Jones matter was "shocking" enough to draw editorial fire in California. The San Francisco *Chronicle*, perhaps with tongue in cheek, editorialized on the "dark and secret things, unrelated to reality and governed by no law of man or nature, that happen all the time in The Los Angeles Coliseum."

"In the National League," continued the *Chronicle*, "umpires usually have good vision and scorekeepers have

good judgment, but not in Los Angeles Coliseum. The place is haunted—perhaps by the ghost of Ebbets Field, where the Los Angeles Dodgers, in their previous incarnation as the Brooklyn Bums, used to delight their fans by getting three on base; the same base.

"Whatever the explanation, the facts are intolerable to San Franciscans who regard baseball as a sane pastime, bound by logical rules, fairly imposed," continued the *Chronicle*. "They don't like to have indignities inflicted on Sam Jones' no-hitter. This is a matter of principle, not sectionalism—a moral consideration which holds that it will be a cold day in Candlestick Park when any Dodger pitcher gets closer to an official no-hitter than the Jones boy did in Los Angeles Coliseum."

The Los Angeles *Examiner* (reprinted in the S. F. *Examiner*) spanned the gulf of intense sports rivalry between S. F. and L. A.: "The decision was emphatically unpopular . . . with the strongly pro-Dodger crowd that vociferously protested it. Many sports writers publicly disagreed. Many more privately thought it was a wrong call. The consensus was that the scorer erred on the side of hastiness . . . our sympathy goes to Sad Sam for a triumph denied, and also to the scorer who will be contemplating his rash ruling for years to come. And we hope fortune will soon decide to give Sam another chance for a no-hitter."

Despite the editorials, one fact rang clear—Jones had lost his no-hitter but he had won the game. Pennant fever, that curious disease that modern miracle medicines cannot arrest, was burning. But it was pull and tug, back and fill, start and restart all season. Warren Spahn and

Lew Burdette came along and put the Giants back in their place after the Giants had taken the league lead.

Rigney wore an "I told you so" look as the Giants spun clear of the others. In 1958 the Giants lost nine of ten in one sad late-season nosedive. Rig promised: "That won't happen this year."

But as events shaped themselves in an eventful season, there was much reason to hate the Dodgers forever in that fateful final September nosedive.

Drysdale and Craig were superb, Jones and Antonelli just a shade less than superb. Johnny's loss caused an outburst that may have had an effect on the pennant.

One Monday in mid-July Johnny Antonelli lost a game to the Dodgers. His post-game outburst remains a high mark in San Francisco baseball history. It began with a seemingly innocent and naive question by a reporter: "What kind of a pitch did you throw Charley Neal?"

That touched the exciter button in Antonelli's Latin hot-blood chamber. Antonelli, who had run the scale of emotions about his adopted city and its reporters, took dead aim at the Seals Stadium "jet stream" and muttered: "What difference does it make what kind of pitch I threw? I was beat by two lousy fly balls [Hodges' two-run homer in the first, Neal's in the ninth that barely cleared the 20-foot left-field screen at the 364-foot mark].

"A pitcher should be paid double for working here. It's the worst ball park in America. Put that in the paper so Mr. Stoneham can read it. Every time you stand up there you've got to beat the hitter and a 30-mile-an-hour wind."

When one writer suggested that Antonelli (14-5) was taking this one harder than any other defeat this season,

he said: "I'm paid to win, not just to play baseball. I don't mind losing, but to lose this way is a . . . Dammit, this park is a disgrace. Two high fly balls, and they're carried right over the screen. A disgrace."

Another reporter tried to mollify the pitcher by remembering that the new Candlestick Park, where the wind blows the opposite way, would be ready soon—certainly by World Series time. Antonelli, blowing off steam, did not want to be mollified. He wanted to be miserable, and he was. He continued, "I should have been born a right-handed side-armer," the reference being to Drysdale's style of pitching.

Antonelli's verbal blast made headlines and kindled more editorials. It was remembered that when he first arrived in town, Antonelli had declared he wanted to talk to New York writers only, because San Francisco writers didn't know baseball. This pricked the civic pride in the home of the DiMaggios, et al.

Next day in a radio interview Antonelli compounded the problem by explaining that the "regular writers"—those who travel with the team—would have realized he was only letting off steam and would not have carried his remarks out of the clubhouse. He regretted his remarks because they did the team no good. He had forgotten that a "regular writer" was among the five reporters who interviewed him forty-five minutes after the game was over.

The *Chronicle* sent a feature writer to the left-field pavilion next day to test the "jet stream" and confirm Antonelli's weather report. A wind gauge measured gusts up to 32 miles an hour and at times the anemometer

measured no wind at all. "It's a tricky park," agreed Dodger Gil Hodges. "You can't tell for sure what will happen to a high ball." Incidentally, Milwaukee always conducted infield pop-up practice to trace high balls in the swirling breeze.

Meanwhile, indignant editorials sounded "Go home, Johnny" themes. The *Chronicle* suggested Antonelli was famous for his "gopher ball," or the home-run pitch, and if he didn't like crowds he had best return to the vacant spaces of the Polo Grounds. The *Examiner*, less vehement, was inclined to forgive Antonelli for blowing off steam, but never, never his bad manners for criticizing "our lifegiving summer breeze, the sweet wind that sweeps San Francisco clean each morning, the tangy wind that puts a joyous spring in every step and soothes every fevered brow . . ."

Incidentally, in the days when all the DiMaggios were playing baseball, Bob Hope once described San Francisco as "a city with four weather seasons every day and bounded on three sides by DiMaggios."

As usual, the Giants charged right back for three wins but on his first start after the verbal flare-up, Antonelli was knocked out of the box after his old teammate Bobby Thomson homered off him. Among a hundred different reasons why the Giants didn't win the pennant, Johnny's failure to win more than five games in the remaining eleven weeks stands as a potent one. Following the editorials, Johnny no longer spoke to the press, referring all quotations to the manager. Had the outburst hurt his pitching, or was he due for a letdown after a brilliant three months? It's anybody's guess.

Nevertheless, Giants clung to the lead in late July until the bottom dropped out. Pitching was okay but hitting was awful. Gene Freese of Philadelphia drove in winning runs twice and quipped: "For this I should make the Ed Sullivan show." The Giants lost four straight, equaling their all-time high, or low. They fell out of first place. Only a miracle could save them.

That miracle was Willie Lee McCovey, 6-4 first baseman for Phoenix who was leading the Coast League at .377. He was rushed to San Francisco perhaps just as Mays was rushed from Minneapolis in 1951 to create the Little Miracle of Coogan's Bluff.

With the entrance of McCovey, the Giants won eight out of nine. Who cared if the Dodgers matched the fast-stepping pace? The Miracle of McCovey would save all. As it turned out, Willie was only human. He continued to hit well, but Giant pitching suddenly fell apart in Chicago. Yet again, the Dodgers and the Braves obliged by matching losses. As one writer explained, "The Giants can't lose for losing; the other contenders are too friendly."

The Giants stepped two and a half games out in front. An amazing aside in an amazing season occurred August 21 in Philadelphia, when Robin Roberts accused Willie Mays, on second base, of stealing the signals from catcher Valmy Thomas and relaying them to batter Daryl Spencer. Roberts, an old veteran, was so disturbed that he walked pugnaciously from the mound to second base to accuse Willie, who was dancing around the bag but denied stealing anything. There is, of course, no law in baseball that prohibits sign stealing. After play was resumed, Willie promptly stole third. Later, Roberts con-

fessed: "I don't know what happened to me. I must have gone blank."

Along about this time, with the Giants "in," *Sports Illustrated* magazine conducted a player poll that was to be truly prophetic. The five non-contending teams were asked to pick the pennant winner. The Dodgers got 42 votes, the Braves 37 and the Giants 35. Translated into won-loss, that was almost the way it happened. Jim (Professor) Brosnan, erudite Cincinnati relief pitcher, may have sounded the true story: "Los Angeles can beat Milwaukee and San Francisco. San Francisco can't beat Milwaukee or Los Angeles. And Milwaukee can't beat Los Angeles. Quod erat demonstandum."

In September it was a mad-mad-mad baseball town. Major problem was, how to get World Series tickets "at any price" and would the stadium be ready?

The Giants were still two games ahead approaching the climactic five game final home stand—two against the Braves, three against the Dodgers. Lew Burdette's sinker seemed to be dipping vertically. Ol' fidgety Lew was never in better form as he beat Sam Jones 2-0 in a battle of 20-game winners. Next day Warren Spahn was driven out in the first inning and the Giants, led by Mays, who hit a home run, three singles, walked and drove in four runs while making sensational catches for what was described as his best day in San Francisco, won by 13-6.

Still two up, and the Dodgers to come. Statisticians had the answer. Simply play .500 ball for the remaining eight games and the other teams would have to win six out of eight to tie, seven out of eight to win.

It hurts to recall the sad weekend. In the first game,

usually solid catcher Hobie Landrith on a simple return peg threw the ball high over pitcher Antonelli's head, and a runner scored from third. Later relief pitcher Stu Miller failed to handle a squeeze bunt and another Dodger scored. After the 4-1 loss, Rigney huffed: "This is the fourth time we've been pushed to the wall like this. But we've bounced back . . . we'll bounce back next game."

Don Drysdale started the next game and was wild. He walked Bressoud, McCovey and Mays. Overanxious Cepeda, biting at balls that hit the plate, struck out. So did Kirkland and Spencer. Had Cepeda waited for his walk, Drysdale would have been lifted. Drysdale righted himself, struck out eight in seven innings, and was aided by a Dodger five-run seventh. Here came one of the season's big plays. Mike McCormick had been pitching well and had a 1-0 lead. The Dodgers filled the bases, one out. A grounder was gobbled up at third by Davenport, who threw low to Spencer at second for the force and the start of the double play. But this was pennant-tension. It had to be a very close play, and Spencer knew it. He wheeled for the relay before he had the ball. Dodger Joe Pignatano sent Spencer flying with a hard slide, but the ball was already bouncing to the ground. The run scored on the error. Instead of the side being wiped out on a double play, the Dodgers were very much alive. Jim Gilliam and Charley Neal followed with doubles against a shaking McCormick, and the Giants (now tied for the league lead) faced the future with Sad Sam Jones.

Perhaps tired from overwork, Jones next day fed a

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home run to Duke Snider in the second inning and it was never a contest as the Dodgers went on to win 9–2.

The Giants were suddenly in third place and barely breathing. Mathematically, they were still in the race for the last five games, but as events proved, that Dodger series was the killer.

It was an exciting, wonderful year. Despite San Francisco disappointment on the brink of success, the dash and daring of the Giants seen in retrospect brought many cheers over the winter. Roy Terrell in *Sports Illustrated* wrote: "All the Giants lack is experience and the steadiness it brings; they still make mistakes; they get rattled; sometimes they seem to lack confidence in their own skills. But to make up for this, the Giants have a blend of bubbling enthusiasm which keeps them battling to win. These three teams (Dodgers, Braves, Giants), so different in ability, so widely separated in style, have combined to make 1959 one of the most memorable years in National League history. It's a shame that two of them had to lose."

For 1960, the Giants looked forward to more experience, fewer mistakes and a confidence in their own skills. They hoped not to lose their bubbling enthusiasm.

VII

The 1960 Season

CANDLESTICK PARK opened in 1960. Instead of a lovely and loving monument to a gloried city, it became an architectural laughingstock. Every nibbling item was magnified, but to the credit of the hardy hunk of concrete, it seemed to thrive on criticism. Certainly the customers, arriving in record numbers never known at the Polo Grounds, not only adjusted to conditions but began to defend the beauties and conveniences.

The surprise reason for the mushrooming complaints was the wind. Now everyone knows there is wind in San Francisco, but earliest inquiries about the caprices of the local gusts were shucked away. "The Bay View hill," said the planners, "will cut off the wind. It is a natural wind-break. The wind will go around the side of the hill, rush beyond centerfield and out to the bay."

First batting practice proved them wrong. The ball had to fight the hard blow to reach the distant fences. The wind didn't go around the hill, it came over the hill and swooped down on the stadium. It rushed across

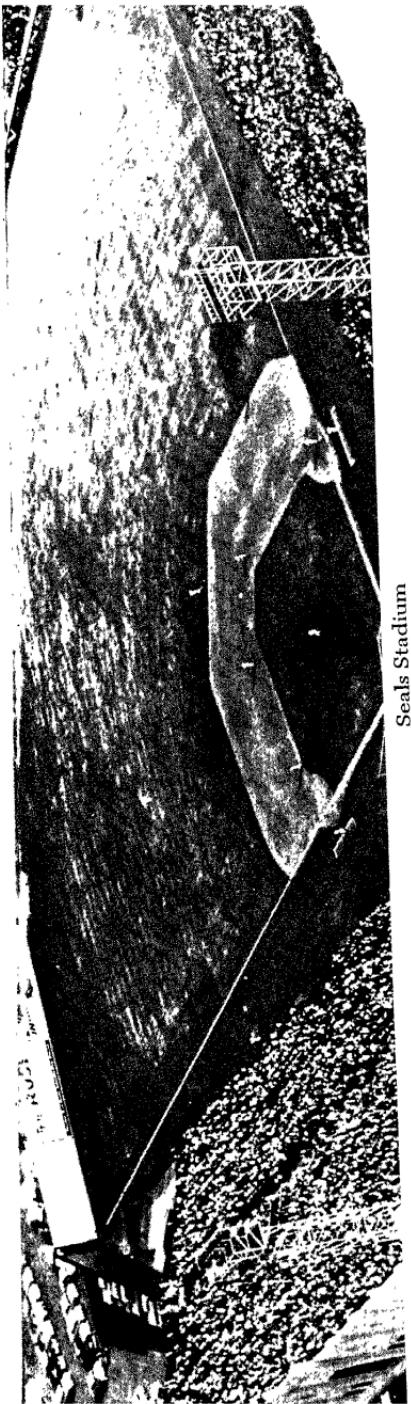
left field and center field (not beyond) and toward right. Then, instead of losing itself in the bay, it caught the overhang of the right-field stands and swung back in a half-circle toward the customers in right, back of home, and beyond third. The best weather seats in the park on a windy day, it turned out, were the unreserved left-field bleachers because the wind, on its circular route around the park, was spent by the time it reached the bleachers. Verily, the sun shone best on the poorer folks.

Candlestick became a pitchers' park. Runs were hard to come by. A disc jockey said he was dedicating the next tune to the Giants—"Don't Get Around Much Anymore."

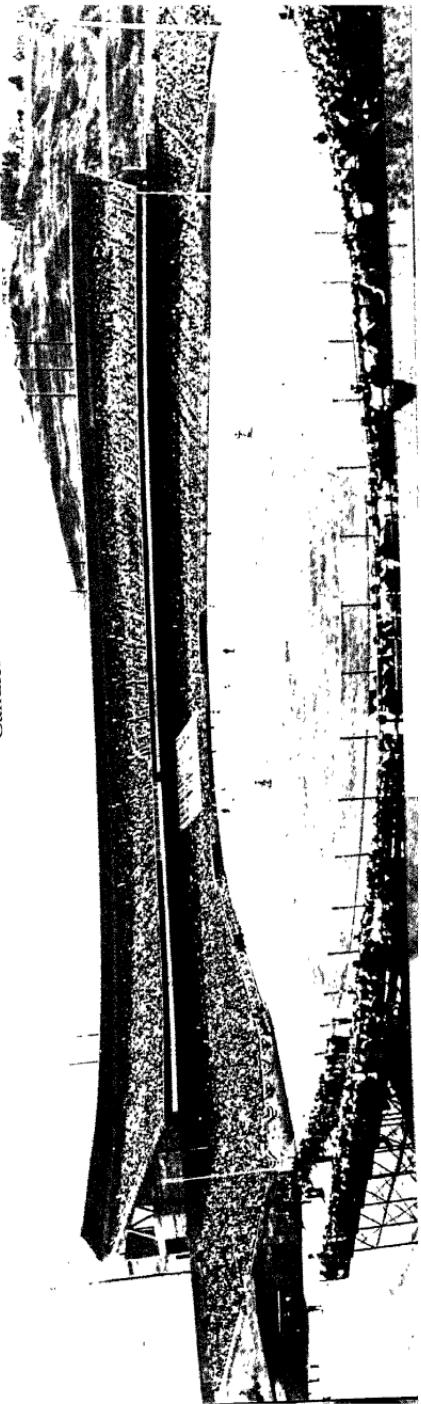
Visiting teams made the most of the opportunity to needle. "We're lucky," said the Braves' Lew Burdette. "We can leave here after a short series, but the Giants have to stay here all the time." And the Pirates' Vernon Law added, "If they traded me to San Francisco I wouldn't report."

Manager Bill Rigney admitted, "I have to manage two ways this year, for defense in Candlestick and offense on the road."

The swirl of criticism mounted. A continuing problem was the question of costs—would the Giants pay or would the city pay, or neither? The seats needed sanding, sealing and painting, and who would satisfy the ladies complaining about snagged stockings? Smallish second-baseman Don Blasingame said it was necessary for a guy to be on his toes in the new park "because of the plumbing . . . Willie Mays tells me the latrines are six inches higher than they were at Seals Stadium."



Seals Stadium



Candlestick Park



Associated Press Wirephoto

Willie Mays hit the first home run of the 1962 playoffs with the Los Angeles Dodgers in the first inning of the first game.



United Press International Telephoto

In the second game of the playoffs, Willie was called out on a close one at third base—and visibly shows his protest (inset). He is joined by coach Whitey Lockman.



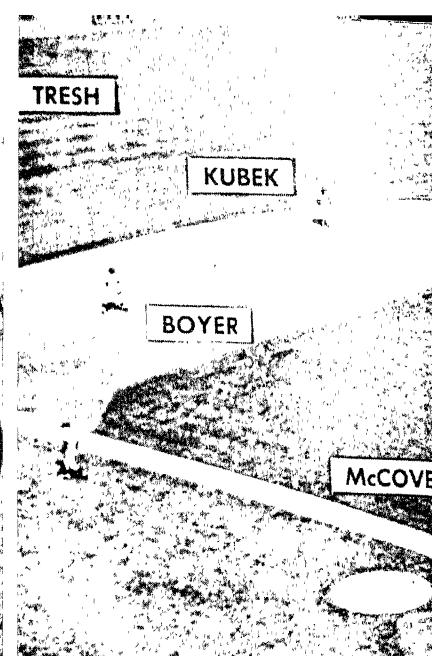
Associated Press Wirephoto

Jack Sanford—who won twenty-four games during the regular season—is shown here in action during the second game of the World Series in Candlestick Park.

In the sixth inning of the game both Yankee batter Roger Maris and Giant catcher Tom Haller missed a pitch by Sanford. On the play, Bobby Richardson came in from third. Sanford is shown here protesting umpire Al Barlick's ruling that Richardson had safely slid under the tag.

Associated Press Wirephoto

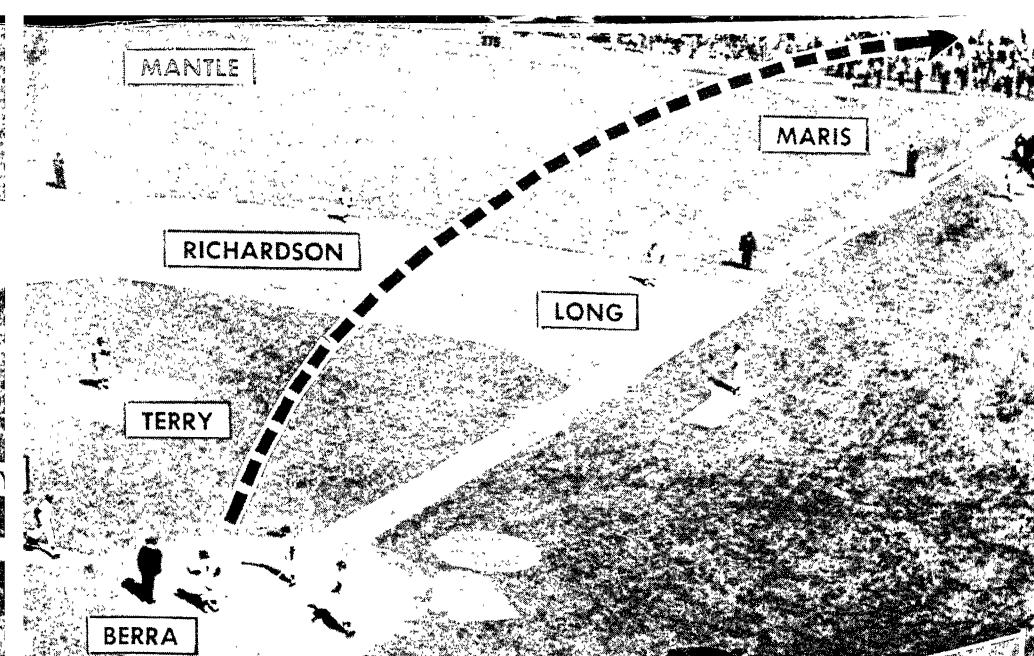




Associated Press Wirephoto

Willie McCovey hit a big blast in the seventh inning of the second World Series game to lead the Giants to a 2-0 shutout over the Yankees.

Willie is shown here in the Giants' dressing room after lining out with two men on base in the ninth inning of the seventh game of the World Series. The Giants lost the game—and the series—to the Yankees, 1-0.

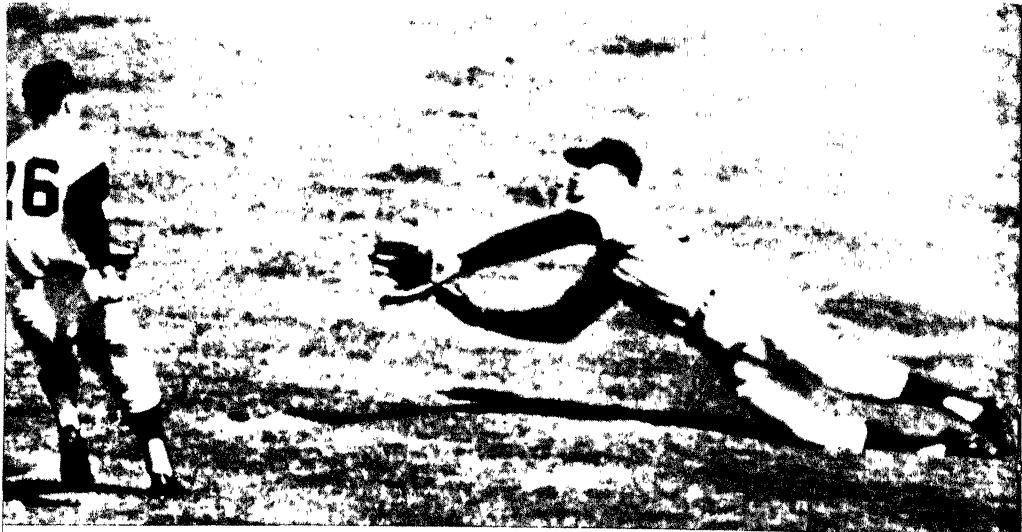


Jose Pagan
Billy O'Dell

Harvey Kuenn
Stu Miller



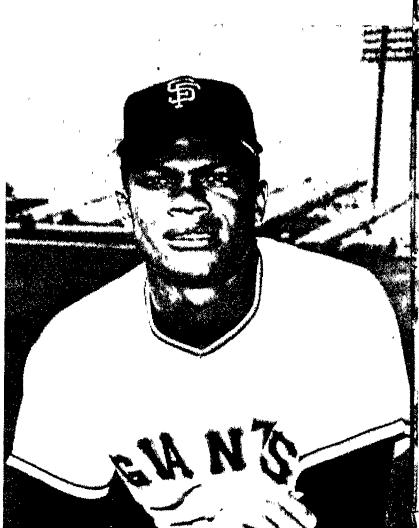
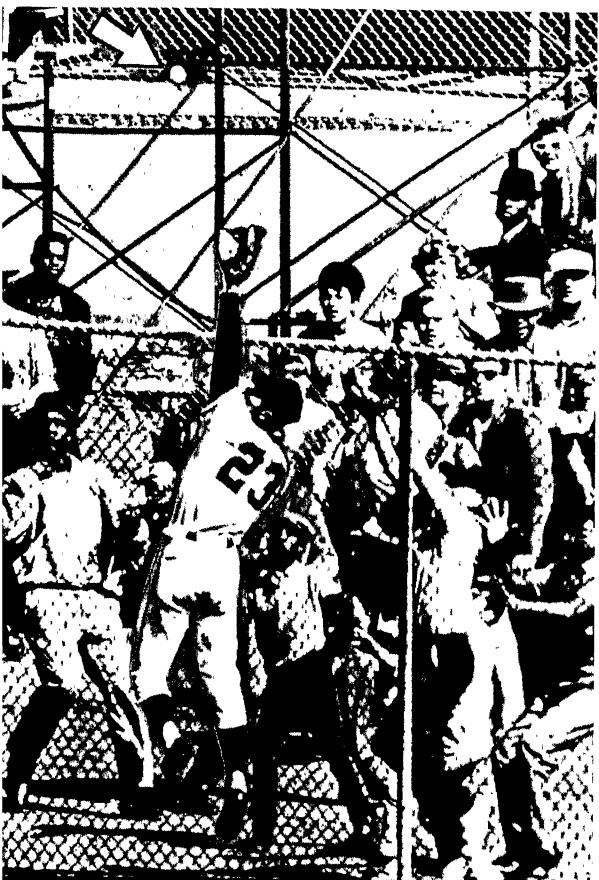
A NTS



Felipe Alou made two dazzling plays during the World Series opener at Candlestick Park. In the first inning of the game Roger Maris hit what appeared to be the first home run of the game, deep to right. But Alou made a leaping stab at the ball (left) and managed to knock it down. In the third inning Tom Tresh, later voted Rookie

of the Year in the American League, hit a long sinking line drive to right field that appeared to be a hit all the way. Chuck Hiller went out from second, but he wasn't needed as Alou made a lunge, fell on his stomach and came up with the ball in his glove (top).

Associated Press Wirephoto

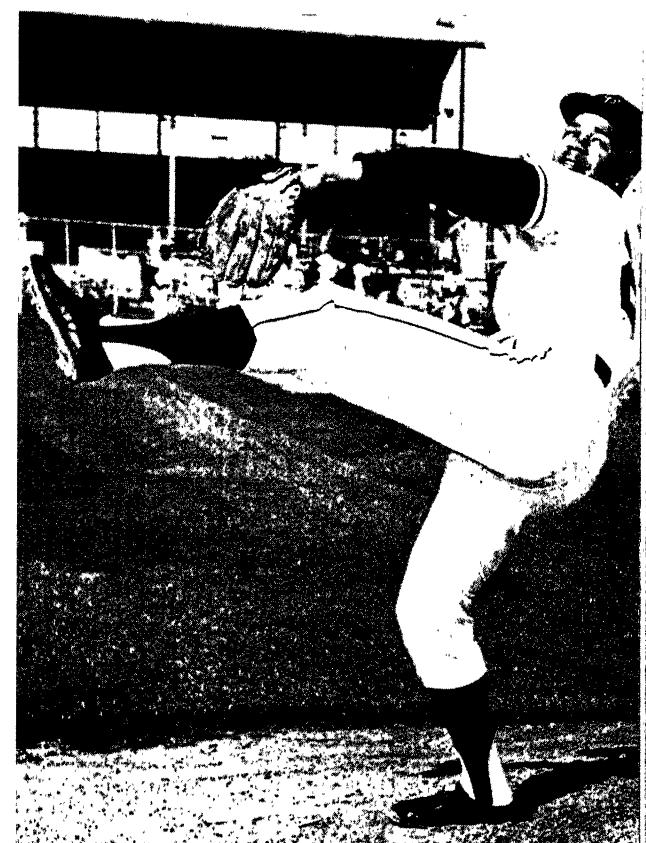


Juan Marichal



Orlando Cepeda

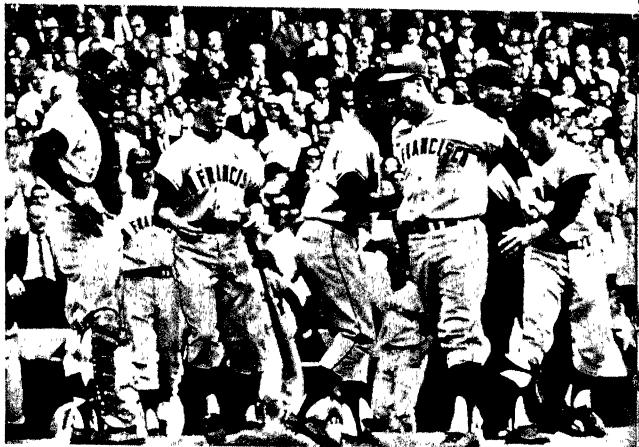
Matty Alou





The big blow came in the seventh inning of the fourth World Series game at Yankee Stadium. Chuck Hiller, Giant second baseman, tagged a pitch by Yankee hurler Marshall Bridges into the right field stands for a grand slam home run. The blast sent the Giants into a 6-2 lead.

Associated Press Wirephoto



Tom Haller is greeted at the plate by Felipe Alou (23) and Jose Pagan (15) after hitting a two-run homer into the right field stands at Yankee Stadium in the second inning of the fourth game of the Series.

Associated Press Wirephoto



In the fifth inning of the third World Series game Jimmy Davenport came up with a big play. He is shown here spearing a liner by Bill Skowron which he promptly tossed to Chuck Hiller to double up Yankee catcher Elston Howard who had doubled.

Associated Press Wirephoto





Associated Press Wirephoto

Billy Pierce, shown left warming up, won sixteen games during the regular season. Below, he is mobbed by his cheering teammates after the final out in the third playoff game with the Los Angeles Dodgers. Pierce relieved in the ninth and set the Dodgers out one-two-three, saving the day for the Giants.



Associated Press Wirephoto

The Giants really celebrated in the locker room after their 6-4 come-from-behind win over the Dodgers in the final game of the playoffs. From left to right are Orlando Cepeda, Bob Nieman, Chuck Hiller (being hugged) and Jose Pagan.



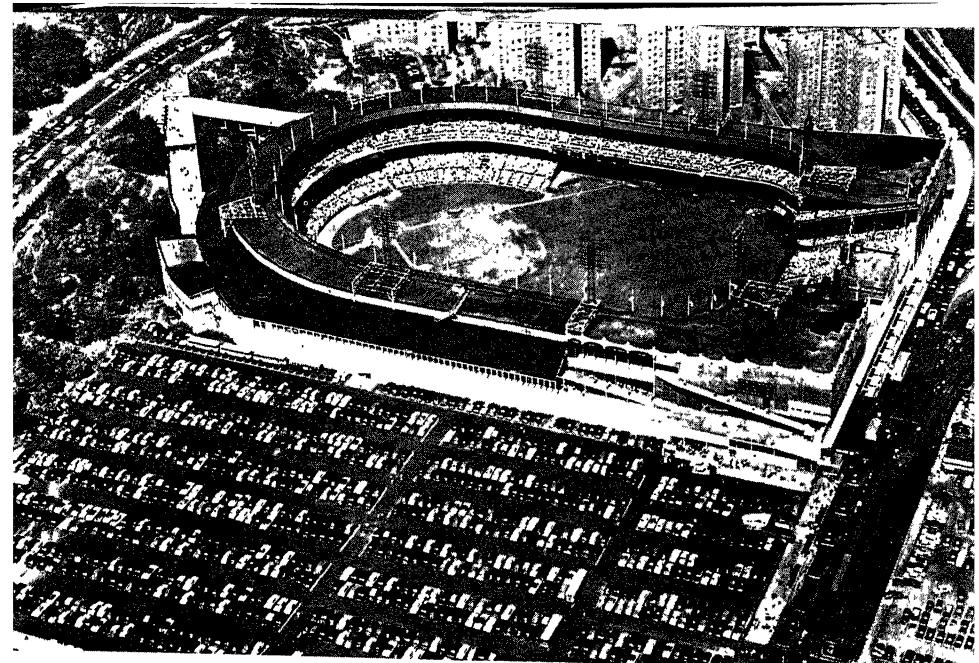
Universal Press International Wirephoto



Horace Stoneham
President of the Giants



Edward T. Brannick
Secretary

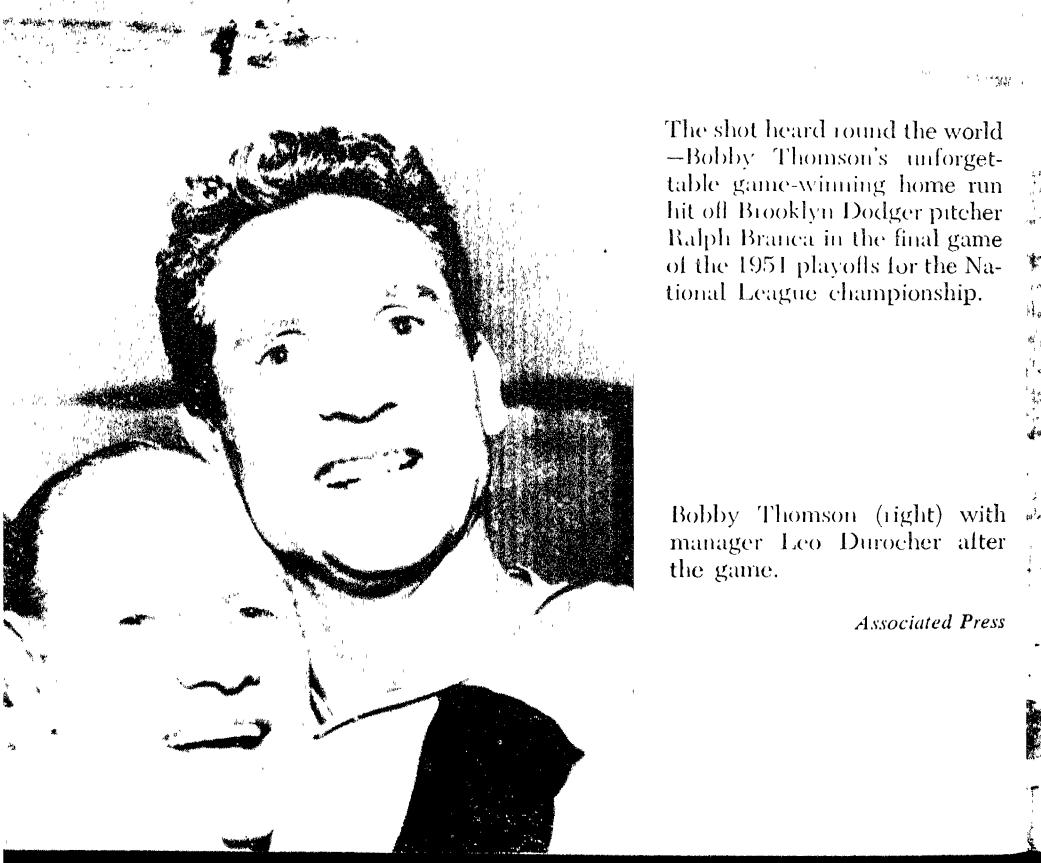
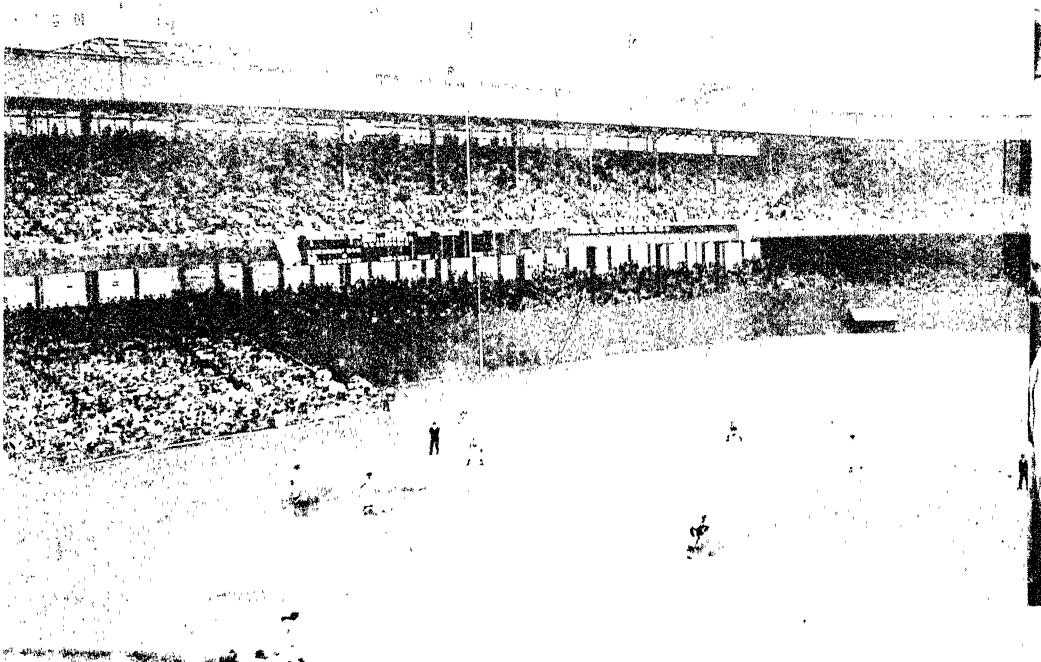


The Polo Grounds

Leaders of the 1962 National League Pennant winners. Left to right: Whitey Lockman, 3b coach; Wes Westrum, catching and 1b coach; Larry Jansen, pitching coach; Manager Alvin Dark.

1954 National League Champions—The New York Giants.





The shot heard round the world —Bobby Thomson's unforgettable game-winning home run hit off Brooklyn Dodger pitcher Ralph Branca in the final game of the 1951 playoffs for the National League championship.

Bobby Thomson (right) with manager Leo Durocher after the game.

Associated Press



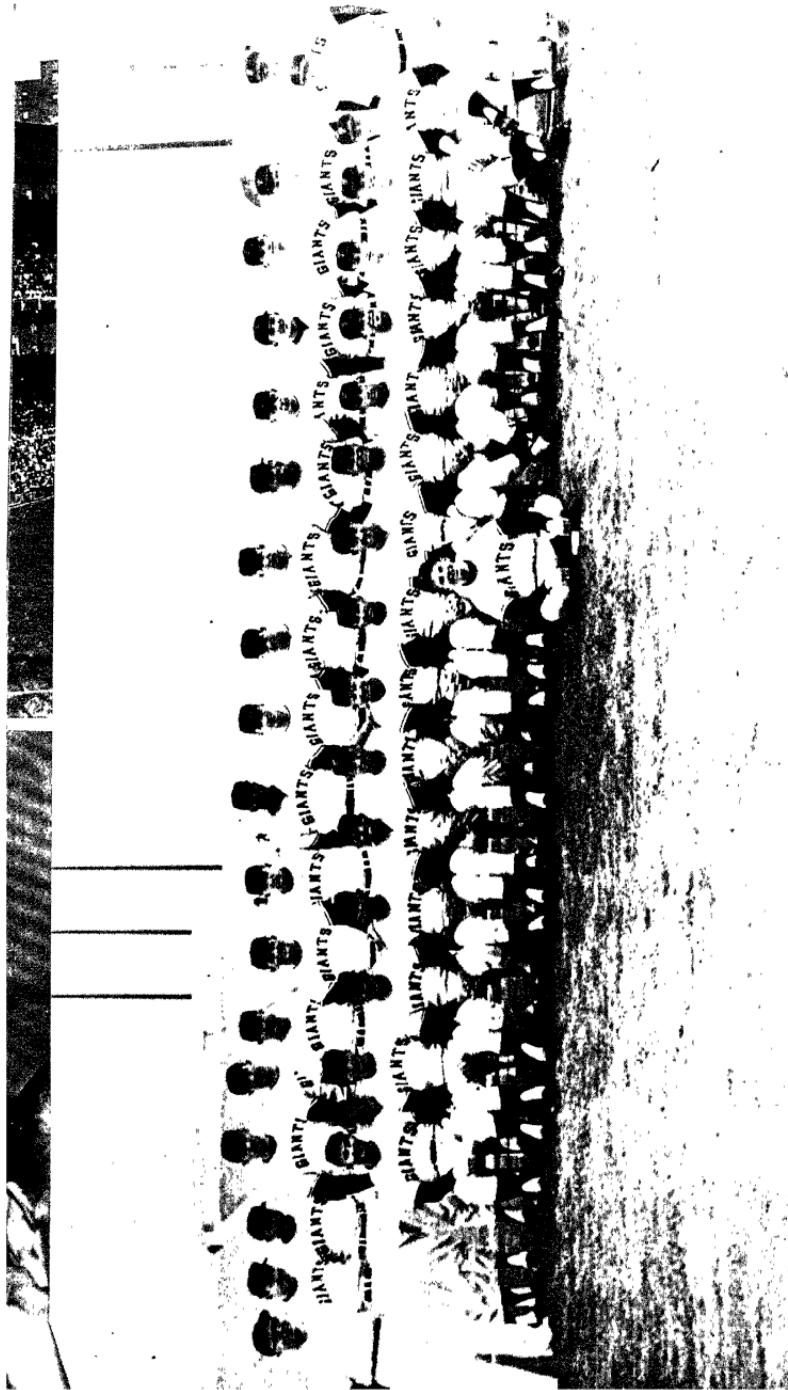
Joe (Ducky) Medwick (left)
and Mel Ott

John McGraw



Carl Hubbell

Christy Mathewson



The 1962 National League Champions—The Giants of San Francisco

The 56-acre macadam parking lot was slowly sinking into the Bay, reported Director of Public Works Reuben Owens, who told the Board of Supervisors that \$5,000 or more a year would be needed for continual paving. Fans griped that the ticket windows were too high and players complained of the exposed dugout, at ground level. In the first 14 games, five persons had fatal heart attacks and half a dozen more were overcome.

San Francisco Coroner Henry Turkel blamed the steep incline, about 27 degrees, leading from the parking lot to the front gates. After that, every heart attack was blamed on the park. Retorted Garry Schumacher, "This is really something . . . to blame a small hill in San Francisco for those five tragedies. If that were the case there wouldn't be a soul alive around the City of Seven Hills." Then he added, "For my part, though, they could have forgotten the radiant heating that doesn't work and put in some elevators. I go into the main gate of the stadium and I see my office just overhead, but I have to walk 200 yards of ramps to get there."

The radiant heat was a prime subject for criticism and was to become a celebrated legal case two years later. The fans had been advised to fear not for the evening cold. The box seats would be radiant-heated and the warming glow would make baseball a cozy game for the spectators if not necessarily for the players. Somehow, the warmth didn't get through. The hot-water pipes were too far from the concrete, the concrete was too thick. After firing the boilers again and again, the whole thing was forgotten.

On the field stray hot-dog wrappers and old news-

papers made crazy dives and dips. In other parks this might cause a delay while the annoyance was removed. In Candlestick the umps and players learned to ignore them.

In 1960 the Pittsburgh Pirates stepped out in front of the National League but all agreed the Buc pitching couldn't possibly hold up. Somehow, it did. Jimmy Davenport came up with a case of ulcers, to top off a whole set of miseries that, one by one, shelved Hobie Landrith, John Antonelli, Orlando Cepeda and Willie McCovey. McCovey's injury was as nothing compared to a ninth-inning rainout in Philadelphia when his two-run home run was washed out to cut back his RBI total. Willie grieved, "Man, I sure miss them ribbies."

But about Davenport. He was sent home to San Mateo to "enjoy" a bland diet. After one week, Jimmy, a liver-and-onions type, rasped, "Cold milk, hot milk, milk toast with ice cream on the side . . . this is enough to give a guy ulcers!"

Manager Rigney was beginning to act like a man with ulcers. He criticized his pitchers. "I gotta get a guy who can get me three outs in the ninth inning. I can't keep coming back with my starters and expect to keep the pitching staff from falling apart."

The Giants fell in and out of first place. June came and with it The Swoon. "Whatever wins we get," said Rigney, "have been scratchers. I have to sit on the edge of my seat in the dugout every inning." He criticized Billy Loes and Eddie Bressoud and most of his hitters. He was showing signs of strain under journalistic and front office

pressure. He shook up the lineup a half dozen times. Both he and the front office were embarrassingly aware of the glowing pre-season predictions.

In mid-June when the Giants lost five straight, Stoneham fired Rigney from his \$40,000-a-year job and installed veteran scout Tom (Clancy) Sheehan, sixty-six, as more or less interim coach. Sheehan, a former pitcher, house detective and manager of Minneapolis in the American Association from 1939 to 1947, lasted out the season. He was funnier than Casey Stengel but not effective. The Giants, who were in second place when Rigney was scratched, finished fifth.

"We were being outhustled," said Stoneham. "I've been thinking about a change for some time." As it turned out, the change was good for all. Rigney was hired by the new Los Angeles Angels and in 1962, when Alvin Dark was winning the National League pennant, the new Angels finished third and Rig was voted Manager of the Year.

That wiped out much of the published after-lash of the Rigney firing. Stoneham himself was bedded with a case of shingles, a malady of the nerve endings. New manager Sheehan said Rigney was fired because he was too nervous, too high strung. Dick Young of the New York *Daily News* wrote that Sheehan had been responsible for the jobs of Leo Durocher and Rigney, that he played Richelieu to Stoneham's Louis XIV. Sheehan so much as said he hadn't come across their names in the *Baseball Guide*.

The Giants wound up the season as the worst fielding team in baseball. Only the mid-year appearance of Juan Marichal, in his third year of organized ball, helped un-

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ravel the puzzle. Marichal, a self-taught, high-kicking pitcher from the Dominican Republic, brought remarkable control on fast balls, curves and sliders, with a pitching guile and poise far beyond his experience.

When he won three straight, some said the Giants had received foreign aid via the Marichal Plan on a three-for-Juan basis.

Stoneham indicated there'd be changes in 1961, and with Marichal aboard next season did not seem so hopeless.

VIII

The 1961 Season

THE Home Run Maker" was called into consultation by the Giants for the 1961 season. The unseen hand of Robert H. Kingsley, a St. Louis engineer, tailored the Giants into the highest home-run hitting team in the majors. Like the golf-course greenskeeper who can adjust golf scores by pin and tee placement, Kingsley was able, by keeping complete records of all home runs hit in every major-league park—the estimated distance and the general area of the hit—to calculate a fair placement of fences.

He advised bringing in the Candlestick fences as much as 32 feet in center field and down to 10 feet at the extreme corners.

As the season began, the runs mounted and the wind didn't seem bad at all. The Giants began to win more at home than on the road. They learned how to play the wind ball "good to the last drop." Customers adjusted, too, by bringing parkas and hand warmers and wind hats. The sun shone most of the daytime at Candlestick and

even the upper-deck patrons found more good than bad.

Alvin Dark was the new manager and local writers grew rapturous in praising his sorcery. He was described as the "mad scientist" because he played percentages to the hilt. Fans marveled when, for example, with Willie Mays on first and Willie McCovey at bat, Dark ordered McCovey to take the first strike because "a catcher has more trouble trying to throw out a man at second base when a left-hander is at bat." Mays stole second.

Then McCovey, who had been hitting poorly against left-handers, was replaced by Joey Amalfitano, a right-hander, who singled. Amazing!

But Dark couldn't walk out to the mound and throw the ball, and he was beset, as was Rigney before him, by poor pitching. Sam Jones and Billy Loes were no longer effective. Johnny Antonelli was long gone. Billy O'Dell was unlucky. Jack Sanford pitched well only until the hackles of his red neck showed.

The last week in June was bizarre and baffling for Dark and the Giants. In one game the Giants had men on third base in the seventh, eighth and ninth innings, once with one out. By game's end, the Giants had left twelve men stranded while losing to the Phils 1-0. Dark was furious. Then occurred the celebrated locker-room incident, when he hurled a metal chair against the wall, ripping off part of his finger, and requiring stitches at a Philadelphia hospital. Earlier, flying to Philly, relief pitcher Bob Bolin cut his right index finger (on his pitching hand) while reaching for a Dixie cup in a metal container, and was out for several weeks, throwing an extra burden on the rejuvenated Stu Miller.

In addition to this torture on human hands, the Giants suffered the ignominy of tying the Phils in the longest major-league night game on record, 5 hours, 11 minutes, in fifteen innings, and then having to replay the whole thing next day as part of a double-header. The replay, by coincidence, was tied at 7-7 after nine, but Mays hit his third home run of the game in the tenth and the Giants won 8-7. The combined entire game, twenty-six innings, lasted 8 hours, 31 minutes.

July brought a long sought interlude—the first All-Star game in San Francisco. At the banquet the night before the game, Mayor Christopher intoned melodramatically, “Three years ago I asked President Giles [of the National League] to bring the All-Star game to this city at the first opportunity because we wanted to show the nation what a glorious baseball tradition we have here in San Francisco. President Giles said he would and now he has proven he is a man of his word.”

The glorious tradition may have been proved at the game, where a record local crowd of 44,115 paid a net of \$259,230.81 to see the American-National show, but the desired cross-country prestige blew up in the eighth, ninth and tenth innings. “Better,” said one fan, “that Giles would have broken his word.”

From broiling sun in the early innings (ninety-five were treated for heat prostration and five for suspected heart conditions), the strange change in the weather brought swirly, gusty, slamming late winds that made it a Mickey Mouse contest. Curiously, the National Leaguers, who knew Candlestick best, made the most errors (four behind Stu Miller in the ninth and tenth)

but the American Leaguers yelped loudest about the pant-flapping westerlies.

Said Roger Maris and Rocky Colavito: "The trouble with this park is they built it alongside the bay. They should have built it under the bay."

Chirped Hoyt Wilhelm, the losing pitcher: "Chewing tobacco and sand isn't a tasty combination."

Paul Richards, losing manager: "The wind . . . you have to feel it to believe it. Conditions were as near impossible as anything I've seen."

Arthur Daley of *The New York Times* tore into his typewriter with the same high-blown characteristics as the wind, then concluded: "Whatever it is, this isn't a major league ball park."

But Mickey Mantle was inclined to see the beauty of it all. "It's a very pretty park and the fences aren't too close," he said. Then, looking up into the stands, "The usherettes are very nice, too."

The Nationals won 5-4. The San Francisco crowd was delighted by Mays' winning run and the Miller official victory (though Miller was called for a balk once when the wind blew him off the mound) and was not at all abashed to read in next day's papers about the monsoons. The story was already an old one for hardy San Franciscans, but one local wag suggested that the link to the old New York Giants would never be forgotten if only Candlestick Park were renamed "The Polar Grounds."

The All-Star was also responsible for Willie Mays being sued for separate maintenance by his wife Marguerite. She inferentially blamed the local chapter of the Baseball Writers Association because its All-Star din-

ner was a rip-roaring success and she wasn't invited by her Willie. What made her jealous, she said, were newspaper pictures of Orlando Cepeda and his new bride at the function. Willie, she also implied, had been off playing pool.

And the Giants were beginning to retort on their own to critics of their beloved wind. Next week in Cincinnati, in oppressive heat, new catcher Ed Bailey's uniform looked like a visit to the laundromat, before drying. More than one Giant wiped away the perspiration and hoped aloud, "Oh for a breath of our Candlestick blasts."

The Giants gave up on Willie McCovey. Benched for six weeks, it seemed he would never, ever play for the Giants again, but Willie Mays was nicked on the thumb by a pitched ball. In an enforced realignment because of the illness of other players, McCovey was sent to first and Orlando Cepeda to left field. McCovey had a wonderful seven games, batting .500 and getting on base via walks enough to help Mays, on his return to the lineup, and Cepeda to increase their RBI totals.

The Giants scored 12 runs in the ninth inning against Cincinnati one day in August and a delighted Horace Stoneham telephoned from his home in Scottsdale, Arizona, and gave all the Candlestick workers a day off. His joy, and that of pennant-hopeful San Franciscans, was deflated in the next three games when the typically unpredictable Giants fell apart defensively and lost them all.

In St. Louis seven Giants were tardy returning to the hotel after a night game and were fined a total of \$1,050. Some of the players were charged with bringing grocery bags containing bottles. The victims confessed but

claimed the bags did indeed contain foodstuffs and the bottles were soda pop. Six of the players were caught after 2 A.M. by Mgr. Dark himself, in the lobby. A seventh player, a talkative type who had dallied over a hamburger in an all-night restaurant, strolled in five minutes after the others. Not a person was in the lobby. Next day he was hit by the largest fine, \$250, because "we never did see you—you must have been out all night."

The fines came to the knowledge of newsmen in Los Angeles a week later, just as the Giants were losing four to the Dodgers and falling completely out of pennant contention. Despite the third-place finish, the home-run splurge of Cepeda (46) and the Fireman of the Year award to Stu Miller (14–5 with 16 saves) gave indications of a happier next year.

IX

The Belli Suit

FOR the first time in thirty-eight years, heavy snow fell in San Francisco in mid-January of 1962. This was the setting for the jury trial in which the Giants were asked to answer why the seats at Candlestick Park weren't room-temperature.

The fervently eloquent, passionately cold and ink-loving attorney, Melvin Belli, had sued for \$1,597, the cost of a six-seat box which he said he had purchased with the warranty of warmth from the management; but which he had been forced to shiver in, through the 1960 season.

It was another act in the continuing drama of the jinxed ball park. The Giants had expected the radiant-heating pipes would help make the fans comfortable. When the jurors fought through biting winds over white-mantled streets into the warm courtroom, they were in no mood to condone what Belli described as "the bitterest winds this side of the Himalayas," or, "Even with long underwear and an Alaskan parka, the same one I wore to Siberia last year, I couldn't keep warm in Box J, Section 4."

The story of Candlestick's artificial heat went back several years. Supervisor Clarissa McMahon had demanded heating and a roof before the stadium was built. She got a partial overhang on the upper deck and an apparently inadequate \$50,000 radiant-heating installation. The pipes are set about an inch away from the concrete, instead of being imbedded. The Giants, as tenants, contended the city was responsible for the heat. They claimed the boilers were fired for days in advance without thawing results. On the first night game of the 1960 season local sports writers were crawling under the stands and knocking on the engineer's door to learn why the concrete was cold. After the ball was passed back and forth between the Giants and the City Recreation Department, Stoneham announced the heating system was a failure.

The warranty that the Giants breached, Belli argued during the two-day trial, promised that Candlestick's radiant-heating system would keep his bottom warm during the ball games. He produced a copy of the 1960 *Giants' Yearbook*, in which an article stated the floors in the boxes were heated to 85 degrees. Belli asked Horace Stoneham about the yearbook statement.

"We didn't write it," said Stoneham. "We exercise no control over what the contributors [baseball reporters] write."

"If they wrote stories and said the Giants were a bunch of bum players, that certainly wouldn't go in the yearbook, would it?" asked Belli.

"No," said Stoneham, "but they have written such stories in their papers."

"Let's hope they don't have to write them this year," tossed in Judge Andrew J. Eyman from the bench.

Stoneham said the Giants never promised anything more than a seat and a major-league ball game. "Then why," demanded Belli, "did you keep turning on the heat all the time if you knew it wouldn't work?"

"To protect ourselves from criticism," said Stoneham. "They [the fans] were screaming."

"This was to take the heat off, then," said Belli.

"Yes, sir," said Stoneham.

Belli was in beautiful form before a standing-room-only crowd swollen by Hastings Law School students who dropped in to see the great man in action. Belli hammered at Stoneham's frugality. He established that it cost \$3.30 an hour to keep the boilers fired and that if Stoneham would spend about \$5,000 per season he could keep the fans warm.

A succession of witnesses told how cold it was without heat. A fireman said he had to leave with the score tied. A man who had swum in San Francisco Bay for forty years said he had never felt more like a frozen mackerel. After he (Belli) had decided he couldn't take it any longer, he tried to give away his tickets, with little success. "A little street cleaner," he said, "found my box on the first-base line uninhabitable."

Belli sent a man from his office, Gordon McGlendon, to Candlestick Park to buy the tickets on March 3, 1960. The man's orders were to "buy a box for the season, one of the heated ones." The order was repeated to ticket manager Peter Hoffmann, and Hoffmann reportedly answered, "Yes, the box is one of the heated ones."

Defense attorney Morris M. Doyle did not call on Hoffmann to attempt to repudiate McGlendon's testimony, a move that baffled some observers. Instead, Doyle told the jury that "the question was merely, 'Was there radiant heat?' It was not whether the heating system worked."

Belli then rocked the court by saying, "That's like having a man come into the City Hall asking, 'Where are the elevators?' and getting an answer, 'They're right over there,' without bothering to tell him they're not working. So he steps into the elevator shaft and falls down to the basement."

The jury voted for Belli 11-1. He announced he would donate the \$1,597 to the city for trees, but "not at Candlestick because they would freeze out there."

"This decision," Belli added, "is a mandate to the Giants to keep the fires burning."

X

A Champion Is Built

LIKE a good wine, it takes time. And that's what the Giants needed to blend another Gold Medal winner in 1962—time from the last pure vintage year of 1954; seven years fallow of total success, but not wasted seasons. The crop was getting stronger, more abundant, sweeter with each succeeding harvest.

For it was during those seasons that the Giants with great imagination and daring blended the rare grapes of their fields with those of other vineyards by trade and sale and purchase and draft. The result was San Francisco's first pennant winner, the Giants' fifteenth World Series.

When the Giants abandoned the Polo Grounds after the season of 1957, Stoneham, in a rare burst of reckless confidence not since repeated, predicted the Giants would give San Francisco a pennant within three years. It took him five.

The first Giant team to play in San Francisco, April 15, 1958, included Jimmy Davenport at third base, Willie Mays in center field, Orlando Cepeda at first base.

On the afternoon of October 1, 1962, exactly 780 games later, the Giants won the pennant. At third base in the starting lineup was Jimmy Davenport. At first base was Orlando Cepeda. In center field was Willie Mays. With them was an expertly acquired and blended crop of Giant-developed farm-club stars—Felipe Alou and Jose Pagan; two obtained through trades—Harvey Kuenn and Ed Bailey, and one snatched by draft from the Cleveland organization, Chuck Hiller.

Before the game had run its course two other farm-system products, pitcher Juan Marichal and pinch-hitter Matty Alou, appeared, along with trade-acquired Don Larsen and Billy Pierce, and Bob Nieman, picked up on waivers from Cleveland.

Life as a Giant since 1958 has been a rather unsettling one. More than fifty players who went into opening days from '58 through '61 are elsewhere, some retired but the majority still active on other major-league rosters.

Yet, of the twenty-five players eligible for the World Series against the Yankees in 1962, thirteen had never been out of the Giant system. Two—pitchers Mike McCormick and Bob Garibaldi—had never played an inning of minor-league baseball. Only three—Mays, McCormick and Stu Miller, had worn the uniform of the New York Giants.

They were the sole survivors of the charter members of the 1958 San Francisco Giants who went into spring training under manager Bill Rigney. Three of those charter members, Cepeda, Davenport and Felipe Alou, were transferred to the varsity from the Phoenix roster of the Pacific Coast League.

The weeding out process was tedious but steady, and perhaps "weeding out" is inconsistent with the facts for it connotes "elimination of the weak." Still active and productive major-leaguers such as St. Louis' Bill White and Ernie Broglio, Boston's Eddie Bressoud, the Cubs' Andre Rodgers, Cleveland's Willie Kirkland, the Los Angeles Angels' Leon Wagner, and Cincinnati's Don Blasingame were offered as lures that eventually hooked the big one, the pennant.

During these restless years of continual rebuilding the Giants swung four strong deals, one of which, the acquisition of Sam Jones from St. Louis, was, lamentably, wasted. Sensing this was the year for the "break through," the Giants traded young and powerful and durable first-baseman Bill White to the Cardinals for "Sad Sam" Jones, a wearying veteran of undetermined vintage.

It was a heroic near miss. Sam had his greatest year in 1959 with 21 victories and the earned-run championship of the National League at 2.82. Yet, the Giants, two games out in front with eight to go, blew the duke to the Smodgers.

But though the Jones gamble failed, it was a worthy one for an organization that seems loosely knit but is far from it.

Because of their *modus operandi* it is impossible to point to one specific Giant official and say "he swung the deal." President Horace Stoneham is quick to credit his nephew and vice-president, Charles (Chub) Feeney, with the authorship and consummation of successful trades or purchases. Feeney says, without creating an

aura of false modesty, "You kidding? Horace instigates the deals. I merely carry out his orders."

The Giants are a full and able family with responsibilities and leeway to think and act as personalities. Yet in a sense it is autonomous. Stoneham carries a green light in one hand, a red one in the other. It is he who waves the sign of compliance or rejection.

This was never more evident than shortly after the World Series of 1961 when the National League was compelled to stock the two expansion clubs, the Houston Colt .45's and the New York Mets. Right up to the final hour of decision, pitcher Billy O'Dell was on the list as the Giants' \$125,000 bonus player. He was pulled off the block and replaced by infielder Joey Amalfitano.

Stoneham did the pulling. How fortuitous! Amalfitano had a bad year, a sub-.250 season with the Colts. O'Dell, breaking loose from the unfair shackle that he was "only a seven-inning pitcher," won 19 and lost 14 during the regular 1962 season, completed 20 games, and worked five solid innings of relief in the Series, saving one victory.

Whereas the Sam Jones trade to St. Louis failed to grab the gold ring in 1959, the deals involving Jack Sanford, Billy Pierce, Don Larsen and Alvin Dark were singularly fruitful.

In the winter of 1958, the Giants gave away catcher Valmy Thomas and pitcher Ruben Gomez to Philadelphia. Few have heard of Valmy and Ruben since then. Sanford, the winningest San Francisco Giant with 64-42, led the National League with six shutouts in 1960, and the team with most victories in 1962, 24.

He won the second game of the World Series 2-0, from

Ralph Terry with a three-hitter and lost to Terry in the seventh and final game 1-0, on a fifth-inning run scored by a double play.

The Pierce and Larsen maneuver with the Chicago White Sox in the winter of 1961 was indubitably the "deal of the year." To get Larsen, believed washed up, and Pierce, believed to be fast getting there, the Giants gave four comparatively obscure players—outfielder-first baseman Bob Farley, and pitchers Dom Zanni, Eddie Fisher and Verle Tiefenthaler.

Pierce, thirty-five, won 16 and lost only 6 during the regular season, 12 without defeat in Candlestick Park. He shut out the Dodgers, 8-0, in the first game of the playoff; saved the pennant-clincher for Juan Marichal; lost 3-2 to Bill Stafford in the third game of the World Series at Yankee Stadium, and sent the Series into a seventh game by defeating Whitey Ford at Candlestick 5-2.

Jumbo Don Larsen's presence was felt all along the trail to the pennant. He wound up 5-4, but his value is in no sense clearly revealed by that barely-above-.500 statistic. He saved nine games, all over brief hauls during which his famed slider exploded devastatingly to the low corner of the strike zone, and then capped his first year as a Giant with a little bit of Hollywood script stuff.

On October 8, 1962, in Yankee Stadium, the anniversary of his incomparable "perfect" no-hitter against the then Brooklyn Dodgers, he retired one man, Tony Kubek, with the bases loaded, two down in the sixth and the score tied at 2-2. Kubek grounded to first baseman Orlando Cepeda who "fed" the lumbering Larsen as he

covered and crossed first base and the inning was over.

The Giants, on Chuck Hiller's seventh-inning bases-loaded home run off Marshall Bridges, made Don's anniversary waltz a terpsichorean masterpiece. He was credited with the victory over the team he most wanted to defeat, his old club, the Yankees. To this day, Don figures he was unjustly unloaded by the Bombers on the Kansas City Athletics in 1960, a season that found him depressed, confused and angry and also in Dallas-Fort Worth of the Class AAA Texas League.

And then there was that fourth deal—infelder Andre Rodgers, a failure both in the Polo Grounds and San Francisco, to the Milwaukee Braves on October 31, 1960. In return they got—Alvin Dark.

Then the Giants swung yet another bountiful deal: outfielder Willie Kirkland and pitcher Johnny Antonelli to Cleveland for outfielder-infelder Harvey Kuenn, American League batting champion at .353 in 1959.

Kirkland was expendable. The Giants were surfeited with outfielders and Antonelli had fallen into disfavor with both the front office and the San Francisco fans. Moreover, Johnny wasn't pitching very well any more, and never did again.

Ol' Harv, the prototype of what a major-leaguer should look like—big, rugged, and a face lopsided with chewing tobacco—did poorly in 1961, his first season in the National League. He fell to .256, only his second sub-par .300 campaign in ten big-league seasons.

A man of intense pride who likes his post-game nips but his during-game hits more, Kuenn spent a winter forgetting and preparing and came to spring training in

1962 determined to wipe out the stigma of that ugly .256. It was the only thing he had to wipe out, for Harvey, though gripped by a lingering slump at the plate, still played, in the opinion of most experts, the finest left field in the National League.

Kuenn's comeback was electric and indelible. He hit .304 during the pennant season. Nine times he drove in the winning run, seven times he scored it, and many believe it was his pinch-hit double against the Dodgers in Chavez Ravine, September 6, 1962, that first hurled the pall of impending doom over Smogville.

The Giants came into the critical four-game set trailing by three and one-half games. They had to win three of them. They did, the third when, with the bases loaded and two down in the ninth, Kuenn unloaded a roaring three-tally double off Dodger relief ace Ron Perranoski and the Giants won 9-6.

The margin now between the two contending clubs was only one and one-half games. But the important thing was the Dodgers learned the hard way that the Giants had matured, that they would take them to the wire.

Shook up and more than a little depressed, the Dodgers spent so much time thereafter looking back over their shoulders at the Giants that they eventually were caught, passed and eliminated.

"It was the most important game I've ever managed," said a perspiring, glazed-eyed Dark after the Kuenn double.

Those who witnessed the exciting birth of the Giants in San Francisco on that historic April 15, 1958, long will remember the 1962 flag winners from comparatively un-

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known little Ernie Bowman, a vital but seldom used spoke in the wheel of fortune, to the wheel itself, the incomparable Willie Mays.

But how many will remember some of the names of the charter San Francisco Giants, from whose flesh was built the trades and deals that made the whole body, the champion?

Curt Barclay, Pete Burnside, Jim Constable, Ray Crone, Paul Giel, Ruben Gomez, Marv Grissom, Joe Margoneri, Ramon Monzant, Joe Shipley, Allan Washington, Dom Zanni, Ray Katt, Roger McCardell, Nick Testa, Valmy Thomas, Foster Castleman, Ray Jablonski, Danny O'Connell, Andre Rodgers, Daryl Spencer, Jim Finnigan, Dusty Rhodes, Don Taussig, Bobby Thomson, Jim King, and Don Mueller—they were first. Without them there never would have been a first place.

XI

Willie Mays

THE Giants win and lose with Willie Mays, but they only lose without him. From 1951 through the season of 1962 he was out of 19 games. The Giants lost all 19. This may be a coincidence. Other teams win ball games without a Willie Mays, and the Giants will win when Willie retires, but this is baseball and baseball is wedded to its statistics, so take those 19 and record them.

In 1962 Willie missed four games after fainting in the dugout at Cincinnati. He struck out in the first inning and collapsed in the third. In the hospital he was given head-to-toe tests overnight before being released.

What happened to Mays remained a mystery. At season's end he was re-examined in San Francisco and pronounced fit. There were dozens of rumors—Mays had indigestion, Mays had a fight in the dugout, Mays had a social disease, Mays was slipped a Mickey Finn by Kentucky gamblers who had crossed the border into Ohio, Mays was more tense than any other player and got the after-shock from an insufficiency of oxygen on the plane, etc., etc.—but none of these checked out.

Plainly, Willie Mays had matured considerably since the carefree "Say Hey" days when he changed Cadillacs two and three times a year as soon as he tired of the interior colors. He was more marvelous than ever as the Giants zigzagged to a pennant in 1962, but it was harder. His finances were all mixed up. He owed the government a substantial sum. He owed part of the following year's salary. The divorce from his wife, Marghuerite, had been costly and grievous.

Baseball, once a way of life for Willie, had in some ways become an escape. In mid-season one morning, when he was in court for two hours, the judge looked at the wall clock and tried to rush proceedings to get Willie to the game on time. Willie said he didn't want to leave until the matter (of court expenses for Marghuerite) was settled. Willie got to the game just in time to dress for the first inning, and slammed a home run, probably in anger.

One day Mays told reporters in the clubhouse: "When I was young the money came so easy I didn't even think about it. I want to play ball seven or eight more years but now I've got to think about the money, where it's coming from and where it's going."

Willie Mays is the greatest all-around ball player of the day, perhaps of the age. The impact of this statement has been a long time reaching the press and fans of San Francisco. Willie himself lives by adulation and he was at first shocked when he was booed because of a temporary slump or a failure to hit a home run in the last of the ninth. Now the fans, themselves rookies to major-league ball in 1958, have become veteran observers who

do not necessarily boo Willie or his mates in moments of stress. Well, not often.

Mays' high salary is a constant target for the fans. One day he is overpaid; another day he has earned his salary. Shouts like "You \$90,000 bum" are familiar. Mays had difficulty understanding this type of attack, especially since his squandering of his salary proved how little he thought of money as such.

But the message has reached him. The responsibility of leadership by example weighs on him. "The other players, they look at me," Willie told Milton Gross of the *New York Post*. "I can't let my head hang. If I do maybe the other fellows do, too. I get so much money, I got to set an example for the fellows who don't get so much. They don't pay me just for playing ball. They pay me because I got to set an example."

When he is on the field of play where the geometric patterns and the planned strategy make life relatively simple, Willie remains a boy at play. The zest of the game and the joy of the free air are easily understood. But high finance was another matter and Willie found himself in a web that only stern advisors could help him work out.

Ah, but who thinks of Willie's personal life when he is on the field, transforming the unbelievable into the routine? When he pivots, he often follows through with the bat in his left fist only. Birdie Tebbets marveled, "He hit that home run with one hand. A tape measure job, with one hand!"

On the opening day of the playoff against the Dodgers, Willie hit two home runs and contributed the normal miracles afield. Manager Dark was asked if this rep-

resented Willie Mays at his ultimate. "You can't judge a Willie Mays on a single game," said Dark. "You have to judge him on eleven seasons of major-league ball. He does things that you have to see again and again to recognize that they are the things Mays does, and not things that just happened. If Mays makes a play, you can bet it's the right one. The fans of San Francisco were slow to take to Willie. Maybe they expected him to hit a home run or catch a fly ball on top of the fence every day. But now that appreciation is evident all the time."

When Bill Rigney met with the press in 1958 to tell the story of Mays, he was listened to politely. In retrospect, his words take on a new glow.

"Willie Mays is the world's greatest athlete," Rigney said. "He is that today, and he was just that in 1956 and 1957. His motions are so smooth, I even get a kick out of the silky way he puts on his coat. He is the only man I know who can win a game for you in every department of the game, except pitching. They talk about his impossible catches. In 1957 we were leading Pittsburgh by a couple of runs in the late innings and the Pirates loaded the bases. Roberto Clemente smashed one that should have been a triple. No other center fielder in the National League could have gotten that ball, I'll swear, but we know Willie. We watched him start the chase to his right. We waited for him to punch the glove, his instinctive signal that he's got it. We waited some more. It was a tremendous wallop and I groaned to myself, 'Dammit, there goes another ball game.' But hold it! To this minute I don't know how but Willie got there—except he didn't have time or room to put out his gloved hand. Know what

he did? He reached up with his bare hand and clutched it for the out.

"Amazing is right. After that stunner to retire the side, Willie trotted to the dugout where he placed the ball in my hand. He smiled just a little bit, from the corners, and he said, 'Here's something for you, skipper.'

"Can you blame me," Rigney exulted, "if I say Mays is the greatest?"

One has the opinion, too, that Willie can do anything in baseball that he wants to do. Early in 1962 his average was low but his home runs high. None would admit it, but Mays said it another way, "They pay big for home runs." In other words, he was all out for the fences because he needed the money. In mid-season, when the Giants were fighting for first place, Mays seemed to want to get his average back above .300 while helping the team in runs scored and RBI's. This he accomplished.

When it was necessary, after his sickness, to hit home runs that won ball games while putting him over the statistical top, he did it. His home run on the final Sunday of the season that helped the Giants beat the Colts and tie for the National League lead, and his two home runs in the first day of the playoff that crushed the Dodgers, were the dramatic kind that made little old ladies hurdle the fences. Those two smashes were his 48th and 49th of the season, the latter beating out Harmon Killebrew of the American League for the home-run championship of both leagues. His salary may be based pretty much on those home runs, at \$2,000 and some change for each home run.

Willie is wonderful with kids. He puts them in their

place in a positive way, and they love his domination. Walking down Fillmore Street in San Francisco, a little pigtailed pickaninny approached him and demanded, "Willie, pick me up." Willie picked up the five-year-old. In a few minutes every little one on the block was around insisting that he pick them up, too. He had tiny girls and boys on both shoulders, in both arms, and clinging to both legs. Finally he shook a hand loose and reached into his pocket for some coins, which he threw to the sidewalk. That started a scramble and Willie was free. He threw more coins until he had none. Then he dispatched a friend to a nearby bank for change of a \$20-bill, and after he had thrown away that fortune in dimes, both he and his young friends were satisfied with their moment of fun. Asked if he felt like a Rockefeller, Willie said: "I dunno about that, but I sure had my workout for today."

Willie Mays was born to a world of play, a world where his instinctive grace can be admired by young and old. Only he makes those belt-buckle catches, only he takes that fluid rip at the ball . . . why, he even dives under a bean ball with a Maysian flair.

Simple words sometimes tell more. Willie agreed to appear in Richmond for the Police Widows and Orphans Fund. In the audience were hundreds of children. The master of ceremonies invited the kids to ask questions of Mr. Mays, and they dashed forward. The last little tyke in line finally got his turn. He looked up at his hero for the longest time and the impatient M. C. repeated, "What is your question for Mr. Mays?" At last the boy was able to phrase his "question."

"Hello, Willie," he said.

XII

Orlando Cepeda

ORLANDO Cepeda is known as Pedro to his Spanish-speaking teammates and the Baby Bull to sports writers. Giant owner Horace Stoneham sometimes calls him "Powder River!" which is Horace's expression for approval of the home run, or as Orlando knows it, the quadrangular.

Orlando closed the 1962 season in confusion. His average dropped from .352 in late May to .306 at season's end. He had 15 home runs in the first two months and only 20 for the next four. He went one month over August-September without a single quadrangular, *muy mal*.

Technicians said he had developed a loop at the top of his swing that cut down his power. Orlando said he was tired from too much winter ball. After the season, when he flunked one part of an eye test for a driver's license, he became alarmed and announced he had a cataract in his right eye. The eye, he said, had made him half blind during September. An ophthalmologist hired by the Giants then examined him and found nothing wrong. "He has," said the specialist, "the eyes of an eagle."

Willie McCovey, a next-door neighbor of Cepeda's, had offered a similar diagnosis when he first heard of the cataract. "Orlando must be the greatest batter of all time if he can hit .306 with one blind eye."

Giant fans hoped that Cepeda's original complaint (tiredness) was valid. For the Baby Bull had become very much a part of "Safraseeko" since he and the Giants arrived together April 15, 1958. In his first season he hit .312 and won national Rookie of the Year honors as well as a local poll for Most Valuable Giant over superstar Willie Mays. The result was possibly predicated on heart more than hand. Mays had been heralded as more legend than living, more myth than man, the greatest of the greatest. Willie only batted .347 that year. Knowledgeable baseball men were not concerned with comparisons. They said, "If Mays in the third spot and Cepeda in the fourth spot ever start hitting together over an extended period, the Giants will be unbeatable." The hope remains, but the two have seldom batted in concert for more than a few weeks at a time.

In 1958 Stoneham, reflecting on a sixth-place finish for the Giants in New York and projecting toward a new life in San Francisco, saw Cepeda for the first time in spring training at Phoenix. "If Cepeda doesn't make it big in the majors," said Stoneham, "I'll give up my franchise. He has everything that baseball represents."

And yet the florid words of the boss seemed empty in 1959, 1960 and part of 1961 while the Giant front office wrestled with the Cepeda versus McCovey problem. Lost too was the celebrated appraisal by veteran Whitey Lockman, who in spring of 1958 was a first-base candi-

date along with Cepeda, Bill White (now Cardinals) and McCovey (at the time hurting with a wrenched knee). Manager Bill Rigney asked Lockman to take Cepeda aside, look him over and show him a few things about handling the bag. Lockman saw Cepeda field and then he saw him bat.

"This kid," Lockman told Rigney, "is a year away."

Rigney was puzzled. "A year away from what?"

"From the Hall of Fame."

His first year with the Giants was a wonderful holiday for Orlando. In mid-season he was given a raise from \$8,000 to \$11,000. In a new city Stoneham dared bench many of his veterans and try five rookies, led by big, good-natured, cha-cha loving Orlando, handsome with a coffee-and-double-cream complexion, a mischievous smile and a distinctive gait forced upon him by a childhood foot operation. For all of his good nature, the "Bool" showed he could glower with the best, and his Latin temper rose furiously in times of field strife.

Next year shook up Orlando Cepeda. He was just a little better in all departments over his rookie year, but when the team sagged in mid-August McCovey was brought up from the minors for batting strength. McCovey was a wonder. In seven days he batted .500 and picked up the whole club. Cepeda was shifted to third, where he played "like a bootcher," and to the outfield, where he was adequate. Cepeda had been named to the All-Star game of 1959 at first base, yet he couldn't make his own team at that position. In 1960 Cepeda alternated at first base with McCovey and spent other days either in left or right field.

Chuck Dressen, then at Milwaukee, said, "They've got a problem with those two. If they play McCovey and Cepeda together, they're weak defensively in two positions. I know what I'd do, but I ain't saying."

What Dressen would have done, apparently, the Giants finally did. Cepeda, at first base, led the National League in home runs in 1961 with 46 and was hailed as the challenger to Roger Maris. He was given a salary of \$47,000. His future appeared brighter than that of his famous father.

Orlando Cepeda is the son of a Puerto Rican baseball player, Pedro Cepeda, known as Perucho. The father was called "The Babe Ruth of the Caribbean" and was the long-time leader of the home-town Santurce team. Orlando remembers that he didn't really know how famous his father was until grammar school, where the kids gathered around and he got his nickname of Little Peruchin. Now he favors the nickname Pedro, for his papa.

Orlando's beginnings are contrasted to those of Mickey Mantle, another slugger of repute. Mickey's father also died when his boy was a teen-ager, but as a semi-pro ball player the elder Mantle wanted his son to know everything about the game. Mantle learned to become a switch hitter and a superlative outfielder. Cepeda's father was a baseball star but he did not want his boy to be dimmed in his shadow, to be known only as the son of Perucho.

Whenever they had a man-to-man talk, which apparently was seldom, the elder Cepeda told Orlando to play in school and to study. In one of their early talks Peruchin was given a ball and a glove and a bat. He cherished the gifts. It wasn't a vow, as he remembers, but he knew he

had to be a big hero too. He played ball in school and despite lumbering around on a bad foot later corrected by an operation, he made his desire known to his father.

One day when he was only fourteen he was brought to the Santurce team by Perucho, who even then was sick in the kidneys, and was outfitted with a suit. There were few predictions of success for Orlando, but he chooses to think his father was a freedom-loving man who did not want to place his own stamp on his children and kill their initiative . . . if Orlando was to play baseball he must find the desire from within himself.

"He thought I was a good ball player," says Cepeda, and that was all the recommendation needed.

Orlando was signed by the Giants for \$500. His start was awful. In a Class D league he committed 16 errors in 26 games, once struck out eight times in a row. But he was growing, not only in size but in grace and maneuverability. In 1955 he hit .393 at Kokomo, in 1956 he hit .355 at St. Cloud and in 1957 he hit .309 at Triple A Minneapolis.

Stoneham decided Orlando was ready, and in fact announced this to the press in New York to the surprise of Manager Rigney, who had planned to open with Lockman.

As with all dark-skinned Giant ball players, Cepeda fell immediately under the influence of Alex Pompez, the Giants' "Scout of Negro Leagues." Pompez once owned the New York Cubans of the Negro League, which played in the Polo Grounds. After Jackie Robinson created a place for Negroes in professional ball and ac-

tually ruined the Negro Leagues, Pompez went to work for his landlord, Horace Stoneham, as a scout.

But he was more than that. As a Spanish-speaking Cuban he had become judge advocate and advisor to all Negroes and Latinos. He helped with contracts, told them about haircuts, manicures, neckties and shoeshines. He instructed them in the use of language and their place in "beisbol." He explained wages and work rights.

In the Giants' camp in Florida, Cepeda and his countryman, Jose Pagan, came as free agents and after several days of negotiations, were signed by Pompez for \$500.

Orlando did not sign immediately because he had heard somewhere that a player's signature was almost as important as his bat, and he remembered that his father was a big star. But in America he was told that Perucho's name meant nothing. Nevertheless Orlando was secretly delighted that he was worth as much as \$500 which is a lot of frijoles in any country, especially Puerto Rico.

"Pompez he tell me everything," said Cepeda.

The works of Pompez were noticeable one day last spring at Casa Grande, Arizona, the new Giants' minor-league training complex. Cepeda was absent because he was holding out. The lesson about his signature was still with him. No one was worried too much. His asking price was high but he was worth it. Pompez was there, holding court in the lobby of the Francisco Grande Motel. Around him sat the Latin contingent—Felipe and Mateo Alou and Juan Marichal, established Giants from the Dominican Republic, and close by, two others from Santo Domingo, rookies Manuel Mota and Dan Rivas.

The circle included Jose Pagan and Jose Calero from

Puerto Rico, Gil Garrido from Panama and Jose Cardenal from Cuba.

Pompez, a brown-faced, bald-headed, calm and pleasant little patriarch, noted that Cepeda wasn't around but it really didn't matter because "he is an important man now and he knows his place. We can discover a boy and talk with him, but he is the baseball player, and one day he must be on his own. As he grows in years he needs my advice less and less. So it is my business to find another bright young star; always another one."

The lobby conversation was in rapid Spanish. Often the talk turned to deportment.

"Jose Cardenal, you have not sat up straight once all morning," Pompez scolded the teen-age Cuban. Everybody laughed because Cardenal is noted for stretching and spreading, catlike, all over an easy chair. The laughter grew. The happy-go-lucky Cardenal caught the spirit and, as they say in America, he broke up. He fell off the chair with athletic grace and rolled a couple of times on the floor, after each turn peeking up from the corners of his eyes toward Pompez. The old man smiled. Cardenal got up and slipped primly back into his seat, trying to sit erect.

Young Mota had a \$3,000 check from winter ball. He asked Pompez to hold it. Pompez opened a savings account for him in Phoenix. Cardenal had a \$2,000 check. This was placed in the motel's safe because Cardenal would not stay with the big club that season.

"We have long talks," said Pompez. "These are good boys. They marry their childhood sweethearts and they don't go wild when they earn so much money. Look

at Felipe Alou's wife over there . . . a lovely, lovely girl. He adores her and she thinks of him as a hero. The same for Cepeda's wife, and the others."

Pompez conceded that the instruction for young state-side Negroes was more difficult. "It is not easy for them. These boys, many of them, have come from the lowest economic strata, and from parents with no education. They get a few dollars and they lose their heads. They won't listen."

With maturity, the sense of leadership has caught up with Cepeda. Like Mays, he is high-priced—the highest-priced Latin in baseball—and his deportment is a vital guide to others. Among the Giants, perhaps Felipe Alou might challenge Cepeda on a strict personality basis for votes among countrymen, but none can doubt Cepeda's long ball and large salary, the marks of a modern hero.

Besides his youth, two factors may have kept Cepeda from great gobs of publicity. One, his tardiness in being established in one position. Two, his non-scandalous private life. He loves to dance and sing, but he doesn't drink or lag after hours at bright spots. Perucho and Pompez taught him well.

In San Francisco Cepeda lives in a modern five-room flat on Pacheco Avenue just a long fly ball from the Pacific Ocean beach. He settled there in 1961 with his bride, Ana. First item to be plugged in was the hi-fi set, and their days are filled with the sounds of Chano Pozo, Cal Tjader, SantaMaria and other conga rhythm makers. Tjader's original composition, "Viva Cepeda," became a standard for bongo-music fanciers and it gets a daily play on Pacheco Avenue. Orlando's favorite musician,

though, is the Afro-Cuban conga drummer, Santa Maria. "He," says Orlando, "he is the most best. He my friend."

Mrs. Cepeda was Ana Pino, age fifteen, when she met Orlando, then nineteen. Orlando, who attacks the English language with the same forthright confidence that he uses for stroking thrown baseballs, whether in or out of the strike zone, answered a reporter's questions when he brought his bride to San Francisco.

The reporter said, "I'll bet your bride doesn't even like baseball. She just likes you."

Orlando protested. "Oh no, no. She really like baseball. She like me too. That's where she find me, in the Santurce ball park. Every day she there. Of course every day I there too. Pretty soon we see each other. Pretty soon we talk about baseball and maybe the beautiful sunshine and cha-cha-cha music and maybe we talk about each other."

Orlando is as descriptive about the Candlestick weather as he is about romance. The weather is often "*mucho frijo*" but he doesn't care if he's hitting.

"First year I come here from warm Puerto Rican country, br-r-r, I am cold all the time. Too cold. Then the season is over and I go back home. Ouch! Too hot all the time. Next year back to Safraseeko. Hey, br-rrr! Too cold."

Cepeda's hot Latin temper boils over on the field now and then. His most celebrated outburst came in 1958 at Pittsburgh, where in an attempt to defend pitcher Ruben Gomez he picked up a double-weight metal practice bat and waved it menacingly toward the Pirates. He was tackled by Willie Mays before he could swing.

The close bond among Latins is expressed by Cepeda, "These ball players they my friends from winter ball or from my home town. We talk same language, like same food, same music, why not we should look for each other? Every day I read the box scores to see how is doing Jiminez or Taylor or Hernandez or Gotay or Clemente, they my friends. We speak Spanish at the ball park because we feel comfortable, easy, free. We feel you speak your English when you around us so why we be ashamed to speak our language when we around you? We not talking about you"—and then with an impish grin—"sometimes maybe not."

Among the Giants, Pedro and Pepe and Relampago and Nico and Pege often huddled before games. These are Orlando (Pedro) Cepeda, Felipe (Pepe) Alou, Jose (Relampago for Lightning) Pagan, Juan (Nico) Marichal and Manuel (Pege) Mota.

Orlando, for sheer size if not yet for consistent performance, is the Big Man of the Latinos. He hopes one day to achieve the dream of becoming, like a transplanted Babe Ruth, the Peruco of the United States.

XIII

Light on the Dark

CONTEMPORARY baseball writers in San Francisco were unaware of the delight and despair they were to be compelled to enjoy and endure when Alvin Ralph Dark, team man extraordinary, was hired to manage the Giants shortly before spring training, 1961.

Until then, the compactly built student and near master of all things interesting to him, was a page in the record book, a casual, polite "How ya doin'?" acquaintance when their paths crossed on the diamonds of the National League.

He is more than a casual acquaintance now, but in many respects this many-sided man from Louisiana by way of his native Comanche, Oklahoma, is still the enigma he was that first day in January, 1961, when they met head to head.

You name the personality and Dark has some of it. He has the uninhibited flair of a river-boat gambler and the caution of a magistrate. He is deeply religious, a tithing Baptist, yet his lips on occasion become sullied by

profanity and little fibs. He is restless, yet sleep does not come difficultly to him.

He has an infectious inner calm, yet inside him rages the boiling lava of an emotional volcano that not always lies dormant. It can erupt with maniacal fury, explode into frightening acts of golf-club and stool throwing.

After a particularly wretched game in Philadelphia in mid-1961, nine innings of horror during which the Giants left everybody stranded on third base except J. Edgar Hoover and lost 1-0, Dark stormed into the clubhouse, blindly grabbed a steel-legged stool and slammed it against the door.

There is a little less of Dark, now. The tip of his index finger went with the stool.

That was the uncontrollable side of Alvin Dark.

The controllable side was seen in Phoenix during Dark's first spring as the leader. Just about tuck-in time, Alvin got word that three of his hearties, outfielder Harvey Kuenn, catcher Bob Schmidt and third baseman Jimmy Davenport had been tossed into the local tank.

While driving back from nearby Scottsdale, where they had lightly sampled the joys of the juice, they were heckled by some youths in a following car. At the corner of the Adams Hotel, Giant headquarters in Phoenix, doors suddenly were thrust open and bodies piled out of cars, brandishing fists.

The Giants went to the pokey and were booked for disturbing the peace and a couple of other even less hysterical charges. Dark rode through the night to the rescue to release the temporary mavericks.

Alvin stoutly defended his men, although such were

the circumstances that early in his managerial career he could have set the stern pattern of unbending discipline. A non-drinker himself, Dark naturally was interested in finding out if his sinning sippers had imbibed and, when informed they had, Alvin hissed at the desk sergeant, "And how do you know? Did you test them?"

"No," was the firm reply. "But it was evident that they had been. Their eyes were red."

Dark's comeback was unique if not hilarious.

"Those boys," he hissed, "played nine innings under a hot sun today and I was with them. My eyes are red, too. Yours would be, too."

Thereupon, Dark retreated to a corner of the room, refusing to have further rapport with the captors.

One cannot expect the Dark statement of today to stand up tomorrow, which has been a constant theme of harassment to the journalists; yet nobody has ever been angered by the ebb and flow of the Alvin brain. In the spring of 1961, Dark announced that Mike McCormick would be used strictly in turn; no relief.

Mike pitched the ninth inning of the opening day game—in relief.

Dark announced Felipe Alou, an outfielder, "would play a little third base this year." Felipe spent two mornings at third base during the spring and after that his only contact with the bag was when he got there as a runner or touched it while trotting to his outfield position.

He said Alou, the more accomplished player, would open the season in right field, a treacherous position in wind-whipped Candlestick Park, and Orlando Cepeda

would start in left. On opening day—you guessed it. Alou in left, Cepeda in right.

In an effort to still the howls of fan rage that rent the San Francisco air the year previous when Cepeda, the Baby Bull with the world-lighting smile, was ineffectually shifted back and forth between first base and the outfield, Dark announced, "McCovey is my first baseman, Cepeda my outfielder."

On the ninth game of the season, McCovey went back to the bench and Cepeda regained his beloved first base.

Nobody can keep up with Alvin's never-sleeping mind, although he invites you to try. His patience is infinite and baseball, in a great sense, his Bible. Although he never touches the stuff, he'll order the drinks and then talk strategy and personalities and hopes until a startled sun peeks in the window and wonders if maybe it got up too soon. These frequent sessions are pure delight as stories are tossed around, theories explored, perhaps headlines born.

Dark takes a particular interest in "cueing in" the writers. He wants them "to look good." If a trick maneuver is to be tried, or has just been tried, Alvin will provoke a conversation during which the complex details of the play are laid out before the writer.

"It has to help you in the eyes of the players," he says, "if you correctly report the machinery of the play."

Only a dullard would not benefit from mental contact with Dark, the personable perfectionist. He has had a life-long romance with his game and he admires greatly those who can speak intelligently about it.

Dark was a standout halfback at Louisiana State under

Bernie Moore. By his own admission he started to become a manager when, at twenty-four, he signed a Boston Brave contract for \$40,000. He went immediately into the major leagues. He has never left.

Along the way, Dark credits many men for what success he has realized in the tearing grind of a highly competitive and at times a very dangerous game—among them Billy Southworth, his first manager, pitcher Johnny Sain and infielder Eddie Stanky, and Leo Durocher, his leader with the New York Giants.

"I first began thinking baseball instead of just trying to play it," says Dark, "when I joined the Braves and met Johnny Sain. I first began seriously thinking of becoming a manager when I roomed with Eddie Stanky on the Giants, although I believe even up to then I unconsciously was preparing myself for the day when I no longer could play."

Part of what Sain told Alvin still remains in Alvin's book of applied psychology.

"I was in a slump," recalls Dark, "and Sain offered advice I still practice. He told me, 'When you go into a slump, and the greatest do, people all around you will offer suggestions. They'll try to change your stance, raise or lower your hands, move you up or back in the batter's box. But remember this: Try them and one by one discard them and then go back to doing what you always did. You didn't get to the majors by striking out.'"

Because of this theory, Dark risked the wrath of San Francisco not more than twenty minutes after he'd officially been introduced to the press, radio and television as the Giants' new foreman.

"If there is any batting instruction to be done," he said, "it will be my responsibility. I don't believe in special hitting instructors."

This was, not deliberately, hitting at the heart of one of San Francisco's beloved heroes, Frank "Lefty" O'Doul, long-time leader of the San Francisco Seals. Twice a National League batting champion, a former Giant and respected authority on the art of hitting, O'Doul had worked as a spring batting instructor under Bill Rigney in '58, '59 and '60.

"I don't believe," says Dark, "that once a man reaches the majors he can be improved as a hitter. He either has it by then or he doesn't."

This is not an unpopular theory, except with O'Doul, who was hurt, and his thousands of San Francisco fans, who were angry.

O'Doul continued to go to spring training but he had little to do with the varsity. His work involved the kids at Casa Grande, Arizona, the home of the Giants' farm system.

Quite a bit of Sain remains with Dark, above and beyond Johnny's advice on slump-shaking. Alvin is still listening, experimenting, sifting, discarding, applying. He didn't become an All-Star big-leaguer nor a two-time World Series competitor by merely the physical.

Durocher called Dark "my upside-down shortstop" because of the unorthodox way Alvin played the position. He didn't possess the grace of a Marty Marion or a Pee Wee Reese, but by study and application mastered the plays.

His close association with Stanky brought Alvin closer

to thoughts of managership. They were roomies, amazingly compatible, incredibly alike. Stanky was the Dark style of player, compensating with his brain a natural lack of physical grace. After each game they would dissect the strategy used that day, invent some of their own, conspire to apply it.

Dark still is learning. As late as the third game of the 1962 World Series, Alvin made a personnel decision. Because the bullpens in Yankee Stadium are so completely obscured from the dugout, as are some pens in the National League, Dark took Wes Westrum off the first-base coaching line and sent him to the bullpen. He replaced Wes with Larry Jansen, the pitching coach.

"I decided right there," said Dark, "to have some responsible person in the bullpen, somebody on whom I could rely for advice."

He took that change into the 1963 season with him.

Dark is fearless. It took a little courage to do what he did to O'Doul, a victim of a principle. It also took a little moxie to convert gangling Willie McCovey, a slow-reacting first baseman of immense proportions (six feet four, 210 pounds) into an outfielder.

He won a pennant with McCovey, and at the end Willie, unsurpassed in the area of trying to improve despite the laughter of his detractors, had so mastered his position he was audaciously taking fly balls away from Willie Mays in a World Series!

Alvin Dark can fib, too. But his rare shading of the truth never angers, only puzzles.

Case in point: Late in the 1961 race and in Philadelphia, the Giants desperately tried to salvage a tie by

stalling. Balls were thrown away in the bullpen. The pitcher, Mike McCormick, worked with agonizing care. The catcher, Hobie Landrith, just couldn't seem to give Mike the correct sign amid great head wagging and finger waggling.

Actually, all Alvin had to do was change pitchers and the time consumed in the change would have eaten the clock away.

It was so badly done, the entire act, that some experienced writers could not conceive that the deliberate stall was on. Another journalist, Charles Einstein, disagreed.

"Then if that's a stall," said one disbeliever, "it's the bushiest stall I've ever seen."

Later, when their paths crossed briefly in the lobby of the hotel, Dark admitted to Einstein that, yes, the stall was on. The next day, to other writers, he said, "I always play to win."

Alvin was not immediately a full-dimensional manager. He possessed the frailty of so many managers who had gone before him and who, unquestionably, will come after him. He could not at first disassociate the players from his own image, and the Dark image is a stern, compact little package of devotion, dedication, loyalty and the ceaseless search for improvement.

Anything short of this angered and distressed him. But as he gained experience he learned to live with it. Not everybody plays baseball the way Dark did. Not everybody could. And when Alvin learned that the uncompromising perfectionist is ill-fitted to command he began to wear away the rough edges with the soft abrasive of knowledge.

There was a little irony written into the final paragraph of the Dark Story, 1962.

Shortly before the Giants went into the stretch drive, Gene Mauch, the Philadelphia pilot, said, "Dark is the greatest manager in the game today."

Mauch, for whom Dark has an inordinate amount of respect, finished sixth. Alvin won the pennant.

Gene was named Manager of the Year in the National League!

XIV

The Whipping Boy

SELDOM in the course of baseball events has one man known so many times the heady thrill of success and the agonizing pain of failure as Willie Lee McCovey, the Giants' gangling bomber from Mobile, Alabama.

He has been booed and cheered, taunted and adored, fined for curfew violations and raised in pay. Even when he had nothing more to do with it than merely show up he was blamed in some quarters for stalling the Giants' drive to an eventual pennant. Through all the torment and praise, the ridicule and the accolades, the six-foot-four power plant known as "Stretch" maintained a discreet, gentlemanly mien. In some instances the criticisms were merited by slothful play and in those days he must have hated to go to work.

Baseball is played nine to a side but San Franciscans, in the seven days when McCovey broke in hitting .467, thought he was a one-man gang. He was hitting .377 at Phoenix in late July when brought in overnight as the Giant ship began to sink. The wondrous things that hap-

pened in the bright new world of McCovey were not only fantastic, they were utterly ridiculous. How was it possible that he should hit in every game, and always when it counted? And fabulous, in the unbelievable, fabled sense, that he should supplant the 1958 Rookie of the Year who was batting .329, highest on the Giant club? Orlando Cepeda was sent to third base, but what runs Orlando kicked away in the field, Willie replaced with his bat. After four days at third base, Cepeda went to left field in place of low-hitting Jackie Brandt, and superior gloveman Jimmy Davenport returned to third. A mid-season rookie had shaken the whole tree.

McCovey had been hustled to San Francisco in such a hurry he left half of his clothes and all of his "genuine Willie McCovey Louisville Slugger" bats in Phoenix. Sleepy but energized by his big chance, he broke in with two singles and two triples. His best hit was such a line drive rocket off the wall and recovered so quickly that McCovey was held to a single. Just when pennant fever was subsiding, the patient went into a delirium again. The city's baseball-mad population asked many questions—was he Irish? was it pronounced as in "anchovy" or as in "lovey-dovey"? was he THAT good?

The great Robin Roberts of Philadelphia was McCovey's first victim. Asked what he threw to McCovey, Roberts said: "Everything. He hit everything." As he went along hitting against Harvey Haddix, Elroy Face, Warren Spahn, Bob Buhl and Lew Burdette, the appraisals continued. Said Buhl: "You ask me what I threw to him? Whatever the hell it was, it was the wrong pitch."

Of a sudden, the kid who dreamed of becoming a major

leaguer was living a dream. In one morning he was awakened by a reporter-photographer team from the *News-Call Bulletin* to be interviewed and photographed at breakfast. At the ball park he was surrounded by four New York baseball writers and a dozen local feature writers who examined every flaw—even the chip on his front tooth (since capped) and the two corns on his third toes. At batting practice he was caught by cameramen from *Life*, *Time*, *Sports Illustrated*, *Look*, *Saturday Evening Post*, the Associated Press, the United Press International and the local papers, meanwhile answering questions by reporters. After batting practice he posed and spoke for a local TV program, then taped a week-end bit for NBC's man from Monitor. Everybody followed him back into the locker room after practice. In the game, he hit two home runs into the right-field bleachers as the Giants regained first place.

The sudden adulation knocked a dent in McCovey's normal TV-viewing schedule, but he had already decided he liked San Francisco. His favorite pastime was watching shoot-'em-ups and he found city TV fare the greatest, because it went cloppety-clop on four local stations. Also, he could take his choice of a dozen downtown movie theatres. Three movies a day and one ball game (plus eating and sleeping ten to eleven hours) would be the ideal existence. In Phoenix, a fellow would run out of movies by Wednesday.

After his first 37 games in the majors, Stretch was hitting .384 with 11 home runs and 28 runs batted in. He finished the season at .366, and a close inspection of his records revealed that toward the last he was getting

only one hit per game instead of bunches. He was named rookie first baseman of 1959.

The year 1960 was a dreadful one for Willie and the Giants. Near-champions in 1959, they lurched to fifth. Rigney was fired while in second place, and portly Clancy Sheehan, the former superscout who is now back to superscouting, took charge. McCovey wound up at .238 for 101 games and a fielding percentage almost as bad.

The fans were on him. Certain segments of the sporting press never let up. It was a haunting year for the amiable, seldom smiling mountain of a man. Upon the elevation to command of Sheehan, McCovey was used sparingly at first base, now reclaimed by Cepeda. After the season, Willie was asked if being forced into comparative inactivity had an effect on his over-all slump.

"I wasn't underplayed," said McCovey, "I was overweight!"

Maybe he knew more than his critics. He bounced back a little in 1961, hitting .271 with 18 home runs and 50 runs batted in, but still the people and the press were on him. The impact of this constant, penetrating inspection finally got to him in the spring of 1962. He admitted out loud that it probably would be better for his career to be traded to another major-league club that would play him regularly. This was interpreted as a "play me or trade me" edict from McCovey and so it appeared in print.

McCovey angrily denied it, explaining that, sure, it would be better for him but he didn't want it better. He wanted to remain a Giant and he was positive the Giants needed him.

Concurrent with Horace Stoneham's subsequent announcement that McCovey was not on the block came manager Dark's proclamation: "McCovey will play left field for us this year, and maybe a little first base. Cepeda is my regular first baseman. There will be no more running Orlando on and off first base every day."

Many critics decided this was McCovey's first step out of the major leagues. When Willie made his first catch of a fly ball in left field, several writers devoted entire columns to the feat. But McCovey was too busy to heed. He worked, sweated, tried and won. At the start he looked like a huge flamingo flopping around, all arms and legs and massive hands, but in time with confidence he achieved a certain grace. One wondered where the fly ball would land but no, Willie always came down with it.

McCovey became versatile. He started the second and fifth games of the World Series at first base. He started the third game in right field and the seventh in left field. He didn't make an error. He smashed a home run.

He came within inches of winning the World Series with the blow that Yankee second baseman Bobby Richardson caught.

As time warps memories, McCovey's blast has been refashioned mentally into a beautiful thing. Instead of a game-ending out that might label him a failure for the dozenth time, it has become the symbol of a hit elevating him to normal success. Not the dizzy, soaring, fabulous dream success that characterized his one wonderful morning-glory week, but a solid expectancy of repeating heroics to come.

No Giant ever rode so far down and so far up on a line drive

XV

Four Reasons Why

No man's value to a pennant-winning baseball club can be minimized, although it is often overlooked by the very human fault of cheering the big and forgetting the little.

Few know how very important trainer Frankie Bowman was to the Giants' ultimate success of 1962. He kept 'em playing as miles of tape and floods of gooey balm passed through his caring, kneading, healing fingers.

Equipment manager Eddie Logan, his daily life a hurricane of activity as he cared for the needs of highly strung, easily offended male animals, was important to the over-all glow of success.

Little Frank Bergonzi, in the front office, kept the players flying on schedule and was always available in emergencies to come up with the ticket that rushed a player home to a stricken family, or to a hospital for care and mending.

But to the public, these men are hidden values.

To the public, so, too, are some of the players. McCovey, Cepeda, Mays, Kuenn, Pierce, Sanford—they

owned the headlines, dominated the pre- and post-game interviews. Their deeds were Homeric, their followers inestimable.

But as the days became weeks, the weeks months and the months a full season, historians would bury their noses in the mass of information and find that men of somewhat lesser stature were doing something every day to bring about the day the pennant was won.

Four of these men were outfielder Felipe Alou, short-stop Jose Pagan, second baseman Chuck Hiller and third baseman Jimmy Davenport.

There were others—catcher Ed Bailey, whose rash of home runs picked the club out of the pit of despair on a late-season road trip; little Ernie Bowman, who beat the New York Mets with a home run and the San Francisco *Chronicle's* sports page the next day bannered, "Bowman Beats Mets—Bowman?"

There would not have been a playoff but for the Bowman home run that caused pinch-hitter Bob Nieman to needle Ernie with "That, Ernie, was the shortest salary drive in history."

Ernie was out of the lineup the next day.

An important, long forgotten mid-season pinch single by the unheralded Carl Boles kept a winning rally alive, and rookie right-hander Bob Garibaldi, the rich earth of a Santa Clara Valley campus still clinging to his shoes, came in to snuff out a Met rally with the bases loaded and only one down.

Where would the Giants be without them? Reading books written about the Los Angeles Dodgers, champions of the National League, that's where.

Perhaps, really, Davenport, for four consecutive years voted the Golden Glove among National League third basemen, stands with the big boys—Mays, Cepeda, etc. His pure artistry, his consistent play, his continual battle with physical and internal miseries, his dedication to “moving the runners along” have been underrated.

The Giants lost the pennant in 1959 when Jimmy suffered a severely wrenched knee late in the going. They were slowed and eventually stopped in 1960 when ulcers forced plasma treatment and an extended period of recuperation.

The following year again was pain-filled, and in 1962 he suffered a hairline fracture of a finger when struck, inadvertently, by Dodger Don Drysdale.

“I didn’t mean to hit Jimmy,” said Drysdale after the game. “Jimmy is one of the finest fellows in this business, a friend of mine and an all-pro. I didn’t mean it.”

“Course he didn’t,” said Jimmy, hurt again, in pain again. “He called me at my home this morning. Don’s O.K.”

Jimmy talked his way back into the lineup. Every swing and contact with the ball was torture to the former Mississippi Southern T-formation quarterback, but he kept swinging through tears, pecking away for important singles, deliberately giving himself away to advance a runner.

Thumb through the box scores, red ink in the big inning on offense or the terror-loaded innings on defense when the miracle catch had to be made and there you’ve got it: Jimmy was around, doing it, making them.

Yet in 1961, manager Alvin Dark’s first season as

leader, Davenport was on the ragged edge. "He doesn't move as well as I thought he could," said Dark. "He is accident-prone."

He wound up at .297 in '62 after being over .300 for most of the season. And do you know why he didn't finish at or above .300, the charm figure that could easily have been reached by merely adding three more singles to his total?

Because in the late going, when the scores were close and the throats tight and dry, Jimmy was giving himself up at the plate to score runs.

Take the Chuck Hiller case. Unwanted in the spring because he started wretchedly from the opening day of training, the Giants tried desperately, publicly, to replace him. Failure in 1960 to run out a ground ball cost him a sad trip back to the minors.

But he fought the odds of distrust and overcame a winter of mental agony during which he read many times his "epitaph" as a Giant.

Hiller is a bouncy, cocky guy. "Cocky in a nice way," is how his roomie, catcher Ed Bailey, a ten-year veteran in the majors, puts it.

"Why," laughed Bailey during a World Series interview, "when I joined the club last year they roomed me with Chuck. He spent the first ten days telling me all about baseball; all the fundamentals. He even told me how to catch.

"So I named him Abner, Abner Doubleday. When I first met Chuck I thought he had invented the game."

There is a delightful little spark of the hick in Hiller.

He is still awed by big cities. Everything, for instance, about downtown San Francisco is "Big League."

Chuck and the pretty Mrs. Hiller list their home address as McHenry, Illinois, although they really reside in Johnsburg, a nearby village of 2,000 population.

"We wanted to show we were from an important city," she laughed. "So we say we are from McHenry. What? Oh, I was afraid you'd ask that. Well, the McHenry population is exactly 3,336."

In the fourth game of the World Series, Hiller, the unwanted second baseman, ripped a grand slam home run off Yankee Marshall Bridges. It was the first Series grand slammer ever grand slammed by a National Leaguer. It beat the Yankees.

"All year," bubbled Hiller into a battery of post-game cameras, "I've been fighting for my life and suddenly I'm a hero. Baseball sure is a funny game."

From the "tightest" guy in spring training, Chuck developed into the "loosest" Giant and in the boiling crucible of World Series tension. Shortly after his grand slam, Hiller and utility shortstop Ernie Bowman were seen laughing while patrolling their beats, big guffaws that shocked those not accustomed to seeing other players enjoy battling the coldly, mechanically playing monsters of the Bronx.

"Couldn't help laughing," chuckled Chuck when later asked about this little bit of strangely localized mirth. "Ernie had just come up with a helluva play to throw out, while climbing off the ground, that pinch-hitter, Lopez. I yelled over to Ernie, 'You sure hot-dogged that one, little man. They'll love you on television.' "

Bowman broke up.

Perhaps the most underrated of them all was handsome, soft-speaking, loudly hitting, cannon-armed Felipe Alou, seldom perfectly healthy, always perfectly dangerous.

He played in the shadow of Mays. Many men would be lost there; lost unless one wanted to peer inspectively through that shadow and bring into the light the consistent magnificence of Felipe.

Earl Robinson of the Baltimore Orioles, home between seasons, was asked what he thought about Maury Wills beating out Willie Mays for the Most Valuable Player award.

"I don't know anything about that," said Robinson. "I'd take both of them for my team. But from what the other ball players tell me the real clutch hitter on the Giants was Felipe Alou, that right fielder. When the job had to be done, Felipe always was doing it."

The Robinson observation belongs not alone to him. The National League echoes it. Giant teammates echo it.

Possessor of a strange, almost awkward swing at the plate, a push-style not unlike the stiff-armed swing of Ted Kluczewski, Alou hit .289 in 1961 and, because of that swing, it was predicted he had reached his peak. Maybe a little above it.

On the first day of spring training, 1962, Alou assumed a different stance at the plate. Left foot pushed closer to the plate, right foot back from it, both feet spread, left shoulder back, bat held high at the ready, eyes boring into the eyes of the pitcher. He was unaware of the change in his stance.

"I just stepped in there," smiled the personable Felipe, "felt comfortable, and swung. I didn't think about it during the winter. It just happened."

"Sure happy it did," said manager Alvin Dark when the roar in Felipe's bat refused to lessen. The big boy hit .316 with 25 home runs and 98 runs batted in.

At one time early in his career it was believed that Felipe had a tendency to shy away from fences. These beliefs have a way of insidiously boring into minds that retain them and release them whenever a fence is not ballooned by the crashing, groping body of the suspected.

Alou forever dispelled that nonsense in the first game of the World Series in Candlestick Park.

Roger Maris maced one. As Roger Maris can. It was the first inning. A line drive toward right-center field. Mays didn't have a chance, and neither did Alou. But Felipe took out after it. At the screen he leaped, the number on his back squarely facing the plate. Up shot an arm, the hat flew off as contact with the fence was made. The body twisted, a hand searched the sky. For an immeasurable point of time it appeared Felipe had been impaled.

But the ball never quite got where Maris thought it was going. Felipe touched it, now tummy-deep into the suddenly concaved screen, and the ball that actually was above and beyond the fence, a home run, was deflected back onto the playing field.

It didn't save the game, but it permanently locked the yakkers of many of Felipe's detractors.

No brothers look less alike, physically and facially, than Felipe and Matty, the younger. Felipe is big. He exudes

power. His face is round and his eyes glitter with life. Felipe is right-handed. Matty is small, slender, pinch-faced. Matty is left-handed.

Felipe, although his command of English is limited, loves to talk it. In fact, he doesn't really talk it. He bubbles it. To Matty, whose rare shouts never grow above a whisper, a nod of the head is a conversation.

But these strangely different men have their similarities. Each is pleasant, each is comfortable to be around, each a helluva ball player.

When, early in the going against the Los Angeles Dodgers in Chavez Ravine, Felipe's swollen, seemingly always hurt right elbow and knee forced him protestingly out of the lineup, the Giants lost three in a row. When he returned, they gathered and amassed rows of victories.

Even the routine act of an outfield throw brought tears to Felipe's cheeks in the late going, yet enemy teams, aware of this, dared not run on him. At times, after a particularly deep throw, Felipe would bend double in pain and clutch at his elbow and Dark would say, "No, Felipe, you rest tomorrow," and Felipe would say, "No, I play tomorrow."

When hits screamed to be made, Matty would come off the bench and get them; singles and doubles to all fields, a drag or a push bunt—hits made with the "head." Matty started the winning ninth-inning rally in the third and championship playoff game against the Dodgers.

Matty twice started rallies against the Yankees, the last one in the last inning of the last game that saw him, and the Giants, die at third base.

There is another similarity between these fascinating

brothers. Each has a refreshing candor and no reluctance to use it on each other.

In the spring of 1960, when Felipe was tried at third base and found wanting—wanting not to try it—Matty was asked if his brother had ever attempted to battle the position.

“Yes,” said Matty, the chatterbox.

“How’d he do?”

“A butcher,” said Matty.

End of interview.

Early that same spring, with Matty new to the club, Felipe was asked if Matty could talk much English.

“He doesn’t talk much Spanish either,” smiled Felipe.

As for Jose Pagan, known as “Lightning,” his clutch hitting in the stretch more than balanced his .259 average. After the playoff against the Dodgers, reporters asked again and again about Pagan’s “sudden” emergence as a playmaking shortstop. Dark had been saying it to local baseball writers since June. He said it again in October, “Jose Pagan is the finest fielding shortstop in the National League. Period.”

XVI

The Pennant Race, 1962

UNTIL the pursuit, capture and caging of the Los Angeles Dodgers by the Giants in the almost unbearable pennant drive of 1962, two other stretch runs that led to spectacular victory stood out above all others in the minds of historians:

The 1914 Miracle Braves of manager George Stallings, who came from nowhere to catch John McGraw's New York Giants at the wire and then sweep Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics in the World Series; and the 1951 Giants under Leo Durocher, who, 13½ games behind the Brooklyn Dodgers, won 37 of their last 44 to catch the Ebbets Fielders on the last day of the campaign, and then win in a three-game playoff that was capped almost hysterically by Bobby Thomson's home run.

Alvin Dark's Giants of 1962 march in imperishable glory alongside those teams—perhaps a little in front of them.

Among the '62 clan of champions were five who performed heroically in the New York Giants' mad dash of

1951—manager Dark, coaches Wes Westrum, Larry Jansen and Whitey Lockman and center fielder Willie Mays. All of them agree that the success of '62 was infinitely more exciting.

"In 1951," said Lockman, "we were winning every day, just as were the Braves of 1914. In the stretch this year we'd win a few, lose a bundle and face despair, then gather again. The ride was bumpy. It was just a case of the Dodgers, at the wire, losing a few more steps than we did."

It was that bumpy ride that made the pennant race as agonizing and exhilarating to San Francisco fans as the playoffs and the Series itself. It was the end of the pennant race that crystallized the errant emotions of the fans, that brought them up suddenly to the realization that the Giants were *their* Giants.

Their 1962 season differed from the last three only in that the Giants managed to survive the annual June Swoons. They broke well from the barrier at the beginning of the season, won in bunches, lost in bunches, surrendered first place five times, leaped back to within a half-game of the Dodgers on September 7 with 23 games to play and then collapsed. At one point on their last road trip the Giants began to figure out how much money second place would be worth. Time and time again they lamented last night's defeat that seemed to clinch the loss of the pennant.

The Dodgers were waiting to be caught. But every time they'd lose, so would the Giants, and on September 22, with seven games to go, there they were—four games back, and joy was rampant in Los Angeles. Gloom

hung like an unholy pall over San Francisco and in the clammy silence of his little Candlestick office, Dark hung his head and said, "I wonder if they really WANT to win the pennant. I wonder if they really know HOW to win it."

They wanted to, and they knew how. But it took an almost unbelievable fold by the Dodgers to bring it within reach. The Dodgers died at their own hands; tired of looking back at the tenacious Giants whose playing seemed almost carefree, and a little frightened too, the Dodgers stopped hitting, kept losing, and were caught on closing day, September 30. Three days later they were passed for keeps.

The Giants had come out of spring training healthy as astronauts, but with problems. Second baseman Chuck Hiller had had a wretched spring. Southpaw Mike McCormick couldn't get anybody out. Little Billy Pierce, a new kid on the block, had been cruelly bombed—12 runs in one inning by, of all teams, the Los Angeles Angels, in Palm Springs.

Then on opening day, April 10, in Candlestick, the important little things began falling into their proper places. They later fell out during the agony of a mid-season slump; but for a long while the Giants played like the champions they were eventually to become by a hair's breadth.

Juan Marichal, the Dominican Dandy, shut out Warren Spahn 6–0 for openers, and Mays, on his first swing of the season slammed the first of his 49 home runs, only two below his career high of 51 struck in 1955.

He smashed another on April 11 and the Giants won 7–4. Jack Sanford, eventually to run off a string of 16 con-

secutive victories and a total of 24, won the third one, and Pierce, undefeated in 13 Candlestick contests, including a World Series triumph over the Yankees, won the fourth 7-2.

Rookie Gaylord Perry, soon to be sent back to the minors, won the fifth 13-6, from Cincinnati, with Orlando Cepeda and Felipe Alou each crashing two home runs.

Then the Giants, after reeling off those inaugural five wins, the first five of 61 home decisions, became mortal.

The jockeying for position was on.

On April 30, the gangling Perry, with Mays and Cepeda ripping towering smashes into the land of no return, defeated Pittsburgh at home 4-1, and the Giants took over first place in the sixth game of a ten-game winning streak.

On May 19, with McCormick going eight rounds for his first of only five victories, the Giants went four up on the field by mauling Houston 10-2, with Mays, Cepeda and Ed Bailey mashing home runs.

Then the Dodgers began eating away at the Giants' lead in spite of a seven-game winning string that was snapped on the last day of May, and a five-gamer to begin June, the bugaboo month.

For thirty-nine consecutive days the Giants held first place, surrendered it on June 8, regained it on June 26 in spite of five-three-three losing slumps; lost it on July 2, and recaptured it on July 7 by a half-game when they displaced the Dodgers, Sanford defeating Johnny Podres 10-3. In the last game before the second All-Star Game in Washington, D.C., Sandy Koufax shut out O'Dell 2-0, and the Dodgers were in front, to remain there, once by

as large a margin as five and one-half games on August 9, until September 30, closing day.

Once they lost first place and almost until the opening game of the playoff the Giants wobbled and waggled. McCormick couldn't win and was forgotten. Hiller was a mass of bruises from stopping flying blocks around second base. Pierce had been spiked, and the pitching rotation was grotesquely out of shape. Marichal had a bad knee. Sanford's arm mysteriously stiffened and Felipe Alou, actually an unsung hero in the ultimate triumph, played with an elbow so tender and inflamed that tears coursed down his cheeks when he was compelled to make a long throw, at times even while swinging the bat.

Younger brother Matty Alou, whose ninth-inning drag bunt in the third playoff game slammed the Dodgers far down the road to ruin, suffered muscle spasms in his back. Big Orlando Cepeda, the home-run (46) and runs-batted-in (142) defending champion, went into a monumental slump, careening from .352 on May 30 to .302 on September 21. During that stretch of ugly non-productivity, the proud Latin from Puerto Rico hit only seven home runs, and drove in only 56 runs.

Harvey Kuenn's father died and playing time was lost. Willie Mays collapsed in Cincinnati, and Cepeda was fined in Milwaukee for not running out a ground ball.

The road became a trail of torture, physically and statistically, for the Giants, and reached a peak of pique in Pittsburgh, September 16, when the troops had lost their third of four straight to the loose Pirates.

After the defeat, which had plunged them four games behind the Dodgers, the Giants began chattering about

the "take" for second-place money while casually and unconcernedly wolfing down the clubhouse smorgasbord. Their gales of laughter made Dark steam. Little Frankie Bowman, the trainer who fights the battle in his own important way—keeping them playing—looked on in amazement and disgust.

"Go ahead," said Dark, to whom defeat is obscene, "eat it up. It's the best thing you've been doing lately."

The laughter subsided, but only a little. For they were laughs more of hysteria, laughs with a little frustration and heartache behind them. The Giants were not finished fighting, only tired. Who could look into such hearts and say they had given up?

Dark, an accomplished psychologist, looked and thought he saw. But he hadn't.

Not so long before the Pittsburgh fold, the Giants had responded as Dark knew they could.

On September 1, three and a half games back, the Giants moved into roaring Chavez Ravine for a four-game set, their last regular season shot at the front runners. It was the most important series of Dark's brief managerial career, the most important series for the Giants.

They couldn't afford to split and survive. They had to win three. And they had a little background music going for them.

Shortly before this one the Giants, in Candlestick Park, had swept the Dodgers in three, August 10–11–12, O'Dell defeating Podres, 11–2, Pierce beating Drysdale, 5–4, Marichal measuring Williams 5–1.

It was in the second game of this series that San Fran-

cisco must have thrown the dread of inevitable defeat into the Dodgers.

It was the sixth inning, the Dodgers leading 3-2, mastodonic Don Drysdale pitching up a storm. Felipe Alou doubled to right, Tom Haller struck out. Jimmy Davenport was pinkied by a pitched ball and Jose Pagan took a called third strike. Equally mastodonic Willie McCovey hit for Pierce and concern visibly crossed the handsome features of the great Drysdale.

Earlier in the season he had said, "I wish that McCovey would play in some other league."

McCovey had the habit of dismantling the towering Dodger. And he did it again with a horrible-looking drive smashed deep into the right-field bleachers, and the Giants, with Stu Miller working calmly in relief, made it stand up for a most unforgettable victory on a most unforgettable swing.

So they met again, September 3—54,418 mad people in the stands at Chavez Ravine, in for the kill that never came.

Sanford won his 19th, 7-3, over Williams and Mays' 42d home run wrapped it up. The Dodgers, this time with 51,567 in the seats, squared the set by defeating Pierce 5-4, behind Pete Richert and Ron Perranoski.

With Marichal at his finest for six innings and Bobby Bolin at his finest for the last three in relief, the Giants shut out Padres and Ed Roebuck 3-0, and most of the 54,395 fans in the stands began to wonder what the hell was going on.

Prior to the next game, Dark said, "This is the most important game I've ever managed."

It proved, certainly, to be one of them.

The Giants went into the ninth tied at 5-5; Drysdale had been knocked out and Perranoski was on the hill.

With two down, one run in and the bases loaded, Kuenn swung for catcher Tom Haller and did he ever! Harv smashed a three-run double between Tommy Davis in left field and Willie Davis in center and the Giants were in. But the Dodgers weren't out.

With two aboard, one down and one run in in the last of the ninth, Tommy Davis slammed one high and deep into the soft blue skies above the ravine. The crowd went mad. Shock bordering on terror crossed the faces of the silent Giants in the dugout.

Kuenn went back, gracefully, on his toes, until he ran out of field. He touched the wall, stepped one short stride away from it and back in toward the infield, reached, got it.

It was the Giants' turn to go mad.

The Dodgers' lead had been sliced to one and one-half games and there still was plenty of schedule to go. As it developed, almost too much, for an abominable, near-killing, angry slump lay on the road before the Giants. And they collided with it with a sickening crunch that turned San Francisco into a vast disaster area.

The slump was not immediate, which made the impact even greater. The Giants swept three from Chicago and two from Pittsburgh.

Seven in a row, September 11, and now only half a game separated the Giants from the still leading Dodgers. Then it happened—six in a row the other way: two by Cincinnati and four by Pittsburgh, the fourth when a

man by the name of Elmo Plaskett powdered a home run off Mike McCormick.

One writer's lead the next morning read: "You can call the coroner, now. The Giants is dead."

And they appeared to be; but definitely. Four games back, 13 to play, and their incorrigible performances during the past two road trips seemed to have caught up with them. People began discussing the two-out, last-inning, double-play fumbles by Hiller in Milwaukee; the collapse of the pitching, the sustained slump of Cepeda, the swoon of Mays, the private depression of Dark—and the abominable Smodgers.

"The race," quietly said Alvin Dark through lips that were pressed dryly and tightly beneath eyes that were glazed, "will go down to the last day. We aren't through."

Nobody dared mention out loud that the leader was out of his cotton-pickin' mind on that September 22, in Candlestick Park, when Houston defeated the Giants 6-5, and the Dodgers whipped St. Louis in Busch Stadium.

The margin was four down, seven to go. It was dark at the top of the stairs; the door closed, but not yet locked, on the miracle.

Second-place money again was being discussed among the players. Routes home were talked about. In San Francisco the people were discussing the 49ers and at Candlestick Park, publicity director Garry Schumacher was thinking of whipping up a press and television brochure for spring training.

"The race," repeated Dark, "will go down to the last day."

The whittling of the so-called insurmountable Dodger

lead began the next day, a Sunday. The Giants, with Willie McCovey bombing a mighty home run to his off field, left, swept through Houston, 10-3, in Colt Stadium and the Dodgers bowed to St. Louis at home.

Three out, six to go.

Monday was an off day, Tuesday back to the mines.

Sanford rang the bell for the twenty-third time, whipping the Cardinals at Candlestick 4-2. The Colts roped the Dodgers in a now nervous and concerned Los Angeles.

Two out, five to go and the "voice" in the Candlestick clubhouse became a little more audible.

There was neither advance nor retreat on September 26. The Giants, with Pierce and jumbo Don Larsen combining for a 6-3 conquest of the Red Birds, hacked another half-game off the Dodger lead in an afternoon struggle. But the Dodgers won that night.

It was still two back for the Giants, four to go.

Thursday, September 27, was another day when the wilderness became suffocating and the "voice" in the club-house dimmer. The Giants lost in the afternoon, 7-4, and an entire area, hushed and despondent, turned its ears toward Los Angeles. Radios were tuned in on the powerful southern station carrying the play-by-play of the Dodger-Houston battle. People drank silently in the downtown bars. Transistors, cupped in hands and pressed against ears, hummed quietly as their owners nervously paced the streets of the suburban and metropolitan areas, afraid to hope.

The Dodgers lost 8-6, and the walking dead stirred.

Two down, three to go.

Rain in San Francisco. Yet thousands spilled into Can-

dlestic Park. Again through the gloom and drip could be heard the faint hum of transistors carrying the unbelievable message of yet another Dodger defeat. Hundreds remained in the damp Giant stands, listening, hoping, trembling. The swank Stadium Club bar was jammed with silent people, listening, hoping; in time, staggering.

One and one-half games back for the Giants. Three to play. Los Angeles had two, and Saturday brought a double-header to Candlestick.

The Giants pared the lead one game by winning the opener against the Colts 11-5, as Sanford made it 24 victories and McCovey, Cepeda and Tom Haller homered.

But the hearts of the brave were jolted when the Colts won the second game 4-2, and the "voice" had one faint cry left. The Dodgers had to lose that night.

The voices of Dodger broadcasters Vin Sculley and Jerry Doggett filled the homes and bars of a quiet city. To laugh was to invite a punch on the nose. To cry was to be cowardly.

A city stopped functioning.

The Dodgers lost to the Cardinals 3-2, and it was one down, one to go.

The "voice" dared not exult in this hour of perfect prediction. The last day was here, and the Giants were alive. A pennant could not be won in San Francisco, but it could be lost, and 41,327 sat at the base of the Candlestick that closing day, Sunday, September 30.

It was agony.

Billy O'Dell and Stu Miller held the Colts to but a single run. Ed Bailey homered off Dick Farrell in the

fourth. Willie Mays homered in the eighth, a majestic smash high and far away, heard even in Kezar Stadium at the football game, and people went berserk.

But wait! The Dodgers were still playing. It was Los Angeles 0, St. Louis 0, end of five. End of six. End of seven. End of eight! Typewriters in the press box were open, but untouched. No story could be started except for the flash by wire service men that the Giants had won.

Then from the crackling transistors in the stands and over the Western Union tape in the press box came the most beautiful message in San Francisco's sports history.

"HR, Oliver, St.L, 9th, none on" was the message.

Yet there was still more agony before the final ecstasy.

The Dodgers had three more outs coming. A hush hung above Candlestick. Downtown, cars pulled to the curbs, their occupants straining to hear the voice of Russ Hodges relaying the action from the south. One out. Two outs.

THREE OUTS!

The pennant race was tied, a playoff was on the way. Laughs could be laughed now, tears could be spilled. And they were.

The voice in the clubhouse spoke again.

"We'll win it now," Alvin Dark said, "and we'll take the Yankees to seven games in the World Series."

Perhaps it was prophetic, or maybe only a coincidence, that the Yankees were in San Francisco before the play-off was over.

XVII

The 1962 Playoffs

AT the Monday opener of the playoffs, the crowd was 32,660, about 12,000 short of capacity. "Not enough advance notice," Giant secretary Eddie Brannick explained. "Can't get the out-of-town people here." Brannick, in his sixty-fourth year with the club after starting as an office boy with Horace Stoneham's father, had estimated a 30,000 attendance; he knows his crowds.

The first game was almost too easy.

Billy Pierce, the personable little left-hander who was too old at thirty-three to serve in the American League, had been used wisely by Alvin Dark. "Whenever possible," said Dark, "he will get a full week's rest." Candlestick Park, with its strong breeze toward right field, favored a clever left-hander. And Billy liked the cool weather.

Pierce faced the sore-fingered Sandy Koufax, who lasted one-plus innings in that Monday opener and was ahead 5-0, by the sixth inning. But it wasn't over. When Pierce gets into the swing of a ball game, he starts to

hurry it up. Without realizing, he brings his left arm around faster, faster and faster. The faster he winds up, the less the arm "pops" and the slower the ball travels. The slower it travels, the harder they hit him.

Jim Gilliam was at bat, count two and one. Pierce seemed tired. He was missing the plate. In the bullpen, Don Larsen was warming up furiously, expecting to be called this very instant.

Dark walked to the mound. Catcher Ed Bailey was there ahead of him. The conversation was not recorded but it went something like this: "F sweet's sake, Billy, this isn't Indianapolis. Turn down your motor or we'll all get arrested for speeding."

Pierce chuckled a bit, and Bailey growled a bit, and then they went back to work. Though Gilliam eventually walked—the only walk Pierce gave up that day—the remainder had paid off. By now the ex-Chicago White Sox ace was in the groove again, picking his spots, nicking the corners.

Billy is a little guy, as athletes go, with a mild, often high-pitched boyish voice. He looks much milder than he throws. He had come to that game with a two-day growth of beard, ready for a battle. He wasn't about to concede without a fight.

"He's inclined to be lax at times in the middle of a game," said pitching coach Larry Jansen. "He knows it, but he still has to be told."

Pierce was thankful to be told. Though he was to enjoy other high moments in this giddy season, he rated this "one of my most satisfactory games" because it was not easy to forget that he was merely a relief pitcher for the

White Sox in 1959 when they lost to the Dodgers in the World Series.

"Catching up to the Dodgers," said Billy, "is something special."

The Dodgers lost 8-0, but catching up wasn't going to be that simple. The scene shifted next day to Dodger Stadium in Chavez Ravine. Though Los Angeles fans had had two days' notice, the attendance was only 25,231, about 30,000 short of capacity and 7,000 under Candlestick's quickly assembled crowd of the previous day.

A taxi driver bringing a fare to the stadium spoke of the light traffic. "Usually we're jammed up at the entrance," he said, "but not today. I tell you, this town has given up on the Dodgers. We're disgusted. It's a boycott."

The low attendance could well have drained the heart of Walter O'Malley and forced him to give up something drastic, like cigars. But baseball box scores have a way of balancing out. Presto, the unexplainable collapse of the Dodgers over the final two weeks was explained. The innings of drought—no runs in the last three days of the season and in the first game of the playoff—had been caused by the fact that the Dodgers didn't score any runs. How simple! In the sixth inning of the second game, in friendly Chavez, they scored seven big runs all strung together. That leveled the keel. The Bums were afloat again. O'Malley could order longer holders for his cigars.

It was a bizarre and baffling game, 4 hours, 18 minutes, longest in National League history. The Giants shot into a 5-0 lead and the starter, Dodger ace Don Drysdale, listened to the top of the sixth in the clubhouse.

Up in the press box Jack Dawson, member of a United

Air Lines team attempting to service visiting press, radio and TV men for the flight back to San Francisco, was on the phone arranging "must go" flights. By the end of the sixth, when the Dodgers scored their seven, Dawson was putting the "tentative cancel" on the reservation. In the eighth when the Giants tied it at 7-7, he was almost airborne again. Came the ninth . . . well, the planes left on time but the writers were grounded.

With the bases loaded by walks, and one out in the ninth, the mercurial Maury Wills tagged up at third base on pinch-hitter Ron Fairly's soft fly to Mays and scored, sliding, to square the playoff at one-all.

To Giant eyes, a play at third base decided the day. In the eighth inning Mays was thrown out—or so umpire Jocko Conlan said. In this inning Jimmy Davenport singled and so did Mays. Pinch-hitter Ed Bailey singled to right, scoring Davenport, and Mays exploded for third base. So did Tommy Davis' throw from right-center field. Conlan appeared to have signaled safe, then Jocko's tiny fist jerked into the air—out. The beef was on. Mays came up screaming, a rare role for him, and was joined by third-base coach Whitey Lockman. It was a big, big out, the big out of the game because later developments indicated two more runs might have crossed.

At the umpire's room, a newsman knocked and Jocko answered. For a few seconds the conversation was low and amiable. Then the reporter spoke about photographic evidence, about a picture that incontrovertibly showed Jocko give the "safe" sign. Little Jocko began to roar. "No," he screeched, "I damwell didn't call him safe before I called him out. Never, never. I just gave a low

signal, that's all. I came up from here." He gestured with a knee-high hand wave (for the five-foot, six-inch Jocko that's real low down) and swung up viciously with the thumb.

Somehow, those newsmen and fans found places to sleep overnight in Los Angeles. The playoff was tied and the Dodgers had the home field advantage for the third game.

The third game of the playoff is one the Dodgers won't forget but would like to. The Giants will remember it always. It was unbelievably bad baseball mixed with emotion-drenching drama for all 45,693 spectators and for contestants on both sides.

The Giants went ahead 2-0 in the third on three singles and three Dodger errors. One of the errors was on Pitcher Johnny Podres, an inartistic turn-and-throw 15 feet wide of second base. The Dodgers picked up a run in the fourth, and once in this inning Giant pitcher Juan Marichal wheeled quickly toward second to pick off the runner—except there was no runner there. The tension induced temporary blackouts.

In the sixth, the Dodger scoreboard ordered, in electric letters 18 feet high, C H A R G E. The crowd delivered with a unified demand. Duke Snider singled, Tommy Davis hit a home run, and another run scored later for 4-2. As the ninth rolled around, the Dodgers were "in."

The ninth was the nightmare for Dodger pitchers. Little Matty Alou came in to pinch-hit and singled to right, but Giant hope died a little when Harvey Kuenn hit into a force out. Willie McCovey was the next pinch-hitter and there ensued the inevitable conference. Ed

Roebuck was told to pitch to this power-slammer, and he walked McCovey on four pitched balls, most of them inside and around the knees. It was plain that Roebuck had gone "blind" as he walked the next batter, Felipe Alou, on what could have been four more thrown balls though Felipe swung at one that bounced off the plate.

The Dodgers still led 4-2, but now the bases were loaded, one out, and Willie Mays up. Willie was not of a mind to wait out a walk. He reached for a slider and smashed it toward the embattled Roebuck, who made a desperate grab but deflected it. Kuenn crossed over and the bases were loaded again, still one out, but now the score was 4-3.

Big Stan Williams replaced the stunned Roebuck on the mound. He faced Orlando Cepeda, in the clutches of the worst slump in his career. Orlando had hit into a double play with the bases loaded in the third, and into a force to end the seventh and leave Chuck Hiller to die at second. Earlier, in the second, he had popped weakly to second baseman Jim Gilliam.

Williams' first pitch was a strike. His second was also in there, and the Baby Bull swung as much in terror as in anger. The ball sailed over the infield and slammed into the glove of Frank Howard, deep in right. It was the biggest out of Cepeda's heroic career because Ernie Bowman, running for McCovey, raced home with the tying score as Alou dashed to third.

Now Williams was shot. He wild-pitched to Ed Bailey and Mays took second, and finally Bailey was intentionally walked to load the bases again. Jimmy Davenport walked on five pitches and the Giants went ahead 5-4.

The expressionless Dodger manager, Walter Alston, seemed grayer, grimmer in the Dodger dugout. Leo Du-rocher, who usually kicks away the chalklines when coaching at third base, was now kicking furiously at the dugout steps. Ron Perranoski, the Dodger ace reliever, replaced Williams to face Jose Pagan, the Giants' slick shortstop who had been an inspired clutch hitter in the playoffs, as he was to be later in the World Series. Pagan crashed one at Larry Burright who kicked it for an error and Mays pranced across for 6-4.

The Dodgers, leading 4-2, had been pressured into four walks, one wild pitch, two deflections, one that was scored an official error, but both could have been outs, and four big runs.

Shocked but darkly determined, the Dodgers came on in the bottom of the ninth to pour the pressure right back. Giant pitchers had been less than pin-perfect. Speedster Wills was first to the plate, and if Maury worked a walk or dragged a bunt or got on base somehow, he'd surely spin his way around the bases.

The Giants answered with Billy Pierce, the veteran who had an old score to settle with the Dodgers. Wills fouled off one after another, hoping to unsettle all of the Giants, but Pierce would have none of it. He pumped strikes, six of them in a row, before throwing one ball. Eventually Wills had no course but to swing away and he was out on a hopper, Davenport to Cepeda. Gilliam and pinch hitter Lee Walls flied out to end the inning, an inning in which the superb Pierce had thrown the ball twelve times, ten through the strike zone.

On an ordinary Wednesday this would rate no more

than passing notice, but with the pennant hanging by a string, it was super-stuff.

"I wasn't," said Billy later, "going to let them do to us what we did to them. With a two-run lead in the ninth, I had absolutely no reason to fear any batter to the extent of pitching away. It was up to them to hit it to us."

Billy had to shout to get the message across. The Giant clubhouse was a crazy house. The imported champagne flowed like ordinary wine but it was a sheer waste. The dancing, delirious Giants spilled more than they drank. Every player's face was beady from sweat or overturned beer cups. It was an emotional binge.

Television cameras turned under glaring spotlights, interrupted now and again by the pop of still camera flashes. Radio men shoved microphones under every sweaty face in sight. The Yankees were next, the very next afternoon, but hardly a Giant was thinking about them in the clubhouse.

"This was it," said Mays. "This was the pressure. We got too much happiness to take right now. We'll take the Yankees as they come."

Cepeda said it differently. Asked if he was ready for the next day's game, he said slyly, "Who we playing?"

A TV producer gathered Cepeda, Marichal and Pagan and suggested a cha-cha for the cameras. The invitation was accepted without a second thought. In their under-drawers, they twisted and they turned, they hopped and they finally embraced. And when the producer said, "More, more!" they did it over again. And again.

Cepeda, known to some as Cha-Cha, was the lead dancer, and he punctuated his gyrations with happy,

piercing shouts. Orlando was probably the most delirious man in the room, and not only because of his beaming nature. He had driven in the tying run . . . the happiest out of his life.

Every Giant, from front office to batboy, was there for the biggest moment in the West . . . everybody except the boss. Horace Stoneham didn't sit in his seat at Dodger Stadium that Wednesday. The Tuesday defeat had been a bitter one. The final day was almost too much for a man to take, though he had seen baseball come and go since 1908.

It was too bad the Giants didn't have a few days to luxuriate in the giddy success that crowned such an up-and-down season. But the Yankees were already in San Francisco, having arrived impeccably dressed, neckties in place, brief cases in hand, ready for the workaday duty ahead.

On the bus from Dodger Stadium to the airport manager Alvin Dark listened to a recap of the game on a Los Angeles radio, which predicted that the strain of the playoff put the Giants at a disadvantage and therefore the Yankees would wrap it up easily with their power hitters, Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris. Alongside Alvin was Mrs. Dark, who had already thanked him for giving her the pennant as a sixteenth wedding anniversary present. Dark smiled as the expert tolled off the quick number of games by which the Giants would lose the Series "We'll just have to see about that," he said.

If Dark, or any other Giant, had anticipated the reception at the San Francisco airport that night, they might have wondered if the Yankees even existed. As the plane

swung toward San Francisco, the pilot made his announcement "... We may have to land in Oakland."

There were mixed whistles and groans—whistles at the size of the crowd, possibly 75,000, groans at the prospect of having to land in Oakland, across the bay. As the plane circled, one Giant, unidentifiable inside the darkened plane, showed a macabre sense of humor.

"What a way to end a day. First we win the pennant, then we go down in flames." There was a cry of protest as one of his teammates clapped a heavy hand over the humorist's mouth.

The plane headed for Oakland, then turned around and continued to circle, while one timid newsman hoped they'd remembered to fill the fuel tanks before the takeoff.

Some thirty-eight minutes after the first announcement, the pilot took the microphone again. "We can't go in. Two big jets are stalled down there. We'll have to land at the west runway."

The DC-7 dropped and taxied to the front of the United Air Lines maintenance base, behind locked gates. The crowd, now grown to 75,000 or 100,000, surrounded the area, but actually only thirty-seven workers on duty—hangar police, maintenance men, switchboard attendant and the driver of the bus—greeted the victors. They applauded politely.

There was a slight sense of anticlimax; the Giants were both disappointed and glad of a chance to get away. They boarded the bus and headed for International Airport, where their own families and cars were waiting.

They never made it. Word had already filtered down the highway, apparently by the bumper-to-bumper

grapevine, that Our Team was elsewhere, and the crowd was seeking them out. At the UAL main gate police were already gathering, and newspaper cameramen were close by.

"Hey, Captain," said a reporter to a police officer. "How many of the force is out tonight?"

"Every blamed one of them," said the captain grimly. "We need 'em all."

Outside the ever-loving fans were trying to break in.

Bob Nieman, Giant pinch-hitter, drew nervous laughs when he shouted, "Hey, Carl Boles [another bench man] looks like Willie Mays. Let's throw Boles out the window and run." Even Boles thought this was funny but not practical.

By that time, Mays himself wasn't even aboard. With typical independence, he had slipped off the bus at the UAL gate, found the only taxi around and was off to his penthouse.

Two bus windows were broken. Things began to look ugly. Chub Feeney, Giant vice-president, ordered the bus to a hotel on the highway, the International Inn. "In all my born years," he said, "I've never seen anything like this. It certainly wasn't this way when we won in 1951."

But that was back in hysterical New York, not sedate San Francisco.

The Giants remained at the hotel as one cab after another picked them up and, unbeknownst to the crowd, scooted them home. It was a peaceful ending to a hectic day.

As Jimmy Davenport said, "It was like playing this afternoon's ninth inning all over again."

XVIII

The Longest Series

IT'S hard to conceive that one club can out-hit, out-score, out-slug and out-pitch the other one and yet lose a World Series.

But that's what the Giants did, in seven hectic games with the Yankees. In the longest Series ever played—from October 4 through October 16—the Giants out-hit the Yankees 51–44; out-scored them 21–20; out-doubled them 10–6; out-tripled them 2–1, out-homered them 5–3; and out-pitched them 2.66 to 2.95. Yet they managed to lose. But they had brought the Series to San Francisco for the first time, and that was great; that they had carried the mighty Yankees down to the last game, inning and out was ecstatic. No reproaches were shouted from the stands.

Starting with the playoffs, that had seemingly begun a hundred years before, the Giants had been under intense pressure. There was no longer any margin for error. Only the best, day in, day out, inning after interminable inning, pitch after vital pitch, had enabled the Giants to

survive and bring about the first World Series in San Francisco history.

As Willie Mays sat motionless in his cubicle staring at nothing two hours before the start of the 59th World Series, a reporter asked, "Willie, are you as tense before this game as you were in 1951 and 1954?"

"Man," said Mays, "after that playoff in Los Angeles I'm all out of tense."

From here on nothing but precise and knowledgeable baseball would do.

Long before the first Yankee came to the plate in Candlestick Park on that historic October 4, 1962, when East literally met West, the Giants had prepared for the invasion. That the backlog of information that he gathered might prove needless never seemed to occur to Tom (Clancy) Sheehan, the robust superscout and managerial successor to Bill Rigney at the midstream mark of the frustrated 1960 campaign.

Clancy chased the Yankees all over the eastern seaboard and into Los Angeles, jotting down little grains of information that grew into a sugarloaf of applied fact. Sheehan and manager Alvin Dark spent many pre-Series hours poring over Clancy's little treasure. Often southpaw pitcher Billy Pierce, who while in the American League knew the Yankee hitters as few men did, joined the brain sessions. Out of these conspiratorial rendezvous came a "Yankee book" that was startlingly effective.

Midway through the Series, New York journalists, some of whom are reluctant to admit that the Indian Wars in the West are over, were asking, "Who scouted

the Yankees for the Giants?" Seldom had they witnessed such almost total muting of Yankee bats.

The Giants' victories and defeats came alternately; the pitching was brilliant continually. The Yankees won the first game, lost the second, won the third, lost the fourth, won the fifth, lost the sixth and then came through blazing in the seventh.

The opening game of the Series, however, was no indication of what was to come, of the ensuing struggles during which the production of a base hit or a run was an event of high surprise. The Yankees, scoring twice off Billy O'Dell on a booming double that right-fielder Felipe Alou literally pulled out of the bleachers to deprive Roger Maris of a first-inning home run, won the game 6-2.

The ease with which it was accomplished brought misgivings to San Francisco fans. They envisioned a humiliating Series sweep. The Yankees suffered themselves into a tie after three innings. Jose Pagan squeezed home Willie Mays in the second with a two-out bunt that Whitey Ford fielded but couldn't throw; and Mays singled across Chuck Hiller, who had doubled, in the third.

But from there to the end, all the Giants did was watch the Ford go by, although Alvin Dark's troops gained some measure of satisfaction by ending Whitey's string of consecutive scoreless World Series innings at 33%. What proved to be the stand-up run came in the seventh, which Clete Boyer introduced with a 400-foot shot over the left-center-field barricade.

In the second game the Giants' burly Jack Sanford

established a pattern of near perfection in pitching when he prevailed over Ralph Terry 2-0.

Sanford, a right-hander with a perpetual workday scowl, who had won 24 games, threw a three-hitter; Terry a six-hitter. One of the three off Sanford, the first one, was to cause a ripple of disagreement to run through the crowd. It knocked out the chance of his pitching a no-hitter, but he had only himself to blame.

Tommy Tresh bunted back to the mound, high and slightly behind it. Sanford challenged, misjudged and retraced his steps. He nullified whatever chance short-stop Pagan and third baseman Jimmy Davenport had to make the catch, by persistently calling for it. Then, at the last timeless moment, he shied away from it. The ball fell, untouched by human hand or leather glove, to the grass lip of the pitching mound and had barely stopped rolling before the official scorers, Til Fermenzi of the New York *Journal-American*, Ray Kelly of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* and Bob Stevens of the San Francisco *Chronicle* flashed the "hit" sign.

Asked later if the decision shook him a little, Sanford said, "Hell no, I just messed up the play."

The "hit" was the only seriously disputed call of the Series. Bob Addie of Washington best expressed the thinking of most when he said, "He didn't deserve a no-hitter for mangling the play the way he did."

That bargain-counter single, plus a line-dive solo shot by Boyer in the fifth and a two-out, ninth-inning near home run by Mickey Mantle that fell in for two bases, were the only safeties off Sanford.

Terry was defeated early. Chuck Hiller opened the

Giant offense with a double, Felipe Alou sacrificed him to third and Matty Alou scored him with a second-base ground out.

The second Giant run was acquired without all the maneuvering of the first inning. Willie McCovey simply slammed the ball over the right-field fence, leading off the seventh.

In the third game, Billy Pierce was the 3-2 victim of the Yankees. The game was played in the House that Ruth built, jammed with a crowd of 71,434. Bill Stafford went all the way for the Yankees, although he was slugged nearly glassy-eyed in the ninth when the Giants threatened to tie her up.

Pierce pitched a two-hitter for the first six innings, Stafford a two-hitter for eight. Pierce was the first to yield, in the seventh, when the Yankees scored all their runs.

Tresh, Mantle and Maris singled successively, Roger Maris' shot to right field scoring Tommy and Mickey, who had taken the extra base when Felipe Alou let Mantle's drive bounce off his glove for an error.

Maris' rip finished Pierce, and an eventual force out by Boyer off Don Larsen brought home what proved to be the winning run.

Prior to that victorious round the Giants had shut the Yankees out for fifteen consecutive innings, something the Yankees weren't used to.

Then it was Stafford's turn to bend and he almost snapped. Mays led off the Giants' ninth with a double, McCovey went down outfield, Orlando Cepeda skied to Maris and Ed Bailey hit one over Maris and everything else for a 2-3 score.

That was all. It might have been 3-3 in the eighth, if luck, both good and excruciatingly bad, had not visited Stafford.

Jose Pagan had singled and Matty Alou, hitting for relief pitcher Larsen, forced him. Felipe Alou then bombed one back to the mound and the ball struck Stafford on the left shin. His scream of pain was audible in the stands and he later admitted that he almost fainted. But the limping Yankee scrambled after the Alou smash and threw Felipe out at first base.

If the ball had gone through Stafford instead of straight at him, Matty would have gone to third and scored on Hiller's ensuing grounder, and it could have been a 3-3 tie. But it wasn't.

The fourth game, again at Yankee Stadium, was a Haller-Hiller thriller-diller, with the Giants crashing into the Ford, shredding the Coates (Jim) and destroying the Bridges (Marshall).

Catcher Tom Haller, with Felipe Alou on base via a double in the second inning, walloped a home run into the right-field seats, and Juan Marichal had a 2-0 lead. Marichal later was also to have a smashed right index finger, the ball squashing it against the bat handle as he unsuccessfully tried to bunt in the fifth and struck out.

With Marichal out of the race, Bobby Bolin took over and yielded the Yankees two runs that tied the game at 2-2 in the sixth. Larsen was compelled to come to the mound to retire Tony Kubek and preserve the deadlock.

Yankee manager Ralph Houk lifted the tiring Ford, and Coates went in for the Giants to start the seventh inning, one he couldn't finish. Davenport walked, Haller

struck out and Matty Alou, swinging for Pagan, doubled.

With first base open, Houk ordered pinch-hitter Bob Nieman walked, Bridges now pitching for the Yankees. Even though it worked momentarily, many experts thought Houk had gone out of his mind, walking Nieman to get Harvey Kuenn, an artistic, deadly hitter in the clutch.

But Kuenn popped out after fouling off half a dozen pitches, and it was still 2-2, two down, and history in the making. On the 1-1 count, Hiller, the second baseman the Giants had desperately tried to shed in the spring, when he was neither hitting nor fielding, crashed the first World Series grand slam ever unloaded by a National Leaguer. It went fifteen rows deep into the right-field stands.

It was a 7-3 win for the Giants, a 2-2 Series deadlock and time for rain to wash out the next day's athletics.

On October 10 the boys went at it again and the Yankees won, 5-3, Terry defeating Sanford. A Hiller double scored Pagan in the third for 1-0, San Francisco's favor, and the Yankees tied it in the fourth. Pagan homered in the fourth for a 2-0 score, and the Yankees tied it in the sixth on a passed ball.

They won it in the eighth when, after Sanford had claimed Terry as his tenth strikeout victim, Kubek singled to right, Richardson singled to left, and Tresh hit the ball where no legal catch could be made, deep into the right-field stands, for his first World Series home run.

The Tresh drive caused deep dismay in San Francisco. The fans wept bitterly in their disappointment and the skies joined them. It rained for the next three days; the

clubs lay idle, and the Giants' hospitality room at the Sheraton-Palace became a serious drag on Horace Stoneham's purse. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, so thirsty, nor with such a capacity for quenching thirst, as a baseball writer with no baseball to write about. And there were hundreds of full- and part-time baseball writers huddled day and night around the Palace spa feeling thirsty and sorry for themselves.

Breaking the monotony, the clubs went by bus to Modesto, a hundred miles from San Francisco, for brief workouts on Sunday, October 14. The lazy, sun-kissed little town deep in the wealthy agricultural San Joaquin Valley, suddenly became the baseball capital of the world. It had to be Modesto's finest hour. Charmingly, refreshingly, Modesto demonstrated its naïveté when the Yankees went into the batting cage.

Modestans cheered Roger Maris!

On Monday, October 15, Yankee manager Houk rolled Ford out of the garage to race Billy Pierce, and it was no contest. The Giants won 5–2, and squared the Series at 3–3, principally because the usually imperturbable Ford blew his crankshaft.

Scoreless going into the fourth inning and with one out, Felipe Alou singled and Mays walked. Ford then tried to pick Alou off second base, throwing the ball into center field, 10 feet to the right-field side of the bag, a horrendous blunder of both design and direction.

Alou scored, Mays wiggled down to third and tallied on Orlando Cepeda's two-base blast between Mantle and Maris. Davenport's ensuing single brought Cepeda home with the stand-up tally.

The Yankees narrowed the gap to 1-3 in the fifth when Maris shot a line drive over the right field screen. But the Giants dismantled Ford with two more in the bottom of the fifth, and Pierce—who in the opinion of the White Sox wasn't good enough to start a Series game against the Dodgers in 1959—was home free.

All the gentleman southpaw did was heave a three-hitter, which he capped brilliantly by striking out Maris to end the game and send the Series into the seventh and final struggle.

Then it was Ralph Terry vs. Jack Sanford for all the marbles the ring could hold.

"This," said Yankee Hall-of-Famer Joe DiMaggio after the day was over, "was the best-pitched World Series game I've ever seen, and I was the man hired to hit the ball."

Terry hurled a brilliant four-hitter, a perfect game for five and two-thirds innings. Sanford, who had prevailed over the lanky Yankee 2-0, with a three-hitter in the second game, got off a seven-hitter, a shaky one.

Two great grabs by third baseman Jimmy Davenport, one on a twisting foul against the stands in the first inning on Tommy Tresh, the other on a searing line drive by Roger Maris in the second, kept Jack in business during the early going.

Then Sanford yielded the Giants' last run of the year, the 707th of the longest season, the biggest of them all.

Moose Skowron introduced the fifth inning with a single through shortstop. Clete Boyer dropped one into center field. Terry walked.

Two hours after the game, still only partially dressed,

Sanford nervously paced the now almost deserted club-house, "drying out" and hating himself.

"That walk to Terry did it," he moaned in genuine distress.

It did. It filled the bases and Tony Kubek's ensuing double-play grounder scored Skowron from third base. That was all Terry needed; that plus a little luck.

The Yankees loaded the bases with none out against Sanford in the eighth and forced him off the hill. But relief pitcher Billy O'Dell induced Maris to force Richardson at the plate and nailed Ellie Howard on a double-play grounder to Davenport. Digger O'Dell swept effortlessly through the Yankee ninth and here it was, the Giants' ninth, the end of the trail.

The crowd of 43,943 shifted to the edges of its chairs, expectant, hopeful, hushed. Pinch-hitter Matty Alou, who started the winning rally in the third and final pennant playoff game, dragged a bunt past Terry and in front of the helplessly converging Skowron and Richardson.

The Yankees were shaken. They jabbered among themselves. Manager Ralph Houk peered apprehensively out from the shadows of a silent, very concerned dugout.

But Terry seemed immune to the disturbance and to the wild animal yells of the hungry natives. He struck out Felipe Alou, he struck out Chuck Hiller and he got a strike on Willie Mays.

Later, Willie said, "I was going for the bomb. We needed a home run. I was going for it. But I was a little behind the pitch."

Terry blazed one to the outside and the magnificent

Mays attacked it. The ball, a screaming blur of white, flashed out toward the right-field corner. A base hit! Alou, amid the bedlam, was off with the drive. He rounded second base under a full head of steam and with that head tucked deep between his shoulders as he strained for speed, speed, speed!

Roger Maris, too, was off with the drive. He drew even with the bouncing blur close to the warning track at the right field corner and with one incredibly beautiful motion came up with it and came up throwing.

There are those who will mumble on their way to their graves that Giant third-base coach Whitey Lockman never should have stopped Alou after Matty had made a short turn around third base. There were two outs. There were no outs left. The run had to score. There were no more innings, no more tomorrows.

But Whitey was wise in his cool judgment while people all around him were going out of their minds. Most Yankees and Giants who had a clear look at the flight of Maris' throw and the advancement of Alou later agreed: it would have been suicide to send Matty home.

"And wouldn't THAT have been a helluva way to end the season," said catcher Ed Bailey after the game and after reason had replaced insanity. "Willie McCovey coming up and the tying run thrown out at the plate by fifteen feet? Crazy, man!"

So now it was the left-handed McCovey against right-handed Terry, the man off whom Willie whipped a home run in the second game of the Series. So, too, was it Houk's turn to be royally second-guessed. Mays' double could have signaled a weariness in the unbending Terry.

McCovey had proved he could hit Terry. There was emergency heating of left-handers in the Yankee bullpen.

Houk and Terry met at the mound. The conference was brief.

Terry later confessed that he couldn't help mentally flashing back to the seventh game and the ninth inning of the 1959 World Series in Pittsburgh, the game and the inning when Bill Mazeroski dethroned the Yankees with a home run thrown by Terry.

"A man," said Terry, "rarely gets a second chance like I did."

And it almost got away. McCovey crashed a terrific line drive. No human can hit a ball harder. Nor with lousier luck. It was right at Bobby Richardson, who leaned slightly to his left for the catch, peeking through the webbing of his glove, and the Giants were dead.

But they died as they lived—with dignity, with power and with excitement. And with luck? Well, after the game Richardson told of how he had played McCovey by instinct. Manager Houk had motioned to him from the dugout to move over, but "some strange sense told me to play him more toward the first base side. I guess I was really out of position. A yard to one side or another and I couldn't have had a chance at that ball."

Long after the Giants had left the field the crowd was still applauding, still toasting their team. There were no cries of "Wait till next year!" This year had been fabulous, sufficient, a fulfillment. Instead of bitterness and frustration in the wake of defeat, there was a sense of something having been won; the respect of a city that had jeered at their team's slumps, and taken their successes for granted,

and never believed until the last game of the longest series that the Giants had the stuff that makes champions. The Giants lost with classic dignity and there were no tears. No laughter either, but pride and relief.

The Giants had lost forever the tag "immigrants"; they had become San Franciscans and they did it the hard way, fighting and losing a brave fight. Now they stood proudly in the arena, clear-eyed, weary, wonderful.

The love affair in the City of Giants goes on, loud, vocal, critical and forgiving at once. It runs the social gamut from Nob Hill pre-game cocktail hours, to the long wait outside the gates to the bleachers. It is a wonderful realm of second-guessing and expertizing, of gustatory delights and foul balls. It is the local lodges' outdoor project, the salesman's afternoon out of the office.

The deep-throated boos in Candlestick Park are stifled. Willie Mays, now over thirty, may not be the same gamboling "Say Hey" kid he once was, but he symbolizes the complete ball player to San Franciscans whose baseball education is now upper-grade. You can hear a typical San Franciscan say to an out-of-town stranger, with a proprietary air of pride, "Wait till you see Willie."

It's a far cry from the sedate sophistication with which the fans were once credited, and equally far from the venomous yowls of the early days at the stadium and the ferocity of the mob that greeted the Giants coming home after the playoffs. But, as someone said, that's baseball, isn't it?

STATISTICS

GIANTS ALL-TIME TOP TEN IN BATTING DEPARTMENTS

GAMES		AT BATS		RUNS	
HITS	SINGLES	DOUBLES	TRIPLES	HOME RUNS	
Ott	2730	Ott	9456	Ott	1859
Terry	1721	Terry	6428	MAYS	1143
Jackson	1656	Jackson	6086	Tiernan	1312
Doyle	1615	Doyle	5995	Terry	1120
MAYS	1534	Tiernan	5910	Van Haltren	982
Lockman	1485	MAYS	5862	Connor	939
Tiernan	1474	Lockman	5584	Doyle	906
G. J. Burns	1363	J. Moore	5427	G. J. Burns	875
J. Moore	1335	G. J. Burns	5312	G. S. Davis	844
Fletcher	1306	Van Haltren	4930	Jackson	833
Tiernan	1875	Tiernan	1359	MAYS	301
MAYS	1846	Doyle	1292	Jackson	291
Jackson	1768	Van Haltren	1279	Doyle	275
Doyle	1751	Jackson	1256	G. J. Burns	267
J. Moore	1615	J. Moore	1225	J. Moore	258
Van Haltren	1592	Lockman	1197	Tiernan	249
Lockman	1571	G. J. Burns	1158	Connor	240
G. J. Burns	1541	Youngs	1120	Youngs	236
Tiernan	159	Ott	511		
Connor	129	MAYS	368		
Doyle	117	Thomson	189		
Terry	112	CEPEDA	157		
Ewing	108	Mize	157		
MAYS	99	Terry	154		
G. S. Davis	97	Jackson	135		
Youngs	93	H. Thompson	129		
Van Haltren	90	Kelly	123		
Jackson	86	Lockman	113		

SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS' FINAL STATISTICS FOR 1962 (165 GAMES)

	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RB	SB	BB	SO	SF	SH	AVE
Alou, F.	154	561	96	177	30	3	25	98	11	33	66	5	2	.316
Alou, M.	78	195	28	57	8	1	3	14	3	14	17	0	1	.292
Bailey	96	254	32	59	9	1	17	45	1	42	42	3	0	.232
Boles	19	24	4	9	0	0	0	1	0	0	6	0	1	.375
Bowman	45	42	9	8	1	0	1	4	0	1	8	0	1	.190
Cepeda	162	625	105	191	26	1	35	114	10	37	97	7	1	.306
Davenport	144	485	83	144	25	5	14	58	2	45	76	3	8	.297
Haller	99	272	53	71	13	1	18	55	1	51	59	1	3	.261
Hiller	161	602	94	166	22	2	3	48	5	55	49	7	8	.276
Kuenn	130	487	73	148	23	5	10	68	3	49	37	5	6	.304
Mays	162	621	130	189	36	5	49	141	19	78	85	3	0	.304
McCovey	91	229	41	67	6	1	20	54	3	29	35	3	0	.293
Mota	47	74	9	13	1	0	0	9	3	7	8	1	1	.176
Nieman	30	30	1	9	2	0	1	3	0	1	9	0	0	.300
Orsino	18	48	4	13	2	0	0	4	0	5	11	1	0	.271

SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS' FINAL STATISTICS FOR 1962 (165 GAMES) (continued)

	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	SB	BB	SO	SF	SH	AVE
Pagan	164	580	73	150	25	6	7	57	14	47	77	6	10	.259
Peterson	4	6	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	0	0	.167
Phillips	5	3	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	0	0	.000
Pignatano	7	5	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	.200
Robinson	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Bolin	41	23	3	6	2	0	0	4	0	1	9	0	0	.261
Duffalo	24	6	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	0	1	.000
Garibaldi	9	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	.000
Larsen	52	25	3	5	0	1	0	1	0	0	7	0	1	.200
LeMay	9	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	.000
Marichal	38	89	13	21	1	0	0	10	0	4	19	1	7	.236
McCormick	29	28	3	3	0	0	1	1	0	2	11	0	0	.107
Miller	60	16	2	2	0	0	0	1	0	1	3	0	1	.125
O'Dell	49	90	7	12	0	0	0	6	1	6	29	0	10	.133
Perry	13	13	0	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	4	0	2	.231
Pierce	30	56	3	12	0	0	0	5	0	3	12	0	7	.211
Sanford	39	98	5	15	3	0	0	4	0	4	34	2	4	.153
Totals		5588	878	1552	235	32	204	807	76	523	820	48	76	.277

SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS' FINAL STATISTICS FOR 1962 (165 GAMES) (continued)

	G	GS	CG	W-L	IP	R	ER	H	BB	SO	HR	ShO	ERA
Marichal	37	36	18	18-11	262.2	112	98	233	90	153	34	3	3.32
Sanford	39	38	13	24-7	265.1	110	101	233	92	147	23	2	3.43
Pierce	30	23	7	16-6	162.1	67	63	147	35	76	19	2	3.48
O'Dell	43	39	20	19-14	280.2	126	110	282	66	195	18	2	3.53
Bolin	41	5	2	7-3	92	41	37	84	35	74	10	0	3.62
Duffalo	24	2	0	1-2	42	27	17	42	23	29	3	0	3.64
Miller	59	0	0	5-8	107	55	49	107	45	78	8	0	4.12
Larsen	49	0	0	5-4	86.1	44	42	83	47	58	9	0	4.38
LeMay	9	0	0	0-1	9.1	5	5	9	9	5	2	0	4.82
Garibaldi	9	0	0	0-0	12.1	7	7	13	5	9	1	0	5.11
Perry	13	7	1	3-1	43	29	25	54	14	20	3	0	5.23
McCormick	28	15	1	5-5	98.2	64	59	112	45	42	18	0	5.30
Totals	165	62	103-62	1461.2	687	613	1399	1399	503	886	148	10#	3.77

- Shutout combined (Marichal 6 IP, Bolin 3 IP vs. LA, Sept. 5)

Home Attendance 1,592,602 (77D-82G) Ave. 20,700 Largest 41,812 Aug. 12 LA

Road Attendance 1,676,034 (78D-83G) Ave. 21,488 Largest 54,418 Sept. 3 LA

Day	Nite	Sac.	SB	Opp. SB	DPs	ShO	Hrs	1-Run G	LOB
67-31	36-31	68/95	76/129	69/98	150-141	10-7	204-148	26-18	1077-1087

SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS' FINAL STATISTICS FOR 1962 (165 GAMES) (continued)

	<i>Home</i>	<i>Road</i>	<i>Ex. Inn.</i>	<i>Vs. LH</i>	<i>Vs. RH</i>	<i>Doubleheaders</i>
61-21	42-41	5-5		33-19	70-43	W-6, L-1, Sp-3
Giants vs.			<i>Home</i>	<i>Road</i>		<i>By Month</i>
Dodgers	11-10	7-3	4-7			April 15- 5
Reds	11-7	7-2	4-5		May 20-10	
Pirates	11-7	8-1	3-6		June 16-13	
Braves.	11-7	7-2	4-5		July 16-11	
Cards	9-9	6-3	3-6		August 18-10	
Phils	13-5	7-2	6-3		Sept. 16-12	
Colts	11-7	4-5	7-2		Oct. 2- 1	
Cubs	12-6	8-1	4-5			
Mets	14-4	7-2	7-2			

**GIANTS ALL-TIME HOME RUN LEADERS,
SEASON—AT EACH POSITION**

CATCHER

Walker Cooper (NY)	35	1947
Tom Haller (SF)	18	1962

FIRST BASEMEN

Johnny Mize (NY)	51	1947
Orlando Cepeda (SF)	42	1961

SECOND BASEMEN

Rogers Hornsby (NY)	26	1927
Daryl Spencer (SF)	12	1959

SHORTSTOP

Alvin Dark (NY)	23	1953
Daryl Spencer (SF)	17	1958

THIRD BASEMEN

Mel Ott (NY)	36	1938
Jim Davenport (SF)	14	1962

LEFT FIELDER

Monte Irvin (NY)	24	1951
Orlando Cepeda (SF)	17	1960

CENTER FIELDER

Willie Mays (NY)	51	1955
Willie Mays (SF)	49	1962

**GIANTS ALL-TIME HOME RUN LEADERS,
SEASON-AT EACH POSITION (continued)**

RIGHT FIELDER

<i>Mel Ott (NY)</i>	42	1929
<i>Felipe Alou (SF)</i>	25	1962

**GIANTS ALL-TIME RUNS-BATTED-IN LEADERS,
SEASON-AT EACH POSITION**

CATCHER

<i>Walker Cooper (NY)</i>	122	1947
<i>Tom Haller (SF)</i>	55	1962

FIRST BASE

<i>John Mize (NY)</i>	138	1947
<i>Orlando Cepeda (SF)</i>	142	1961

SECOND BASE

<i>Rogers Hornsby (NY)</i>	125	1927
<i>Daryl Spencer (SF)</i>	62	1959

SHORTSTOP

<i>Travis Jackson (NY)</i>	101	1934
<i>Daryl Spencer (SF)</i>	74	1958

THIRD BASE

<i>Mel Ott (NY)</i>	116	1938
<i>Jim Davenport (SF)</i>	65	1961

**GIANTS ALL-TIME RUNS-BATTED-IN LEADERS,
SEASON-AT EACH POSITION (continued)**

LEFT FIELDER

Irish Meusel (NY)	132	1922
Orlando Cepeda (SF)	69	1960

CENTER FIELDER

Willie Mays (NY)	127	1955
Willie Mays (SF)	141	1962

RIGHT FIELDER

Mel Ott (NY)	151	1929
Filipe Alou (SF)	98	1962

GIANTS IN HALL OF FAME

Roger Bresnahan
William (Buck) Ewing
Frankie Frisch
Charles (Gabby) Hartnett
Rogers Hornsby
Carl Hubbell
Willie Keeler
Mike (King) Kelly
Christy Mathewson
Joseph McGinnity
John J. McGraw
Bill McKechnie
James H. O'Rourke
Mel Ott
Edd Roush
Bill Terry
Arthur (Dazzy) Vance

GIANTS 1962 FARM-CLUB AFFILIATIONS

Tacoma, Pacific Coast (AAA)	Outright
El Paso, Texas (AA)	Working agreement
Springfield, Eastern (A)	Outright
Eugene, Northwest (B)	Working agreement
Fresno, California (C)	Working agreement
Decatur, Midwest (D)	Working agreement
Salem, Appalachian (D)	Outright
Lakeland, Florida State (D)	Working agreement

GIANTS ALL-TIME RECORDS

Most years with club	Mel Ott (22)
Most runs (lifetime)	Mel Ott (1859)
Most runs (season)	Bill Terry (139) 1930
Most runs (game)	Mel Ott (6) twice, Aug. 4, 1934; Apr. 30, 1944
Most runs batted in (lifetime)	Mel Ott (1860)
Most runs batted in (season)	Mel Ott (151) 1929
Most home runs (lifetime)	Mel Ott (511)
Most home runs (season)	Willie Mays (51) 1955 John Mize (51) 1947
Most home runs (club-season)	221 (1947)
Most home runs (club, game)	8 (June 28, 1939, Giants vs. Phila.)
Most home runs (consec. games)	Willie Mays (6) 1955
Most hits (team, one game)	31 (June 9, 1901, Giants vs. Phila.)
Most total bases (game)	50 (May 13, 1958)
Giants vs. Los Angeles, 26 hits; Giants won, 16-9	
Most hits (season)	Bill Terry (254) 1930
Highest batting average	Bill Terry (.401) 1930
Most consecutive game hitting streak	Don Mueller (24) 1955 Fred Lindstrom (24) 1930
Most games won by pitcher (lifetime)	Christy Mathewson (373)

GIANTS ALL-TIME RECORDS (continued)

Most games won by pitcher (season)	Christy Mathewson (37) 1908
Most games won by pitcher (season, modern)	Carl Hubbell (26) 1936
Most games won in succession (Over two seasons; 16 in 1936, 8 in 1937)	Carl Hubbell (24)
Most games won in succession (one season)	Rube Marquard (19) 1912
Most games won in succession (one season, modern)	Jack Sanford (16) 1962
Most successive shutout games	Sal Maglie (4) 1950
Most successive scoreless innings	Carl Hubbell (46 1/3) 1933
Longest winning streak	26 in row (1916)
Attendance (season at home)	1,795,356 (1960)
Attendance (one game)	60,747 (May 31, 1937) Giants vs. Brooklyn

GIANTS SAN FRANCISCO RECORDS

Player longest with club	Willie Mays (12 years)
Most runs (lifetime)	Willie Mays (1143)
Most runs (season)	Willie Mays (130) 1962
Most runs batted in (lifetime)	Willie Mays (1076)
Most runs batted in (season)	Orlando Cepeda (142) 1961
Most runs batted in (one game)	Willie Mays (8) Milwaukee, April 30, 1961
	Orlando Cepeda (8)
	Chicago, July 4, 1961
Most home runs (lifetime)	Willie Mays (368)
Most home runs (season)	Willie Mays (49) 1962
	Orlando Cepeda (46) 1961

GIANTS SAN FRANCISCO RECORDS (continued)

Most home runs (one game)	Willie Mays (4)
	Milwaukee, April 30, 1961
Most home runs (team, one season)	(204) 1962
Most hits (season)	Willie Mays (208) 1958
Most hits (one game)	26 (May 13, 1958 at Los Angeles)
Most total bases team (one game)	50 (May 13, 1958 at Los Angeles)
Highest batting average (one season)	Willie Mays (.347) 1958
Most runs (one game, team)	19 (Sept. 12, 1958) Giants 19, Phila 2 19 (April 16, 1962) Giants 19, Los Angeles 8
Most games won by pitcher (season)	Jack Sanford (24) 1962
Most games won by pitcher (lifetime for San Francisco)	Jack Sanford (64)
Most shutouts (lifetime)	Jack Sanford (14)
Most shutouts (season)	Jack Sanford (6)
Longest winning streak	10 games (1962)
Longest losing streak	7 games (twice, 1960) 7 games (once, 1962)
Most consecutive games hitting streak	Willie McCovey (22) 1959
Most strikeouts in a game	(18) August 31, 1950 Dodger's Sandy Koufax struck out 18 Giants
Attendance (season, at home)	1,795,356 (1960)
Attendance (one game, League game)	42,269 (April 12, 1960)
Attendance (one game, All-Star Game)	44,115 (July 11, 1961)

GIANTS ALL-TIME RECORDS (continued)

GIANTS WINNERS OF NATIONAL LEAGUE RUNS-BATTED-IN TITLE

1917	Heinie Zimmerman	100
1920	George Kelly	94
1923	Emil Meusel	125
1924	George Kelly	136
1934	Mel Ott	135
1942	John Mize	110
1947	John Mize	138
1951	Monte Irvin	121
1961	Orlando Cepeda	142

GIANTS WINNERS OF NATIONAL LEAGUE HOME RUN TITLE

1888	Roger Conner	14
1890	M. Tiernan	13 tie
1891	M. Tiernan	16 tie
1909	John Murray	7
1921	George Kelly	23
1932	Mel Ott	38 tie
1934	Mel Ott	35 tie
1937	Mel Ott	31 tie
1938	Mel Ott	36
1942	Mel Ott	30
1947	John Mize	51 tie
1948	John Mize	40 tie
1955	Willie Mays	51
1961	Orlando Cepeda	46
1962	Willie Mays	49

DOWN THROUGH THE YEARS WITH THE GIANTS

<i>Year</i>	<i>Finish</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Pct.</i>	<i>Manager</i>
1900	8	60	78	.435	Buck Ewing
					George Davis
1901	7	52	85	.380	George Davis
1902	8	48	88	.353	Horace Fogel
					George Smith
					John McGraw
1903	2	84	55	.604	John McGraw
1904	1	106	47	.693	John McGraw
1905	1*	105	48	.686	John McGraw
1906	2	96	56	.632	John McGraw
1907	4	82	71	.536	John McGraw
1908	2††	98	56	.636	John McGraw
1909	3	92	61	.601	John McGraw
1910	2	91	63	.591	John McGraw
1911	1	99	54	.647	John McGraw
1912	1	103	48	.682	John McGraw
1913	1	101	51	.664	John McGraw
1914	2	84	70	.545	John McGraw
1915	8	69	83	.454	John McGraw
1916	4	86	66	.566	John McGraw
1917	1	98	56	.636	John McGraw
1918	2	71	53	.573	John McGraw
1919	2	87	53	.621	John McGraw
1920	2	86	68	.558	John McGraw
1921	1*	94	59	.614	John McGraw
1922	1*	93	61	.604	John McGraw
1923	1	95	58	.621	John McGraw
1924	1	93	60	.608	John McGraw
1925	2	86	66	.566	John McGraw

(*) World champions

(††) Tied for place

DOWN THROUGH THE YEARS WITH THE GIANTS (continued)

Year	Finish	Won	Lost	Pct.	Manager
1926	5	74	77	.490	John McGraw
1927	3	92	62	.597	John McGraw
1928	2	93	61	.604	John McGraw
1929	3	84	67	.556	John McGraw
1930	3	87	67	.565	John McGraw
1931	2	87	65	.572	John McGraw
1932	6††	72	82	.468	John McGraw
					Bill Terry
1933	1*	91	61	.599	Bill Terry
1934	2	93	60	.608	Bill Terry
1935	3	91	62	.595	Bill Terry
1936	1	92	62	.597	Bill Terry
1937	1	95	57	.625	Bill Terry
1938	3	83	67	.553	Bill Terry
1939	5	77	74	.510	Bill Terry
1940	6	72	80	.474	Bill Terry
1941	5	74	79	.484	Bill Terry
1942	3	85	67	.559	Mel Ott
1943	8	55	98	.359	Mel Ott
1944	5	67	87	.435	Mel Ott
1945	5	78	74	.513	Mel Ott
1946	8	61	93	.396	Mel Ott
1947	4	81	73	.526	Mel Ott
1948	5	78	76	.506	Mel Ott
					Leo Durocher
1949	5	73	81	.474	Leo Durocher
1950	3	86	68	.558	Leo Durocher
1951	1†	98	59	.624	Leo Durocher
1952	2	92	62	.597	Leo Durocher

(*) World champions

(†) Won playoff

(††) Tied for place

DOWN THROUGH THE YEARS WITH THE GIANTS (continued)

<i>Year</i>	<i>Finish</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Pct.</i>	<i>Manager</i>
1953	5	70	84	.455	Leo Durocher
1954	1*	97	57	.630	Leo Durocher
1955	3	80	74	.519	Leo Durocher
1956	6	67	87	.435	Bill Rigney
1957	6	69	85	.448	Bill Rigney
1958	3	80	74	.519	Bill Rigney
1959	3	83	71	.539	Bill Rigney
1960	5	79	75	.513	Bill Rigney Tom Sheehan
1961	3	85	69	.552	Alvin Dark
1962	1†	103	62	.624	Alvin Dark

(*) World champions

(†) Won playoff

PITCHERS

BOBBY DONALD BOLIN

Born - Jan. 29, 1939, Hickory Grove, S.C.

Ht. - 6.04 Wt. - 210

Bats and throws right

Year.	Club.	League.	G.	IP.	W.	L.	Pct.	H.	R.	ER.	SO.	BB.	Ave.
1957—Michigan City	Midwest	28	199	15	9	.625	165	111	78	139	*172	3.53	
1958—St. Cloud	North.	26	177	10	8	.556	156	104	83	162	145	4.22	
1959—Eugene	N.W.	31	225	20	8	.714	158	81	71	*271	*144	2.84	
1960—Rio Grande Valley	Tex.	21	120	10	4	.714	90	45	37	110	50	2.78	
1960—Tacoma	P.C.	18	55	2	4	.333	53	31	25	47	28	4.09	
1961—San Francisco	Nat.	37	48	2	2	.500	37	20	17	48	37	3.19	
1962—San Francisco	Nat.	41	92	7	3	.700	84	41	37	74	35	3.62	
Major League Totals		78	140	9	5	.643	121	61	54	122	72	3.47	

(*) Denotes led league in particular department

PITCHERS (continued)

JAMES DUFFALO

Born - Nov. 25, 1935, Helvetica, Pa.

Ht. - 6.01½ Wt. - 180

Bats and throws right

Year.	Club.	League.	G.	IP.	W.	L.	Pct.	H.	R.	ER.	SO.	BB.	Ave.
1955-Brunswick	Ga.-Fla.	29	201	17	4	*.810	.178	77	59	124	67	2.64	
1956-Kinston	Carol.	36	217	16	8	.667	.190	86	71	112	84	2.94	
1957-Lincoln	West.	30	142	9	9	.500	.154	94	76	91	76	4.82	
1958-Lincoln	West.	8	23	1	1	.500	.20	9	7	15	11	2.74	
1958-Springfield	East.	23	51	3	4	.429	.43	37	35	29	40	6.18	
1959-Springfield	East.	34	204	15	8	.652	.187	78	66	142	78	2.91	
1960-Tacoma	P.C.	7	7	0	1	.000	.6	6	6	7	4	7.71	
1960-Springfield	East.	24	171	16	5	.762	.122	62	50	148	54	*2.63	
1961-San Francisco	Nat.	24	62	5	1	.833	.59	31	29	37	32	4.21	
1961-Tacoma	P.C.	23	108	6	3	.667	.97	50	44	110	48	3.67	
1962-San Francisco	Nat.	24	42	1	2	.333	.42	27	17	29	23	3.64	
Major League Totals		48	104	6	3	.667	.101	58	46	66	55	3.98	

(*) Denotes led league in particular department

PITCHERS (continued)

ROBERT GARIBALDI

Born - Mar. 3, 1942, Stockton, Calif.

Ht. - 6.05 Wt. - 205

Bats left, throws right

Year.	Club.	League.	G.	IP.	W.	L.	Pct.	H.	R.	ER.	SO.	BB.	Ave.
1962-San Francisco	Nat.	9	12	0	0	0	.000	13	7	7	9	5	5.11
Major League Totals								13	7	7	9	5	5.11

PITCHERS (continued)

DONALD JAMES LARSEN
 Born - Aug. 7, 1929, Michigan City, Ind.
 Ht. - 6.04 Wt. - 230
 Bats and throws right

Year.	Club.	League.	G.	IP.	W.	L.	Pct.	H.	R.	ER.	BB.	Ave.
1947-Aberdeen		North.	16	71	4	3	.571	65	39	27	31	3.42
1948-Aberdeen		North.	34	211	17	11	.607	241	113	88	151	3.75
1949-Springfield		I.I.L.	18	74	4	4	.500	92	50	36	50	4.38
1949-Globe-Miami		Ariz.-Tex.	7	29	2	4	.333	33	22	17	22	5.27
1950-Wichita		West.	21	106	6	4	.600	103	53	37	47	3.14
1950-Wichita Falls		Big St.	9	44	3	3	.500	52	29	29	23	5.93
1951-52-San Antonio		Tex.					(In Military Service)					
1953-St. Louis		Amer.	38	193	7	12	.368	201	99	89	96	4.15
1954-Baltimore		Amer.	29	202	3	*21	.125	213	106	98	80	4.37
1955-Denver		A.A.	13	100	9	1	.900	96	49	41	74	3.69
1955-New York		Amer.	19	97	9	2	.818	81	38	33	44	5.06
1956-New York		Amer.	38	180	11	5	.688	133	72	65	107	3.25
1957-New York		Amer.	27	140	10	4	.714	113	68	58	81	3.73
1958-New York		Amer.	19	114	9	6	.600	100	43	39	55	5.08
1959-New York		Amer.	25	125	6	7	.462	122	65	60	69	7.6
1960-Kansas City		Amer.	22	84	1	10	.091	97	55	50	43	4.2
1960-Dallas-Fort Worth		A.A.	5	39	2	1	.667	20	10	10	42	2.31
1961-Kansas City-Chicago		Amer.	33	89	8	2	.800	45	45	41	66	4.15
1962-San Francisco		Nat.	49	86	5	4	.556	44	42	58	47	4.38
Major League Totals			299	1310	69	73	.486	1228	635	575	699	3.95

(*) Denotes led league in particular department

PITCHERS (continued)

JACK STANLEY SANFORD

Born – May 18, 1929, Wellesley, Mass.
 Ht. – 5'11 1/2 Wt. – 190

Year.	Club.	League.	G.	I/P.	W.	L.	Pct.	W.	R.	ER.	SO.	BB.	Ave.
Bats and throws right													
1948–Bradford	Pony	13	51	1	6	.167	.68	.47	.40	.41	37	37	7.06
1948–Dover	E. Shore.	18	89	2	9	.182	.98	.93	.72	.54	97	97	7.28
1949–Americus	Ga.-Fla.	30	207	15	9	.625	.192	.138	.101	.143	135	135	4.39
1950–Wilmington	Int.-Sr.	26	153	12	4	.750	.147	.86	.63	.77	113	113	3.71
1951–Schenectady	East.	30	211	15	11	.577	.182	.109	.84	.104	125	125	3.58
1952–Schenectady	East.	35	205	16	8	.667	.189	.85	.67	.113	91	91	2.94
1953–Baltimore	Int.	32	200	14	13	.519	.186	.112	.88	.128	110	110	3.96
1954–Syracuse	Int.	28	154	8	14	.364	.142	.78	.66	.100	84	84	3.86
1955–Philadelphia	Nat.	3	13	1	0	1.000	7	2	2	6	13	13	1.38
1956–Philadelphia	Nat.	33	237	19	8	.704	.194	.94	.81	*188	94	94	3.08
1957–Philadelphia	Nat.	38	186	10	13	.435	.197	.103	.92	.106	81	81	4.45
1958–Philadelphia	Nat.	36	222	15	12	.556	.198	.90	.78	.132	70	70	3.16
1959–San Francisco	Nat.	37	219	12	14	.462	.199	.111	.93	.125	99	99	3.82
1960–San Francisco	Nat.	38	217	13	9	.591	.203	.114	.102	.112	87	87	4.23
1961–San Francisco	Nat.	39	265	*24	7	.774	.233	.110	.101	.147	92	92	3.43
1962–San Francisco	Nat.	224	1359	94	63	.599	.1231	.624	.549	.816	536	536	3.63
Major League Totals													

(*) Denotes led league in particular department

PITCHERS (continued)

JUAN ANTONIO MARICHAL

Born - Oct. 24, 1937, Laguna Verde, Montecristi, Dominican Republic

Ht. - 6.00 Wt. - 185

Bats and throws right

Year.	Club.	League.	G.	IP.	W.	L.	Pct.	H.	R.	ER.	SO.	BB.	Ave.
1958-Michigan City	Midwest	35	*245	*21	8	.724	*200	69	51	246	50	*1.87	
1959-Springfield	East.	37	*271	*18	13	.581	238	85	72	*208	47	*2.39	
1960-Tacoma	P.C.	18	139	11	5	.688	116	52	48	121	34	3.11	
1960-San Francisco	Nat.	11	81	6	2	.750	59	29	24	58	28	2.67	
1961-San Francisco	Nat.	29	185	13	10	.565	183	88	80	124	48	3.89	
1962-San Francisco	Nat.	37	263	18	11	.621	233	112	98	153	90	3.32	
<hr/>													
Major League Totals		77	529	37	23	.617	475	229	202	335	166	3.44	

(*) Denotes led league in particular department

PITCHERS (continued)**MICHAEL FRANCIS McCORMICK**

Born - Sept. 29, 1938, Pasadena, Calif.

Ht. - 6.02 Wt. - 185

Bats and throws left

<i>Year.</i>	<i>Club.</i>	<i>League.</i>	<i>G.</i>	<i>IP.</i>	<i>W.</i>	<i>L.</i>	<i>Pct.</i>	<i>H.</i>	<i>R.</i>	<i>ER.</i>	<i>SO.</i>	<i>BB.</i>	<i>Ave.</i>
1956-New York	Nat.		3	7	0	1	.000	7	7	7	4	10	9.00
1957-New York	Nat.		24	75	3	1	.750	79	37	34	50	32	4.08
1958-San Francisco	Nat.		42	178	11	8	.579	192	103	91	82	60	4.60
1959-San Francisco	Nat.		47	226	12	16	.429	213	117	100	151	86	3.98
1960-San Francisco	Nat.		40	253	15	12	.556	228	87	76	154	65	*2.70
1961-San Francisco	Nat.		40	250	13	16	.448	235	99	89	163	75	3.20
1962-San Francisco	Nat.		28	99	5	5	.500	112	64	59	42	45	5.38
Major League Totals			224	1088	59	59	.500	1066	514	456	646	373	3.76

(*) Denotes led league in particular department

PITCHERS (continued)

STUART LEONARD MILLER
 Born - Dec. 26, 1927, Northampton Mass.
 Ht. - 5.11 Wt. - 165
 Bats and throws right

Year.	Club.	League.	G.	IP.	W.	L.	Pct.	H.	ER.	SO.	BB.	Ave.
1949-Salisbury	E. Shore	29	151	8	*13	.381	.142	104	72	97	90	4.29
1950-Hamilton	Pony	37	244	16	13	.552	*235	111	87	154	93	3.21
1951-Omaha	West.	11	32	0	0	.000	25	17	16	18	15	4.50
1951-Winston-Salem	Carol.	30	178	13	10	.565	150	63	57	111	59	2.88
1952-Columbus	A.A.	28	119	11	5	.688	113	44	31	82	38	2.34
1952-St. Louis	Nat.	12	88	6	3	.667	63	25	20	64	26	2.05
1953-St. Louis	Nat.	40	138	7	8	.467	161	86	85	79	47	5.54
1954-St. Louis	Nat.	19	47	2	3	.400	55	36	30	22	29	5.74
1954-St. Louis	A.A.	22	133	7	8	.467	107	53	45	118	35	3.05
1954-Columbus	A.A.	39	*244	17	14	.548	224	111	82	161	78	3.02
1955-Omaha	A.A.	27	114	5	9	.357	121	71	57	60	56	4.50
1956-St. Louis-Philadelphia	Nat.	7	51	3	3	.500	40	21	13	26	19	2.29
1957-Minneapolis	A.A.	38	124	7	9	.438	110	53	50	60	45	3.63
1957-New York	Nat.	41	182	6	9	.400	160	60	50	119	49	*2.47
1958-San Francisco	Nat.	59	168	8	7	.533	164	66	53	95	57	2.84
1959-San Francisco	Nat.	47	102	7	6	.538	100	49	44	65	31	3.88
1960-San Francisco	Nat.	63	122	14	5	.737	95	41	36	89	37	2.66
1961-San Francisco	Nat.	59	107	5	8	.385	107	55	49	78	45	4.12
1962-San Francisco	Nat.	405	1192	67	67	.500	1136	542	474	731	3.54	
Major League Totals												

(*) Denotes led league in particular department

PITCHERS (continued)

WILLIAM OLIVER O'DELL

Born - Feb. 10, 1933, Whitmire, S.C.

Ht. - 5.10 Wt. - 170

Bats right-left, throws left

Year.	Club.	League.	G.	IP.	W.	L.	Pct.	H.	R.	ER.	SO.	BB.	Ave.
1954-Baltimore		Amer.	7	16	1	1	.500	15	7	5	6	5	2.81
1955-Baltimore		Amer.											
1956-Baltimore		Amer.	4	8	0	0	.000	6	1	1	6	6	1.13
1957-Baltimore		Amer.	35	140	4	10	.286	107	48	42	97	39	2.70
1958-Baltimore		Amer.	41	221	14	11	.560	201	83	73	137	51	2.97
1959-Baltimore		Amer.	38	199	10	12	.455	163	74	65	88	67	2.94
1960-San Francisco		Nat.	43	203	8	13	.381	198	80	72	145	72	3.19
1961-San Francisco		Nat.	46	130	7	5	.583	132	63	52	110	33	3.60
1962-San Francisco		Nat.	43	281	19	14	.576	282	126	110	195	66	<u>3.53</u>
Major League Totals													
257	1198		63	66	.488	1104		482	420	784	339	3.15	

PITCHERS (continued)

WALTER WILLIAM PIERCE

Born - April 2, 1927, Detroit, Mich.

Ht. - 5'11 Wt. - 175

Bats and throws left

Year.	Club.	League.	G.	IP.	W.	L.	Pct.	H.	R.	ER.	SO.	BB.	Ave.
1945-Buffalo		Int.	15	83	5	7	.417	75	55	50	57	71	5.42
1945-Detroit		Amer.	5	10	0	0	.000	6	2	2	10	10	1.80
1946-Buffalo		Int.	10	56	3	4	.429	52	30	28	45	44	4.50
1947-Buffalo		Int.	28	151	14	8	.636	127	75	65	125	125	3.87
1948-Detroit		Amer.	22	55	3	0	1.000	47	40	39	36	51	6.38
1949-Chicago		Amer.	32	172	7	15	.318	145	89	74	95	112	3.87
1950-Chicago		Amer.	33	219	12	16	.429	189	112	97	118	137	3.99
1951-Chicago		Amer.	37	240	15	14	.517	237	93	81	113	73	3.04
1952-Chicago		Amer.	33	255	15	12	.556	214	76	73	144	79	2.58
1953-Chicago		Amer.	40	271	18	12	.600	216	94	82	*186	102	2.72
1954-Chicago		Amer.	36	189	9	10	.474	179	86	73	148	86	3.48
1955-Chicago		Amer.	33	206	15	10	.600	162	50	45	157	64	*1.97
1956-Chicago		Amer.	35	276	20	9	.690	261	108	102	192	100	3.33
1957-Chicago		Amer.	37	257	20	12	.625	228	98	93	171	71	3.26
1958-Chicago		Amer.	35	245	17	11	.607	204	83	73	144	66	2.68
1959-Chicago		Amer.	34	224	14	15	.483	217	98	90	114	62	3.62
1960-Chicago		Amer.	32	196	14	7	.667	201	81	79	108	46	3.63
1961-Chicago		Amer.	39	180	10	9	.526	190	85	76	106	54	3.80
1962-San Francisco		Nat.	30	162	16	6	.727	147	67	63	76	35	3.48
Major League Totals			513	3157	205	158	.565	2843	1262	1142	1918	1148	3.25

(*) Denotes led league in particular department

PLAYING RECORDS
PLAYERS

FELIPE ROJAS ALOU

Born - May 12, 1935, Haina, Dominican Republic

Ht. - 6.00 Wt. - 205

Bats and throws right

Year.	Club.	League.	Pos.	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	2B	3B	HR.	RBI.	B.A.
1956—Lake Charles	Evang.	OF	5	9	1	2	0	0	0	1	.222	
1956—Cocoa	Fl.St.	OF-3B	119	445	111	169	15	6	21	99	* .380	
1957—Minneapolis	A.A.	OF	24	57	7	12	2	0	0	3	.211	
1957—Springfield	East.	OF-3B	106	359	45	110	14	3	12	71	.306	
1958—Phoenix	P.C.	OF	55	216	61	69	16	2	13	42	.319	
1958—San Francisco	Nat.	OF	75	182	21	46	9	2	4	16	.253	
1959—San Francisco	Nat.	OF	95	247	38	68	13	2	10	33	.275	
1960—San Francisco	Nat.	OF	106	322	48	85	17	3	8	44	.264	
1961—San Francisco	Nat.	OF	132	415	59	120	19	0	18	52	.289	
1962—San Francisco	Nat.	OF	154	561	96	177	30	3	25	98	.316	
Major League Totals			<u>562</u>	<u>1727</u>	<u>262</u>	<u>496</u>	<u>88</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>65</u>	<u>243</u>	<u>.287</u>	

(*) Denotes led league in particular department

PLAYERS (continued)

MATEO ROJAS ALOU

Born - Dec. 22, 1938, Haina, Dominican Republic

Ht. - 5.09 Wt. - 160

Bats and throws left

Year.	Club.	League.	Pos.	G.	AB.	R.	H.	2B.	3B.	HR.	RBI.	B.A.
1957-Michigan City		Midwest	OF	124	481	79	119	15	1	6	46	.247
1958-St. Cloud		North.	OF	121	448	92	144	13	5	4	52	.321
1959-Springfield		East.	OF	121	489	93	141	30	7	11	57	.288
1960-Tacoma	P.C.	OF	150	*627	97	192	39	8	14	73	.306	
1960-San Francisco	Nat.	OF	4	3	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	.333
1961-San Francisco	Nat.	OF	81	200	38	62	7	2	6	24	.310	
1962-San Francisco	Nat.	OF	78	<u>195</u>	<u>28</u>	<u>57</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>.292</u>	
Major League Totals			163	398	77	120	15	3	9	38	.302	

(*) Denotes led league in particular department

PLAYERS (continued)

LONAS EDGAR BALLEY, JR.
 Born - April 15, 1931, Strawberry Plains, Tenn.
 Ht. - 6.00 1/2 Wt. - 206

Bats left, throws right

Year.	Club.	League.	Pos.	G.	AB.	R.	H.	2B.	3B.	HR.	RBI.	B.A.
1950-Ogden	Pion.	Nat.	C	124	470	(In Military Service)	147	23	11	7	87	.313
1951-52-Cincinnati		Tex.	C	147	485	62	118	26	4	21	88	.243
1953-Tulsa		Nat.	C	2	8	1	3	1	0	0	1	.375
1953-Cincinnati		Nat.	C	73	183	21	36	2	3	9	20	.197
1954-Cincinnati		Nat.	C	21	39	3	8	1	1	1	4	.205
1955-Cincinnati		Nat.	C	108	344	52	97	16	0	16	60	.282
1955-San Diego		P.C.	C	118	383	59	115	8	2	28	75	.300
1956-Cincinnati		Nat.	C	122	391	54	102	15	2	20	48	.261
1957-Cincinnati		Nat.	C	112	360	39	90	23	1	11	59	.250
1958-Cincinnati		Nat.	C	121	379	43	100	13	0	12	40	.264
1959-Cincinnati		Nat.	C	133	441	52	115	19	3	13	67	.261
1960-Cincinnati		Nat.	C-OF	119	383	43	94	13	1	13	53	.245
1961-Cinn.-S.F.		Nat.	C	96	254	32	59	9	1	17	45	.232
1962-San Francisco				917	2821	347	722	104	14	124	412	.256
Major League Totals												

PLAYERS (continued)

CARL BOLES

Born - Oct. 31, 1934, Center Point, Ark.

Ht. - 5.11 Wt. - 175

Bats and throws right

Year.	Club.	League.	Pos.	G.	AB.	R.	H.	2B.	3B.	HR.	RB.	B.A.
1954-Danville	M.O.V.	OF	117	495	93	125	18	11	5	60	.253	
1955-Danville	Car.								(In Military Service)			
1956-Danville	Car.								(In Military Service)			
1957-Danville	Car.								(In Military Service)			
1958-Danville	Car.								(In Military Service)			
1959-Eugene	N. West.	OF	128	465	84	143	16	8	9	40	.308	
1960-Springfield	East.	OF	127	491	81	139	23	10	10	59	.283	
1961-Springfield	East.	OF	122	480	86	142	21	6	7	56	.296	
1962-El Paso	Tex.	OF	89	344	83	116	29	4	18	74	.337	
1962-San Francisco	Nat.	OF	19	24	4	9	0	0	0	1	.375	
Major League Totals			19	24	4	9	0	0	0	1	.375	

PLAYERS (continued)

ERNEST FERRELL BOWMAN

Born - July 28, 1936, Johnson City, Tenn.

Ht. - 5.10 Wt. - 165

Bats and throws right

Year.	Club.	League.	Pos.	G.	AB.	R.	H.	2B.	3B.	HR.	RBI.	B.A.
1956-St. Cloud		North.	2-3B	104	419	57	101	12	3	3	31	.241
1957-St. Cloud		North.	*2-S	104	409	56	112	18	8	4	52	.275
1958-Springfield		East.	2B	127	531	65	131	19	5	1	29	.247
1959-Corpus Christi	Tex.	2B-SS	140	518	67	132	17	9	5	56		.255
1960-Tacoma	P.C.	SS-2B	40	63	10	18	4	0	0	0	2	.286
1961-Tacoma	P.C.	INF	37	135	18	39	7	1	0	0	9	.289
1961-San Francisco	Nat.	INF	38	38	10	8	0	2	0	0	2	.211
1962-San Francisco	Nat.	INF	45	42	9	8	1	0	1	4		.190
Major League Totals				83	80	19	16	1	2	1	6	.200

(*) Denotes led league in particular department

PLAYERS (continued)

ORLANDO MANUEL CEPEDA

Born - Sept. 17, 1937, Ponce, Puerto Rico

Ht. - 6.02 Wt. - 205

Bats and throws right

Year.	Club.	League.	Pos.	G.	AB.	R.	H.	2B.	3B.	HR.	RBI.	B.A.
1955-Salem		Appal.	3B	26	93	12	23	6	1	1	16	.247
1955-Kokomo		M-O. V.	3B	92	374	83	147	23	2	21	91	.393
1956-St. Cloud		N'th.	1B-3B	125	499	100	*177	33	9	*26	*112	*.355
1957-Minneapolis		AA	1B-3B-OF	151	563	91	174	31	3	25	108	.309
1958-San Francisco		Nat.	1B	148	603	88	188	*38	4	25	96	.312
1959-San Francisco		Nat.	1-3B-OF	151	605	92	192	35	4	27	105	.317
1960-San Francisco		Nat.	OF-1B	151	569	81	169	36	3	24	96	.297
1961-San Francisco		Nat.	1B-OF	152	585	105	182	28	4	*46	*142	.311
1962-San Francisco		Nat.	1B-OF	162	<u>625</u>	<u>105</u>	<u>191</u>	<u>—</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>35</u>	<u>114</u>	<u>.306</u>
Major League Totals				764	2987	471	922	163	16	157	553	.309

(*) Denotes led league in particular department

PLAYERS (continued)

JAMES HOUSTON DAVENPORT

Born - Aug. 17, 1933, Siluria, Ala.

Ht. - 5.11 Wt. - 175

Bats and throws right

Year.	Club.	League.	Pos.	G.	AB.	R.	H.	2B.	3B.	HR.	RBI.	B.A.
1955–El Dorado	Cat. St.	3B	105	405	102	147	29	6	17	76	*.363	
1956–Dallas	Tex.	3B-SS	154	577	97	154	28	6	14	74	.267	
1957–Minneapolis	A.A.	3B-SS	148	529	68	154	28	3	10	53	.291	
1958–San Francisco	Nat.	3B-SS	134	434	70	111	22	3	12	41	.256	
1959–San Francisco	Nat.	*3B-SS	123	469	65	121	16	3	6	38	.258	
1960–San Francisco	Nat.	*3B-SS	112	363	43	91	15	3	6	38	.251	
1961–San Francisco	Nat.	3B	137	436	64	121	28	4	12	65	.278	
1962–San Francisco	Nat.	3B	144	485	83	144	25	5	14	58	.297	
Major League Totals			650	2187	325	588	106	18	50	240	.269	

(*) Denotes led league in particular department

PLAYERS (continued)

THOMAS FRANK HALLER

Born - June 23, 1937, Lockport, Ill.

Ht. - 6.04 Wt. - 210

Bats left, throws right

Year.	Club.	League.	Pos.	G.	AB.	R.	H.	2B.	3B.	HR.	RBI.	B.A.
1958-Phoenix	P.C.	C	105	298	42	68	14	1	16	54	.228	
1959-Springfield	East.	*C-OF	110	348	45	96	19	2	5	50	.276	
1960-Tacoma	P.C.	C	127	342	39	86	15	5	13	42	.251	
1961-San Francisco	Nat.	C	30	62	5	9	1	0	2	8	.145	
1961-Tacoma	P.C.	C-OF	56	161	21	33	5	4	4	20	.205	
1962-San Francisco	Nat.	C	99	272	53	71	13	1	18	55	.261	
Major League Totals			129	338	58	80	14	1	20	63	.239	

(*) Denotes led league in particular department

PLAYERS (continued)

CHARLES JOSEPH HILLER

Born - Oct. 1, 1935, Johnsburg, Ill.

Ht. - 5.11 Wt. - 175

Bats left, throws right

Year.	Club.	League.	Pos.	G.	AB.	R.	H.	2B.	3B.	HR.	RBI.	B.A.
1957—Cocoa	Fla. St.	2B-SS	133	505	99	148	21	9	11	51	.293	
1958—Minot	North.	2B	120	455	89	128	23	12	8	58	.281	
1959—Eugene	N.W.	2B	139	487	92	*166	24	9	13	77	.341	
1960—Rio Gr. Valley	Tex.	2B	144	560	89	*187	*47	4	3	74	*.334	
1961—San Francisco	Nat.	2B	70	240	38	57	12	1	2	12	.238	
1961—Tacoma	P.C.	2B	73	281	54	91	15	3	5	32	.324	
1962—San Francisco	Nat.	2B	161	602	94	166	22	2	3	48	.276	
Major League Totals			231	842	132	223	34	3	5	60	.265	

(*) Denotes led league in particular department

PLAYERS (continued)

HARVEY EDWARD KUENN

Born - Dec. 4, 1930, Milwaukee, Wisc.

Ht. - 6.02 Wt. - 197

Bats and throws right

Year.	Club.	League.	Pos.	G.	A.B.	R.	2B.	3B.	HR.	RBI.	B.A.
1952-Davenport	I.I.I.	SS	63	256	46	87	17	3	1	40	.340
1952-Detroit	Amer.	SS	19	80	2	26	2	0	0	8	.325
1953-Detroit	Amer.	SS	155	*679	94	*209	33	7	2	48	.308
1954-Detroit	Amer.	SS	155	*657	81	201	28	6	5	48	.306
1955-Detroit	Amer.	SS	145	620	101	190	*38	5	8	62	.306
1956-Detroit	Amer.	*SS-OF	146	591	96	*196	32	7	12	88	.332
1957-Detroit	Amer.	*SS-3-1B	151	624	74	173	30	6	9	44	.277
1958-Detroit	Amer.	OF	139	561	73	179	*39	3	8	54	.319
1959-Detroit	Amer.	OF	139	561	99	*198	*42	7	9	71	*.353
1960-Cleveland	Amer.	OF-3B	126	474	65	146	24	0	9	54	.308
1961-San Francisco	Nat.	0-3-S	131	471	60	125	22	4	5	46	.265
1962-San Francisco	Nat.	OF-3B	130	487	73	148	*23	5	10	68	.304
Major League Totals			1436	5805	818	1791	313	52	77	591	.314

(*) Denotes led league in particular department

PLAYERS (continued)

WILLIE MAYS
 Born - May 6, 1931, Fairfield, Ala.
 Ht. - 5.11 Wt. - 180
 Bats and throws right

Year.	Club.	League.	Pos.	G.	AB.	R.	H.	2B.	3B.	HR.	RBI.	B.A.
1950-Trenton		Int.-St.	OF	81	306	50	108	20	8	4	55	.353
1951-Minneapolis		A.A.	OF	35	149	38	71	18	3	8	30	.477
1951-New York		Nat.	OF	121	464	59	127	22	5	20	68	.274
1952-New York		Nat.	OF	34	127	17	30	2	4	4	23	.236
1953-New York		Nat.	OF	151	565	119	195	33	*13	41	110	*.345
1954-New York		Nat.	OF	152	580	123	185	18	13	*51	127	.319
1955-New York		Nat.	OF	152	578	101	171	27	8	36	84	.296
1956-New York		Nat.	OF	152	585	112	195	26	*20	35	97	.333
1957-New York		Nat.	OF	152	600	*121	208	33	11	29	96	.347
1958-San Francisco		Nat.	OF	151	575	125	180	43	5	34	104	.313
1959-San Francisco		Nat.	OF	153	595	107	*190	29	12	29	103	.319
1960-San Francisco		Nat.	OF	154	572	*129	176	32	3	40	123	.308
1961-San Francisco		Nat.	OF	162	621	130	189	36	5	49	141	.304
1962-San Francisco				1534	5862	1143	1846	301	99	368	1076	.315
Major League Totals												
(In Military Service)												

(*) Denotes led league in particular department

PLAYERS (continued)

WILLIE LEE McCOVEY

Born - Jan. 10, 1938, Mobile, Ala.

Ht. - 6.04 Wt. - 200

Bats and throws left

Year.	Club.	League.	Pos.	G.	AB.	R.	H.	2B.	3B.	HR.	RBI.	B.A.
1955-Sandersville		Ga. St.	1B	107	410	82	125	24	1	19	*113	.305
1956-Danville		Carol.	1B	152	519	119	161	*38	8	29	89	.310
1957-Dallas		Tex.	1B	115	395	63	111	21	9	11	65	.281
1958-Phoenix		P.C.	1B	146	527	91	168	37	10	14	89	.319
1959-Phoenix		P.C.	1B	95	349	84	130	26	11	*29	92	.372
1959-San Francisco		Nat.	1B	52	192	32	68	9	5	13	38	.354
1960-San Francisco		Nat.	1B	101	260	37	62	15	3	13	51	.238
1960-Tacoma		P.C.	1B	17	63	14	18	1	2	3	16	.286
1961-San Francisco		Nat.	1B	106	328	59	89	12	3	18	50	.271
1962-San Francisco		OF-1B		91	229	41	67	6	1	20	54	.293
Major League Totals				350	1009	169	286	42	12	64	193	.283

(*) Denotes led league in particular department

PLAYERS (continued)

JOHN ORSINO

Born - April 22, 1938, Teaneck, N.J.

Ht. - 6.02 Wt. - 215

Bats and throws right

Year.	Club.	League.	Pos.	G.	AB.	R.	H.	2B.	3B.	HR.	RBI.	B.A.
1957-Michigan City		Midwest	C	119	408	64	91	19	1	20	79	.223
1958-St. Cloud		Northern	C	110	401	73	117	21	1	20	88	.292
	P.C.		C	23	71	7	20	6	0	3	15	.282
1959-Phoenix		N. West.	1B-C	98	343	44	93	21	4	8	55	.271
1959-Eugene			C-1B-OF	114	314	53	93	16	6	21	63	.296
1960-Rio Grande		P.C.	C-1B	60	179	17	48	9	0	8	29	.268
1961-Tacoma		Nat.	C	25	83	5	23	3	2	4	12	.277
1961-San Francisco		P.C.	C	45	159	24	52	9	1	10	34	.327
1962-Tacoma		Nat.	C	18	48	4	13	2	0	0	4	.271
1962-San Francisco				43	131	29	36	5	2	4	16	.275
Major League Totals												

PLAYERS (continued)

JOSE ANTONIO PAGAN

Born – May 5, 1935, Barceloneta, Puerto Rico

Ht. – 5.09 Wt. – 165

Bats and throws right

Year.	Club.	League.	Pos.	G.	AB.	R.	H.	2B.	3B.	HR.	RBI.	B.A.
1955–El Dorado	Cat. St.	O-S-I	97	322	60	88	12	1	3	40	.273	
1956–Danville	Carol.	SS	147	566	92	160	30	4	10	67	.283	
1957–Springfield	East.	*2-3-S	133	*542	67	143	24	7	4	48	.264	
1958–Springfield	East.	*3B-2B	126	513	68	153	27	7	5	77	.298	
1959–Phoenix	P.C.	SS	105	445	79	139	29	3	19	55	.312	
1959–San Francisco	Nat.	INF	31	46	7	8	1	0	0	1	.174	
1960–Tacoma	P.C.	*S-3-2B	128	519	69	153	22	6	8	51	.295	
1960–San Francisco	Nat.	SS-3B	18	49	8	14	2	2	0	2	.286	
1961–San Francisco	Nat.	SS-OF	134	434	38	110	15	2	5	46	.253	
1962–San Francisco	Nat.	SS	164	580	73	150	25	6	7	57	.259	
Major League Totals			347	1109	126	282	43	10	12	106	.254	

(*) Denotes led league in particular department

GIANTS' WORLD SERIES RECORDS

1962—(vs. New York Yankees)

RESULTS: New York (AL) 4, San Francisco (NL) 3.

1st Game, at San Francisco, Oct. 4.

New York (AL)	200	000	121	6	11	0
San Francisco (NL)	011	000	000	2	10	0

Pitchers: FORD vs. O'DELL, Larsen (8), Miller (9).

Home run: Boyer (NY)

Attendance: 43,852.

2d Game, at San Francisco, Oct. 5.

New York (AL)	000	000	000	0	3	1
San Francisco (NL)	100	000	10X	2	6	0

Pitchers: TERRY, Dalcy (8) vs. SANFORD.

Home run: McCovey (SF)

Attendance: 43,910.

3d Game, at New York, Oct. 7.

San Francisco (NL)	000	000	002	2	4	3
New York (AL)	000	000	30X	3	5	1

Pitchers: PIERCE, Larsen (7), Bolin (8) vs. STAFFORD.

Home run: Bailey (SF).

Attendance: 71,434.

4th Game, at New York, Oct. 8.

San Francisco (NL)	020	000	401	7	9	1
New York (AL)	000	002	001	3	9	1

Pitchers: Marichal, Bolin (5), LARSEN (6), O'Dell (7) vs. Ford, COATES (7), Bridges (9).

Home runs: Haller (SF), Hiller (SF).

Attendance: 66,607.

5th Game, at New York, Oct. 10.

San Francisco (NL)	001	010	001	3	8	2
New York (AL)	000	101	03X	5	6	0

Pitchers: SANFORD, Miller (8) vs. TERRY.

Home runs: Pagan (SF), Tresh (NY)

Attendance: 63,165.

6th Game, at San Francisco, Oct. 15.

New York (AL)	000	010	010	2	3	2
San Francisco (NL)	000	320	00X	5	10	1

GIANTS' WORLD SERIES RECORDS

6th Game, at San Francisco, Oct. 15. (continued)

Pitchers: FORD, Coates (5), Bridges (8) vs. PIERCE.

Home run: Maris (NY).

Attendance: 43,948.

7th Game, at San Francisco, Oct. 16.

New York (AL)	000	010	000	1	7	0
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San Francisco (NL)	000	000	000	0	4	1
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Pitchers: TERRY vs. SANFORD, O'Dell (8).

Attendance: 43,948.

Giant players: Pitchers, Bob Bolin, Jim Duffalo, Bob Garibaldis, Don Larsen, Juan Marichal, Mike McCormick, Stu Miller, Billy O'Dell, Billy Pierce, Jack Sanford. Catchers: Ed Bailey, Tom Haller, Johnny Orsino. Infielders: Ernie Bowman, ss; Orlando Cepeda, 1b; Jim Davenport, 3b; Charles Hiller, 2b; Jose Pagan, ss. Outfielders: Felipe Alou, Matty Alou, Carl Boles, Harvey Kuenn, Willie Mays, Willie McCovey. Alvin Dark, manager.

1954—(vs. Cleveland Indians).

RESULTS: New York (NL) 4, Cleveland (AL) 0

1st Game, at New York, Sept. 29.

Cleveland (AL)	200	000	000	0	2	8	0
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New York (NL)	002	000	000	3	5	9	0
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Pitchers: LEMON vs. Maglie, Liddle (8), GRISSOM (8).

Home run: Rhodes (NY).

Attendance: 52,751.

2d Game, at New York, Sept. 30.

Cleveland (AL)	100	000	000	1	8	0
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New York (NL)	000	020	10X	3	4	0
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Pitchers: WYNN, Mossi (8) vs. ANTONELLI.

Home runs: Smith (Cleve.), Rhodes (NY).

Attendance: 49,099.

3d Game, at Cleveland, Oct. 1.

New York (NL)	103	011	000	6	10	1
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Cleveland (AL)	000	000	110	2	4	2
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Pitchers: GOMEZ, Wilhelm (7) vs. GARCIA, Houtteman (4), Narleski (6), Mossi (9).

Home run: Wertz (Cleve.).

Attendance: 71,555.

GIANTS' WORLD SERIES RECORDS

4th Game, at Cleveland, Oct. 2.

New York (NL)	021	040	000	7	10	3
Cleveland (AL)	000	030	100	4	6	2

Pitchers: LIDDLE, Wilhelm (7), Antonelli (8) vs. LEMON, New-houser (5), Narleski (5), Mossi (6), Garcia (8).

Home run: Majeski (Cleve.)

Attendance: 78,102.

Giant players: Monford Irvin, Willie Mays, Donald Mueller, James (Dusty) Rhodes, William Taylor, outfielders; Carroll (Whitey) Lockman, 1b; David Williams, 2b; Alvin Dark, ss; Henry Thompson, 3b; Joey Amalfitano, Foster Castleman, William Gardner, Robert Hofman, utility infielders; Raymond Katt, Wesley Westrum, catchers; John Antonelli, Elmer (Al) Corwin, Paul Giel, Ruben Gomez, Marvin Grissom, James Hearn, Alex Konikowski, Donald Liddle, Salvatore Maglie, John McCall, J. Hoyt Wilhelm, Allan Worthington, pitchers. Leo Durocher, manager.

1951-(vs. New York Yankees).

RESULTS: New York (AL) 4, New York (NL) 2.

1st Game, at Yankee Stadium, Oct. 4.

New York (NL)	200	003	000	5	10	1
New York (AL)	010	000	000	1	7	1

Pitchers: KOSLO vs REYNOLDS, Hogue (7), Morgan (8).

Home run: Dark (NL).

Attendance: 65,673.

2d Game, at Yankee Stadium, Oct. 5.

New York (NL)	000	000	100	1	5	1
New York (AL)	110	000	01X	3	6	0

Pitchers: JANSEN, Spencer (7) vs. LOPAT.

Home run: Collins (AL).

Attendance: 66,018.

3d Game, at Polo Grounds, Oct. 6.

New York (AL)	000	000	011	2	5	2
New York (NL)	010	050	00X	6	7	2

Pitchers: RASCHI, Hogue (5), Ostrowski (7) vs. HEARN, Jones (8).

Home runs: Lockman (NL), Woodling (AL).

Attendance: 52,035.

GIANTS' WORLD SERIES RECORDS

4th Game, at Polo Grounds, Oct. 8.

New York (AL)	010	120	200	6	12	0
New York (NL)	100	000	001	2	8	2

Pitchers: REYNOLDS vs. MAGLIE, Jones (6), Kennedy (9).

Home run: DiMaggio (AL).

Attendance: 49,010.

5th Game, at Polo Grounds, Oct. 9.

New York (AL)	005	202	400	13	12	1
New York (NL)	100	000	000	1	5	3

Pitchers: LOPAT vs. JANSEN, Kennedy (4), Spencer (6), Corwin (7), Konikowski (9).

Home runs: McDougald (AL), Rizzuto (AL).

Attendance: 47,530.

6th Game, at Yankee Stadium, Oct. 10.

New York (NL)	000	010	002	3	11	1
New York (AL)	100	003	00X	4	7	0

Pitchers: KOSLO, Hearn (7), Jansen (8) vs. RASCHI, Sain (7), Kuzava (9).

Attendance: 61,711.

Giants players: Clinton Hartung, Monte Irvin, Willie Mays, Donald Mueller, Henry Thompson, outfielders; Carroll(Whitey) Lockman, 1b; Edward Stanky, 2b; Alvin Dark, ss; Robert Thomson, 3b; Jack Lohrke, William Rigney, Henry Schenz, David Williams, utility infielders; Rafael Noble, Wesley Westrum, Salvatore Yvars, catchers; Elmer (Al) Corwin, James Hearn, Lawrence Jansen, Sheldon Jones, Montia Kennedy, Alex Konikowski, George (Dave) Koslo, Salvatore Maglie, George Spencer, pitchers. Leo Durocher, manager.

1937-(vs. New York Yankees).

RESULTS: New York (AL) 4, New York (NL) 1.

1st Game, at Yankee Stadium, Oct. 6.

New York (NL)	000	010	000	1	6	2
New York (AL)	000	007	01X	8	7	0

Pitchers: HUBBELL, Gumbert (6), Coffman (6), Smith (8) vs. GOMEZ.

Home run: Lazzeri (AL).

Attendance: 60,573.

GIANTS' WORLD SERIES RECORDS

2d Game, at Yankee Stadium, Oct. 7.

New York (NL)	100	000	000	1	7	0
New York (AL)	000	024	20X	8	12	0

Pitchers: MELTON, Gumbert (5), Coffman (6) vs RUFFING.

Attendance: 57,675.

3d Game, at Polo Grounds, Oct. 8.

New York (AL)	012	110	000	5	9	0
New York (NL)	000	000	100	1	5	4

Pitchers: PEARSON, Murphy (9) vs. SCHUMACHER, Melton (7),
Brennan (9).

Attendance: 37,395.

4th Game, at Polo Grounds, Oct. 9.

New York (AL)	101	000	001	3	6	0
New York (NL)	060	000	10X	7	12	3

Pitchers: HADLEY, Andrews (2), Wicker (8) vs. HUBBELL.

Home run: Gehrig (AL).

Attendance: 44,293.

5th Game, at Polo Grounds, Oct. 10.

New York (AL)	011	020	000	4	8	0
New York (NL)	002	000	000	2	10	0

Pitchers: GOMEZ vs. MELTON, Smith (6), Brennan (8).

Home runs: DiMaggio (AL), Hoag (AL), Ott (NL).

Attendance: 38,216.

Giants players: Harry Danning, Edward Majeski, August Mancuso, catchers: Thomas C. Baker, J. Donald Brennan, Clydell Castleman, S. Richard Coffman, Harry E. Gumbert, Carl O. Hubbell, Clifford G. Melton, Harold H. Schumacher, Alfred J. Smith, pitchers; Richard Bartell, Louis P. Chiozza, Michael J. Haslin, Samuel A. Leslie, John J. McCarthy, Melvin T. Ott, John C. Ryan, Burgess U. Whitehead, infielders; Walter A. Berger, Henry C. Leiber, Joseph G. Moore, James Ripple, outfielders. Bill Terry, manager.

1936—(vs. New York Yankees).

RESULTS: New York (AL) 4, New York (NL) 2.

1st Game, at Polo Grounds, Sept. 30.

New York (AL)	001	000	000	1	7	2
New York (NL)	000	011	04X	6	9	1

GIANTS' WORLD SERIES RECORDS

1st Game, at Polo Grounds, Sept. 30. (continued)

Pitchers: RUFFING vs. HUBBELL.

Home runs: Bartell (NL), Selkirk (AL).

Attendance: 39,419.

2d Game, at Polo Grounds, Oct. 2.

New York (AL)	207	001	206	18	17	0
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New York (NL)	010	300	000	4	6	1
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Pitchers: GOMEZ vs. SCHUMACHER, Smith (3), Coffman (3),
Gabler (5), Gumbert (9).

Home runs: Dickey (AL), Lazzeri (AL).

Attendance: 43,543.

3d Game, at Yankee Stadium, Oct. 3.

New York (NL)	000	010	000	1	11	0
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New York (AL)	010	000	01X	2	4	0
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Pitchers: FITZSIMMONS vs. HADLEY, Malone (9).

Home runs: Gehrig (AL), Ripple (NL).

Attendance: 64,842.

4th Game, at Yankee Stadium, Oct. 4.

New York (NL)	000	100	010	2	7	1
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New York (AL)	013	000	01X	5	10	1
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Pitchers: HUBBELL, Gabler (8) vs. PEARSON.

Home runs: Gehrig (AL).

Attendance: 66,669.

5th Game, at Yankee Stadium, Oct. 5.

New York (NL)	300	001	000	1	5	8	3
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New York (AL)	011	002	000	0	4	10	1
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Pitchers: SCHUMACHER vs. Ruffing, MALONE (7).

Home run: Selkirk (AL).

Attendance: 50,024.

6th Game, at Polo Grounds, Oct. 6.

New York (AL)	021	200	017	13	17	2
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New York (NL)	200	010	110	5	9	1
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Pitchers: GOMEZ, Murphy (7) vs. FITZSIMMONS, Castleman (4),
Coffman (9), Gumbert (9).

Home runs: Moore (NL), Ott (NL), Powell (AL).

Attendance: 38,427.

GIANTS' WORLD SERIES RECORDS

1936—(vs. New York Yankees). (continued)

Giant players: Harry Danning, August Mancuso, Roy Spencer, catchers; Clydell Castleman, S. Richard Coffman, Fred Fitzsimmons, Frank Gabler, Harry Gumbert, Carl Hubbell, Harold Schumacher, Alfred Smith, pitchers; Richard Bartell, Travis Jackson, Mark Koenig, Samuel Leslie, Edward Mayor, William Terry, Burgess Whitehead, infielders; George Davis, Henry Leiber, Joseph Moore, Melvin Ott, James Ripple, outfielders. Bill Terry, manager.

1933—(vs. Washington Senators).

RESULTS: New York (NL) 4, Washington (AL) 1.

1st Game, at New York, Oct. 3.

Washington (AL)	000	100	001	2	5	3
New York (NL)	202	000	00X	4	10	2

Pitchers: STEWART, Russell (3), Thomas (8) vs. HUBBELL.

Home run: Ott (NY).

Attendance: 46,672.

2d Game, at New York, Oct. 4.

Washington (AL)	001	000	000	1	5	0
New York (NL)	000	006	00X	6	10	0

Pitchers: CROWDER, Thomas (6), McCall (7) vs. SCHUMACHER.

Home run: Goslin (Wash.).

Attendance: 35,461.

3d Game, at Washington, Oct. 5.

New York (NL)	000	000	000	0	5	0
Washington (AL)	210	000	10X	4	9	1

Pitchers: FITZSIMMONS, Bell (8) vs. WHITEHILL.

Attendance: 25,727.

4th Game, at Washington, Oct. 6.

New York (NL)	000	100	000	01	2	11	1
Washington (AL)	000	000	100	00	1	8	0

Pitchers: HUBBELL vs. WEAVER, Russell (11).

Home run: Terry (NY).

Attendance: 27,762.

5th Game, at Washington, Oct. 7.

New York (NL)	020	001	000	1..4	11	1
Washington (AL)	000	003	000	0..3	10	0

GIANTS' WORLD SERIES RECORDS

5th Game, at Washington, Oct. 7. (continued)

Pitchers: Schumacher, LUQUE (6) vs. Crowder, RUSSELL (6).

Home runs: Schulte (Wash.), Ott (NY).

Attendance: 28,454.

Giants players: William Terry, 1b; Herman Bell, p; William Clark, p; Hugh Critz, 2b; George Davis, of; Harry Danning, c; Charles Dressen, 3b; Fred Fitzsimmons, p; Carl Hubbell, p; Travis Jackson, 3b; Byrne James, of; Adolpho Luque, p; August Mancuso, c; Joseph Moore, of; Frank O'Doul, of; Melvin Ott, of; Leroy Parmalee, p; Homer Peel, of; Paul Richards, c; John Ryan, ss; John Salveson, p; Harold Schumacher, p; Glenn Spencer, p; John Vergez, 3b. Bill Terry, manager.

1924—(vs. Washington Senators).

RESULTS: Washington (AL) 4, New York (NL) 3.

1st Game, at Washington, Oct. 4

New York (NL)	010	100	000	002-4	14	1
Washington (AL)	000	001	001	001-3	10	1

Pitchers: NEHF vs. JOHNSON.

Home runs: Kelly (NY), Terry (NY).

Attendance: 35,760.

2d Game, at Washington, Oct. 5.

New York (NL)	000	000	102	3	6	0
Washington (AL)	200	010	001	4	6	1

Pitchers: BENTLEY vs. ZACHARY, Marberry (9).

Home runs: Goslin (Wash.), Harris (Wash.).

Attendance: 35,922.

3d Game, at New York, Oct. 6.

Washington (AL)	000	200	011	4	9	2
New York (NL)	021	101	01X	6	12	0

Pitchers: MARBERRY, Russell (4), Martina (7), Speece (8) vs.
McQUILLAN, Ryan (4), Jonnard (9), Watson (9).

Home run: Ryan (NY).

Attendance: 47,608.

4th Game, at New York, Oct. 7.

Washington (AL)	003	020	020	7	13	3
New York (NL)	100	001	011	4	6	1

GIANTS' WORLD SERIES RECORDS

4th Game, at New York, Oct. 7. (continued)

Pitchers: MOGRIDGE, Marberry (8) vs. BARNES, Baldwin (6),
Dean (8).

Home run: Goslin (Wash.).

Attendance: 49,243.

5th Game, at New York, Oct. 8.

Washington (AL)	000	100	010	2	9	1
New York (NL)	001	020	03X	6	13	0

Pitchers: JOHNSON vs. BENTLEY, McQuillan (8).

Home runs: Bentley (NY), Goslin (Wash.).

Attendance: 49,211.

6th Game, at Washington, Oct. 9.

New York (NL)	100	000	000	1	7	1
Washington (AL)	000	020	00X	2	4	0

Pitchers: NEHF, Ryan (8) vs. ZACHARY.

Attendance: 34,254.

7th Game, at Washington, Oct. 10.

New York (NL)	000	003	000	000	3	8	3
Washington (AL)	000	100	020	001	4	10	4

Pitchers: Barnes, McQuillan (8), Nehf (10), BENTLEY (11) vs.
Ogden, Mogridge (1), Marberry (6), JOHNSON (9).

Home run: Harris (Wash.).

Attendance: 31,667.

Giants players: George Kelly, 1b; William Terry, 1b; Frank Frisch, 2b;
Henry Groh, 3b; Fred Lindstrom, 3b; Travis Jackson, ss; Emil Meusel, 1f;
Lewis Wilson, 1f; Ross Youngs, rf; W. H. Southworth, cf; Howard Baldwin,
p; Virgil Barnes, p; John Bentley, p; Wayland Dean, p; Claude Jonnard, p;
Hugh McQuillan, p; Arthur Nehf, p; Wilfred Ryan, p; John R. Watson, p;
Henry Gowdy, c; Frank Snyder, c; W. Huntzinger, p; Ernest Maun, p; James
O'Connell, of. John McGraw, manager.

1923-(vs. New York Yankees).

RESULTS: New York (AL) 4, New York (NL) 2.

1st Game, Yankee Stadium, Oct. 10.

New York (NL)	004	000	001	5	8	0
New York (AL)	120	000	100	4	12	1

GIANTS' WORLD SERIES RECORDS

1st Game, Yankee Stadium, Oct. 10. (continued)

Pitchers: Watson, RYAN (3) vs. Hoyt, BUSH (3).

Home run: Stengel (NL).

Attendance: 55,307.

2d Game, at Polo Grounds, Oct. 11.

New York (AL)	010	210	000	4	10	0
New York (NL)	010	001	000	2	9	2

Pitchers: PENNOCK vs McQUILLAN, Bentley (4).

Home runs: Ward (AL), E. Meusel (NL), Ruth (AL) 2.

Attendance: 40,402.

3d Game, at Yankee Stadium, Oct. 12.

New York (NL)	000	000	100	1	4	0
New York (AL)	000	000	000	0	6	1

Pitchers: NEHF vs. JONES, Bush (8).

Home run: Stengel (NL).

Attendance: 62,430.

4th Game, at Polo Grounds, Oct. 13.

New York (AL)	061	100	000	8	13	1
New York (NL)	000	000	031	4	13	1

Pitchers: SHAWKEY, Pennock (8) vs. J. SCOTT, Ryan (2),
McQuillan (3), Jonnard (8), Barnes (9).

Home run: Youngs (NL).

Attendance: 46,302.

5th Game, at Yankee Stadium, Oct. 14.

New York (NL)	010	000	000	1	3	2
New York (AL)	340	100	00X	8	14	0

Pitchers: BENTLEY, J. Scott (2), Barnes (4), Jonnard (8) vs.
BUSH.

Home run: Dugan (AL).

Attendance: 62,817.

6th Game, at Polo Grounds, Oct. 15.

New York (AL)	100	000	050	6	5	0
New York (NL)	100	111	000	4	10	1

Pitchers: PENNOCK, Jones (8) vs. NEHF, Ryan (8).

Home runs: Ruth (AL), Snyder (NL).

Attendance: 34,172.

GIANTS' WORLD SERIES RECORDS

1923—(vs. New York Yankees). (continued)

Giants players: George Kelly, 1b; Frank Frisch, 2b; Fred Maguire, 2b; Henry Groh, 3b; Travis Jackson, 3b-ss; David Bancroft, ss; Emil Meusel, 1f; William Cunningham, cf; Charles Stengel, cf; Ross Youngs, rf; James O'Connell, of; Frank Snyder, c; Henry Gowdy, c; Alexander Gaston, c; Virgil Barnes, p; John Bentley, p; Claude Jonnard, p; Hugh McQuillan, p; Arthur Nehf, p; Wilfred Ryan, p; John Scott, p; John Watson, p; Dennis Gearin, p; Ralph Shinners, of. John McGraw, manager.

1922—(vs. New York Yankees).

RESULTS: New York (NL) 4, New York (AL) 0, 1 tie.

1st Game, at Polo Grounds, Oct. 4.

New York (AL)	000	001	100	2	7	0
New York (NL)	000	000	03X	3	11	3

Pitchers: BUSH, Hoyt (8) vs. Nehf, RYAN (8).

Attendance: 36,514.

2d Game, at Polo Grounds, Oct. 5.

New York (NL)	300	000	000	0	3	8	1
New York (AL)	100	100	010	0	3	8	0

(called, end of 10th; darkness)

Pitchers: BARNES vs. SHAWKEY.

Home runs: E. Meusel (NL), Ward (AL).

Attendance: 37,020.

3d Game, at Polo Grounds, Oct. 6.

New York (AL)	000	000	000	0	4	1
New York (NL)	002	000	10X	3	12	1

Pitchers: HOYT, Jones (8) vs. J. SCOTT.

Attendance: 37,620.

4th Game, at Polo Grounds, Oct. 7.

New York (NL)	000	040	000	4	9	1
New York (AL)	200	000	100	3	8	0

Pitchers: McQUILLAN vs. MAYS, Jones (9).

Home run: Ward (AL).

Attendance: 36,242.

5th Game, at Polo Grounds, Oct. 8.

New York (AL)	100	010	100	3	5	0
New York (NL)	020	000	03X	5	10	0

GIANTS' WORLD SERIES RECORDS

5th Game, at Polo Grounds, Oct. 8. (continued)

Pitchers: BUSH vs. NEHF.

Attendance: 38,551.

Giants players: George Kelly, 1f; Frank Frisch, 2b; Henry Groh, 3b; David Bancroft, ss; Emil Meusel, 1f; Charles Stengel, cf; Lee King, cf; William Cunningham, cf; Ross Youngs, rf; Frank Snyder, c; Earl Smith, c; Jesse Barnes, p; Hugh McQuillan, p; Arthur Nehf, p; Wilfred Ryan, p; John Scott, p; Virgil Barnes, p; Clinton Blume, p; Alex Gaston, c; Carmen Hill, p; Claude Jonnard, p; John Rawlings, 2b; Davis Robertson, of. John McGraw, manager.

1921—(vs. New York Yankees).

RESULT: New York (NL) 5, New York (AL) 3.

1st Game, at Polo Grounds, Oct. 5.

New York (AL)	100	011	000	3	7	0
New York (NL)	000	000	000	0	5	0

Pitchers: MAYS vs. DOUGLAS, Barnes (9).

Attendance: 30,202.

2d Game, at Polo Grounds, Oct. 6.

New York (NL)	000	000	000	0	2	3
New York (AL)	000	100	02X	3	3	0

Pitchers: NEHF vs. HOYT.

Attendance: 34,939.

3d Game, at Polo Grounds, Oct. 7.

New York (AL)	004	000	010	5	8	0
New York (NL)	004	000	81X	13	20	0

Pitchers: Shawkey, QUINN (3), Collins (7), Rogers (8) vs. Toney BARNES (3).

Attendance: 36,509.

4th Game, at Polo Grounds, Oct. 9.

New York (NL)	000	000	031	4	9	1
New York (AL)	000	010	001	2	7	1

Pitchers: DOUGLAS vs MAYS.

Home run: Ruth (AL).

Attendance: 36,372.

5th Game, at Polo Grounds, Oct. 10.

New York (AL)	001	200	000	3	6	1
New York (NL)	100	000	000	1	10	1

GIANTS' WORLD SERIES RECORDS

5th Game, at Polo Grounds, Oct. 10. (continued)

Pitchers: HOYT vs. NEHF.

Attendance: 35,758.

6th Game, at Polo Grounds, Oct. 11.

New York (NL)	030	401	000	8	13	0
New York (AL)	320	000	000	5	7	2

Pitchers: Toney, BARNES (1) vs. Harper, SHAWKEY (2), Piercy (9).

Home runs: E. Meusel (NL), Snyder (NL), Fewster (AL).

Attendance: 34,283.

7th Game, at Polo Grounds, Oct. 12.

New York (AL)	010	000	000	1	8	1
New York (NL)	000	100	10X	2	6	0

Pitchers: MAYS vs. DOUGLAS.

Attendance: 36,503.

8th Game, at Polo Grounds, Oct. 13.

New York (NL)	100	000	000	1	6	0
New York (AL)	000	000	000	0	4	1

Pitchers: NEHF vs. HOYT.

Attendance: 25,410.

Giants players: George Kelly, 1b; John Rawlings, 2b; Frank Frisch, 3b-2b; David Bancroft, ss; Emil Meusel, 1f; George Burns, cf; Ross Youngs, rf; Frank Snyder, c; Earl Smith, c; Jesse Barnes, p; Philip Douglas, p; Fred Toney, p; Arthur Nehf, p; Edward Brown, of; William Cunningham, of; Cecil Causey, p; Alex Gaston, c; Miguel Gonzales, c; Walter Kopf, ss; Wilfred Ryan, p; Harry Sallee, p; Patrick Shea, p; Charles Stengel, of. John McGraw, manager.

1917-(vs. Chicago White Sox).

RESULT: Chicago (AL) 4, New York (NL) 2.

1st Game, at Chicago, Oct. 6.

New York (NL)	000	010	000	1	7	1
Chicago (AL)	001	100	00X	2	7	1

Pitchers: SALLEE vs. CICOTTE.

Home run: Felsch (Chi.).

Attendance: 32,000

GIANTS' WORLD SERIES RECORDS

2d Game, at Chicago, Oct. 7.

New York (NL)	020	000	000	2	8	1
Chicago (AL)	020	500	00X	7	14	1

Pitchers: Schupp, ANDERSON (2), Perritt (4), Tesreau (8) vs. FABER.

Attendance: 32,000.

3d Game, at New York, Oct. 10.

Chicago (AL)	000	000	000	0	5	3
New York (NL)	000	200	00X	2	8	2

Pitchers: CICOTTE vs. BENTON.

Attendance: 33,316.

4th Game, at New York, Oct. 11.

Chicago (AL)	000	000	000	0	7	0
New York (NL)	000	110	12X	5	10	1

Pitchers: FABER, Danforth (8) vs. SCHUPP.

Home runs: Kauff (NY) 2.

Attendance: 27,746.

5th Game, at Chicago, Oct. 13.

New York (NL)	200	200	100	5	12	3
Chicago (AL)	001	001	33X	8	14	6

Pitchers: SALLEE, Perritt (8) vs. Russell, Cicotte (1), Williams (7), FABER (8).

Attendance: 27,323.

6th Game, at New York, Oct. 15.

Chicago (AL)	000	300	001	4	7	1
New York (NL)	000	020	000	2	6	3

Pitchers: FABER vs. BENTON, Perritt (6).

Attendance: 33,969.

Giants players: W. Holke, 1b; C. L. Herzog, 2b; H. Zimmerman, 3b; A. Fletcher, ss; G. J. Burns, 1f; B. Kauff, cf; D. Robertson, rf; J. Thorpe, rf; L. McCarty, c; W. A. Rariden, c; H. F. Sallee, p; J. C. Benton, p; F. M. Schupp, p; W. D. Perritt, p; F. Anderson, p; C. M. Tesreau, p; J. W. Wilhout, of; A. W. Baird, inf; Albert W. Demaree, p; George Gibson, c; John Lobert, 3b; John Murray, of; John Onslow, c; James Smith, inf. John McGraw, manager.

1913-(vs. Philadelphia Athletics).

RESULTS: Philadelphia (AL) 4, New York (NL) 1.

1st Game, at New York, Oct. 7.

Philadelphia (AL)	000	320	010	6	11	1
New York (NL)	001	030	000	4	11	0

GIANTS' WORLD SERIES RECORDS

Pitchers: BENDER vs. MARQUARD, Crandall (6), Tesreau (8).
 Home run: Baker (Phila.).

Attendance: 36,291.

2d Game, at Philadelphia, Oct. 8.

New York (NL)	000	000	000	3	3	7	2
Philadelphia (AL)	000	000	000	0	0	8	2

Pitchers: MATHEWSON vs. PLANK.

Attendance: 20,563.

3d Game, at New York, Oct. 9.

Philadelphia (AL)	320	000	210	8	12	1
New York (NL)	000	010	100	2	5	1

Pitchers: BUSH vs. TESREAU, Crandall (7).

Home run: Schang (Phila.).

Attendance: 36,896.

4th Game, at Philadelphia, Oct. 10.

New York (NL)	000	000	320	5	8	2
Philadelphia (AL)	010	320	00X	6	9	0

Pitchers: MARQUARD vs. BENDER.

Home run: Merkle (NY).

Attendance: 20,568.

5th Game, at New York, Oct. 11.

Philadelphia (AL)	102	000	000	3	6	1
New York (NL)	000	010	000	1	2	2

Pitchers: PLANK vs. MATHEWSON.

Attendance: 36,682.

Giants players: Fred Merkle, 1b; George Wiltse, 1b; Fred Snodgrass, cf-1b; Larry Doyle, 2b; Charles Herzog, 3b; Arthur Shafer, cf-3b; Arthur Fletcher, ss; Jack Murray, lf-f; George Burns, if; J. B. McLean, c; Arthur Wilson, c; J. T. Meyers, c; Christy Mathewson, p; R. W. Marquard, p; Al Demaree, p; Charles Tesreau, p; Claude Cooper, c; Otis Crandall, p; Harold McCormick, lf; Eddie Grant, inf; Arthur Fromme, p; Grover Hartley, c; James Thorpe, of. John McGraw, manager.

1912-(vs. Boston Red Sox).

RESULTS: Boston (AL) 4, New York (NL) 3, 1 tie.

1st Game, at New York, Oct. 8.

Boston (AL)	000	001	300	4	6	1
New York (NL)	002	000	001	3	8	1

GIANTS' WORLD SERIES RECORDS

1st Game, at New York, Oct. 8. (continued)

Pitchers: WOOD vs. TESREAU, Crandall (8).

Attendance: 35,730.

2d Game, at Boston, Oct. 9.

New York (NL)	010	100	030	10	6	11	5
Boston (AL)	300	010	010	10	6	10	1

(called end of 11th: darkness).

Pitchers: MATHEWSON vs. COLLINS, Hall (8), Bedient (11).

Attendance: 30,148.

3d Game, at Boston, Oct. 10.

New York (NL)	010	010	000	2	7	1
Boston (AL)	000	000	001	1	7	0

Pitchers: MARQUARD vs. O'BRIEN, Bedient (9).

Attendance: 36,624.

4th Game, at New York, Oct. 11.

Boston (AL)	010	100	001	3	8	1
New York (NL)	000	000	100	1	9	1

Pitchers: WOOD vs. TESREAU, Ames (8).

Attendance: 36,502.

5th Game, at Boston, Oct. 12.

New York (NL)	000	000	100	1	3	1
Boston (AL)	002	000	00X	2	5	1

Pitchers: MATHEWSON vs. BEDIENT.

Attendance: 34,683.

6th Game, at New York, Oct. 14.

Boston (AL)	020	000	000	2	7	2
New York (NL)	500	000	00X	5	11	2

Pitchers: O'BRIEN, Collins (2) vs. MARQUARD.

Attendance: 30,622.

7th Game, at Boston, Oct. 15.

New York (NL)	610	002	101	11	16	4
Boston (AL)	010	000	210	4	9	3

Pitchers: TESREAU vs. WOOD, Hall (2).

Home runs: Doyle (NY), Gardner (Bos.).

Attendance: 32,694.

GIANTS' WORLD SERIES RECORDS

1912—(vs. Boston Red Sox). (continued)

8th Game, at Boston, Oct. 16.

New York (NL)	001	000	000	1	2	9	2
Boston (AL)	000	000	100	2	3	8	5

Pitchers: MATHEWSON vs. Bedient, WOOD (8).

Attendance: 17,034.

Giants players: Fred Merkle, 1b; Larry Doyle, 2b; Charles Herzog, 3b; Arthur Fletcher, ss; Arthur Shafer, ss; Jack Murray, 1f-rf; Fred Snodgrass, cf; Josh Devore, 1f-rf; Beals Becker, cf; J. T. Meyers, c; Arthur Wilson, c; Christy Mathewson, p; R. W. Marquard, p; Charles Tesreau, p; Leon Ames, p; Otis Crandall, p; Harold McCormick, cf; George Burns, of; Henry Groh, 3b; Grover Hartley, c; George Wiltse, p. John McGraw, manager.

1911—(vs. Philadelphia Athletics).

RESULTS: Philadelphia (AL) 4, New York (NL) 2.

1st Game, at New York, Oct. 14.

Philadelphia (AL)	010	000	000	1	6	2
New York (NL)	000	100	10X	2	5	0

Pitchers: BENDER vs. MATHEWSON.

Attendance: 38,281.

2d Game, at Philadelphia, Oct. 16.

New York (NL)	010	000	000	1	5	3
Philadelphia (AL)	100	002	00X	3	4	0

Pitchers: MARQUARD, Crandall (8) vs. PLANK.

Home run: Baker (Phila.).

Attendance: 26,286.

3d Game, at New York, Oct. 17.

Philadelphia (AL)	000	000	001 02	3	9	2
New York (NL)	001	000	000 01	2	3	5

Pitchers: COOMBS vs. MATHEWSON.

Home run: Baker (Phila.).

Attendance: 37,216.

4th Game, at Philadelphia, Oct. 24.

New York (NL)	200	000	000	2	7	3
Philadelphia (AL)	000	310	00X	4	11	1

Pitchers: MATHEWSON, Wiltse (8) vs. BENDER.

Attendance: 24,355.

GIANTS' WORLD SERIES RECORDS

1911—(vs. Philadelphia Athletics). (continued)

5th Game, at New York, Oct. 25.

Philadelphia (AL)	003	000	000	0	3	7	1
New York (NL)	000	000	102	1	4	9	2
Pitchers: Coombs, PLANK (10) vs. Marquard, Ames (4), CRANDALL (8).							

Home run: Oldring (Phila.).

Attendance: 33,288.

6th Game, at Philadelphia, Oct. 26.

New York (NL)	100	000	001	2	4	3
Philadelphia (AL)	001	401	70X	13	13	5
Pitchers: AMES, Wiltse (5), Marquard (7) vs. BENDER.						
Attendance: 20,485.						

Giants players: Fred Merkle, 1b; Larry Doyle, 2b; Charles Herzog, 3b; Arthur Fletcher, ss; Josh Devore, 1f, Fred Snodgrass, cf; Jack Murray, rf; Beals Becker, cf; J. T. Meyers; c; Arthur Wilson, c; Christy Mathewson, p; R. W. Marquard, p; Otis Crandall, p; George Wiltse, p; Leon Ames, p; Arthur Devlin, 3b; Louis Drucke, p; Grover Hartley, cf; J. Eugene Paulette, 1b. John McGraw, manager.

1905—(vs. Philadelphia Athletics)

RESULTS: New York (NL) 4, Philadelphia (AL) 1.

1st Game, at Philadelphia, Oct. 9.

New York (NL)	000	020	001	3	10	1
Philadelphia (AL)	000	000	000	0	4	0
Pitchers: MATHEWSON vs. PLANK.						
Attendance: 17,955.						

2d Game, at New York, Oct. 10.

Philadelphia (AL)	001	000	020	3	6	2
New York (NL)	000	000	000	0	4	2
Pitchers: BENDER vs. McGINNITY, Ames (9).						
Attendance: 24,922.						

3d Game, at Philadelphia, Oct. 12.

New York (NL)	200	050	002	9	9	1
Philadelphia (AL)	000	000	000	0	4	5
Pitchers: MATHEWSON vs. COAKLEY.						
Attendance: 10,991.						

GIANTS' WORLD SERIES RECORDS

1905—(vs. Philadelphia Athletics). (continued)

4th Game, at New York, Oct. 13.

Philadelphia (AL)	000	000	000	0	5	2
New York (NL)	000	100	00X	1	4	1

Pitchers: PLANK vs. McGINNITY.

Attendance: 13,598.

5th Game, at New York, Oct. 14.

Philadelphia (AL)	000	000	000	0	6	0
New York (NL)	000	010	01X	2	5	1

Pitchers: BENDER vs. MATHEWSON.

Attendance: 24,187.

Giants players: Dan McGann, 1b; W. O. Gilbert, 2b; A. Devlin, 3b; W. Dahlen, ss; S. Mertes, of; M. Donlin, of; G. Browne, of; R. Bresnahan, c; F. Bowerman, c; Christy Mathewson, p; J. McGinnity, p; L. Ames, p; William Clarke, c; Claude Elliott, p; Sam Strang, inf; Luther Taylor, p; George Wiltse, p. John McGraw, manager.

1904—Giants won National League pennant but no World Series was played.

San Francisco Chronicle

THE VOICE OF THE WEST

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1962

50¢ YEAR No. 289

World Series Extra

THE BIG DAY!

Giants' Fight Song



Then the Giants taught their fans how to really suffer. When the team folded late in the 1960 season, it wasn't a total disaster—but very nearly. In 1961 the team simply dived in July and never came up for air again. San Francisco didn't desert, but perhaps it sickened just a trifle—when they couldn't cheer they could criticize the horrors of the new Candlestick Park. The heating units didn't work (Mel Belli sued), and the air currents were the trickiest this side of the Cape of Good Hope—hits suddenly took U-turns, zooming back from outer space, pop flies carried into deep center field, and once a pitcher was blown off the mound and promptly charged with a balk.

But then came 1962—and the intermittent love affair between San Francisco and the Giants bloomed into a grand passion. The Giants stayed right with the Dodgers, tied them on the last day of the season, beat them in the playoffs, forced the World Series and the mighty Yankees to the full seven games, losing only with the last out in the last game, and won the hearts of the San Francisco fans for all time.

Written with humor and enthusiasm, **THE GIANTS OF SAN FRANCISCO** chronicles events that have to be read to be believed: a unique baseball book about a great West Coast city and its first major league baseball team.

Introduction by HERB CAEN

16 pages of photographs

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